THE LITERARY DIGEST
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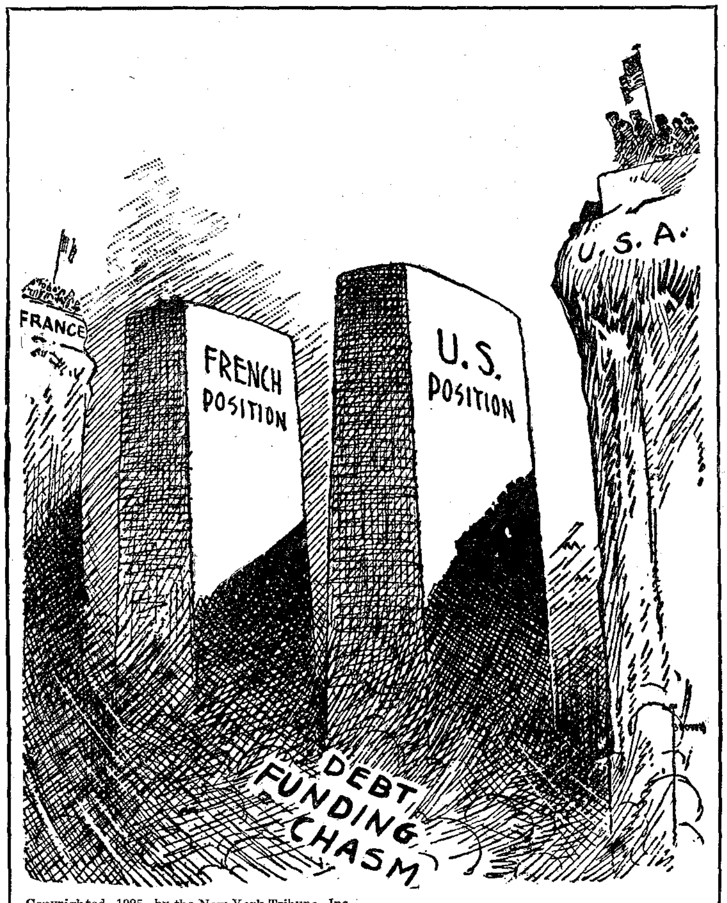
TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

FRANCE'S ABILITY TO PAY

TWO CENTS A WEEK from every man, woman and child in France is what the payments of $40,000,000 a year under the five-year debt compromise would mean, roughly, if the burden were divided equally among France's population of nearly forty millions. New York City's tentative budget for 1926 amounts to more than $400,000,000—which means that the six million inhabitants of New York will have to pay, for their city Government only, leaving out of account their State and national taxes, more money every five weeks than our Debt-Funding Commission asks of all the people of France in a year. Moreover, as the Springfield *Union* remarks, "it should be kept in mind that our Government is paying out of tax receipts about $135,000,000 a year in interest on the Liberty Bonds sold to raise the money to lend to France." And the New York *Evening Post* reminds us that not only have Europe's war debts to America helped in keeping American taxes as high as they are, but they have also reduced the purchasing power of the dollar in this country, and have added to the cost of living. The highest terms offered by Caillaux's commission, remarks the New Haven *Register*, "left a burden for American taxpayers that their Government could not think of asking them to bear."



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THE BRIDGE FOUNDATION

—Brown in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

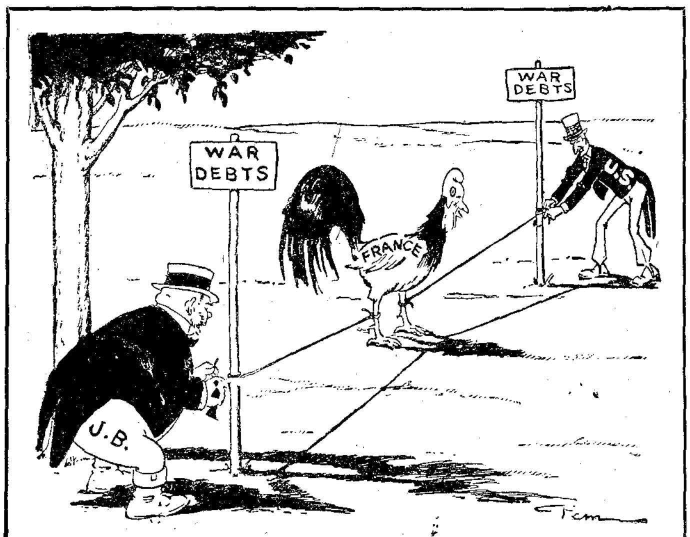
These figures take on an added interest when we remember that a certain element of French public opinion persists in picturing Uncle Sam as a combination of Crœsus and Shylock.

France's "capacity to pay" was the question which forced the French debt-funding negotiations at Washington to the brink of a deadlock, which was avoided only by the tentative adoption of the five-year "truce." Between Mr. Mellon's and Mr. Caillaux's estimate of what France would be able to repay us in a period of more than sixty years, there is a difference of over two billion dollars. And at that Mr. Mellon's estimate is one billion dollars under what the total would be if the French debt was refunded on the same terms we gave Great Britain.

During the conferences, we are told, Mr. Mellon "recognized the principle of capacity to pay as the only basis of negotiation fair to both peoples"—and this recognition was noted and welcomed in an official statement by Mr. Caillaux. As Secretary Mellon has said that under the temporary arrangement "there shall be no break in the effective continuity of our discussions," and as Mr. Caillaux embarked for France with the remark that he "might be back here for another conference within six months," the question of how much France can pay would seem to remain a subject of immediate interest.

"On this very obscure subject," remarks the Springfield *Republican*, "there is room for an enormous spread of opinion among the best-informed economic experts, because what is in dispute is France's capacity to pay over a period of sixty-two years." Moreover, "a true estimate of French capacity to pay can not be made by politicians who are in mortal fear of their parliaments," remarks the New York *World*, which advocates the setting up of "a disinterested tribunal" to determine the question. "Would France like to have a Dawes committee investigate its solvency?" asks the Philadelphia *Record*.

While no such tribunal has yet been invited to intervene, an organization in Washington called the Institute of Economics has made a non-partizan report on the French debt problem after two years of work by its staff of investigators. The Institute is a wholly unofficial body endowed by the Carnegie Corporation, and its charter states that it "shall be conducted with the sole object of ascertaining the facts about current economic problems, and of interpreting these facts for the people of the United States in the most simple and understandable form." Its investigators reach the conclusion that, while France might, by further inflation and further borrowing, make payments on her debt to us comparable to those made by Britain, the result in



FRANCE BETWEEN HER ALLIES

UNCLE SAM: "After all, I'm tying only one of his legs!"
JOHN BULL: "Well, that's all I'm doing. What's his grievance?"

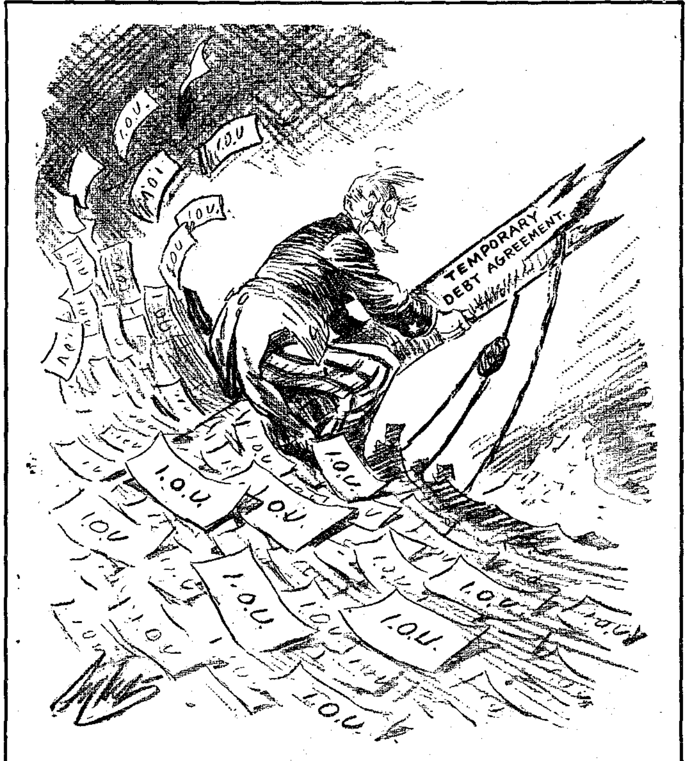
—From *La Victoire* (Paris).

the long run would be "disastrous" to France. Its findings are summarized as follows by Editorial Research Reports (Washington):

> "The Institute's main contention as to the French debt can be stated in a few words. Its study points out that in no year since the war has France succeeded in balancing its budget. It is insisted that in spite of misleading observations by the French Treasury, there is no prospect that the budget can be balanced in 1926. It is then asked how a nation which can not raise sufficient revenue to meet domestic expenditures can be expected to make heavy payments to the foreign Governments which are its creditors.
>
> "Examining arguments which may be raised against its conclusions, the Institute's study states that:
>
> "1. The French people are at present paying taxes which absorb 20 per cent. of the national income. This burden is as heavy as that borne by the British, and is heavier when the relative wealth of the two nations is considered. Both actually and relatively the French tax burden is far greater than that of the United States. The conclusion is that an increase in French taxation provides no adequate remedy. In administrative expense and injury to the economic structure such a move would defeat its purpose.
>
> "2. Similarly it is held that not much is to be expected from additional governmental economies. Were the entire military establishment abolished, the saving would not cover the deficit which the Institute anticipates in the budget for 1926. Something can be gained by economies, and something by close attention to the present taxation program, but the two together will not bring income and expenditure to a balance. It will be necessary, the Institute believes, to inaugurate some such drastic policy as writing down the interest rate on the domestic debt in order to balance the budget . . . without considering the foreign war debt.
>
> "3. It is further held that the favorable French trade balance last year was largely due to the artificial stimulus of currency inflation, and can not be regarded as likely to continue in the future. Without a steady favorable trade balance, it is pointed out, regular payments to foreign creditors will be made very difficult, assuming that the money to be transferred can be raised in France . . . for which a balanced budget is a prerequisite."

The Institute's report, says the New York *World*, "reveals no trace of pro-French sentiment," but is "a cold-blooded analysis of the French financial situation." Remarking that it may make strange reading for those who have heard much in recent months of the prosperity of France, *The World* continues:

> "It is pointed out, however, that this prosperity is born of inflation and rests on an unsound basis. The very process of balancing the budget and stabilizing the currency will tend to put brakes on business and bring this prosperity to an end. At the same time this operation will temporarily reduce revenues and increase the Treasury's difficulty in making both ends meet.
>
> "What, then, is to be done? Two courses are open, and France is at the parting of the ways. She may follow in the footsteps of Germany and allow inflation to run its course, with all the disastrous economic and social consequences which such a policy entails, or she may check inflation by high interest rates and curtailed bank and government credit. The latter road is hard, but it will prove the less painful in the end. . . .
>
> "Those who are counting on collecting the uttermost farthing of our foreign debts will get little comfort from this study. Much of its statistical material, however, admittedly represents only rough approximations, and the forecasting of economic developments by statisticians in these times has proved an uncertain business."



STILL ADRIFT

—Sykes in the New York *Evening Post*.

A reading of the Institute's report convinces *The New Republic* (New York) that "the French Government must either inflict drastic economies on its own people, and repudiate in part its obligations to them, or else permit the franc to collapse and impose terrible losses on all holders of French securities." But "one of the drawbacks of expert testimony concerning such matters as France's adjustment of her debt," remarks the Washington *Post*, "is that economists fail to take into account such large considerations as the changed psychology of the French people themselves which would result from debt adjustment." This Washington paper adds: "The same economic experts who now declare that France can not pay anything on her debts without disaster are those who declared some months ago that Germany could not possibly pay vast reparations annuities without disaster, both to herself and her creditors. Yet Germany is doing this, with benefit to all concerned."

While the French Government is in a bad way financially, observes the New York *Times*, "economically the country is sound." On this point we have confirmatory testimony from Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, a recognized authority on agricultural questions. Returning from Europe after a three-months' investigation of farming and general conditions, he is quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune* as saying:

> "In France I found everybody working. People there are

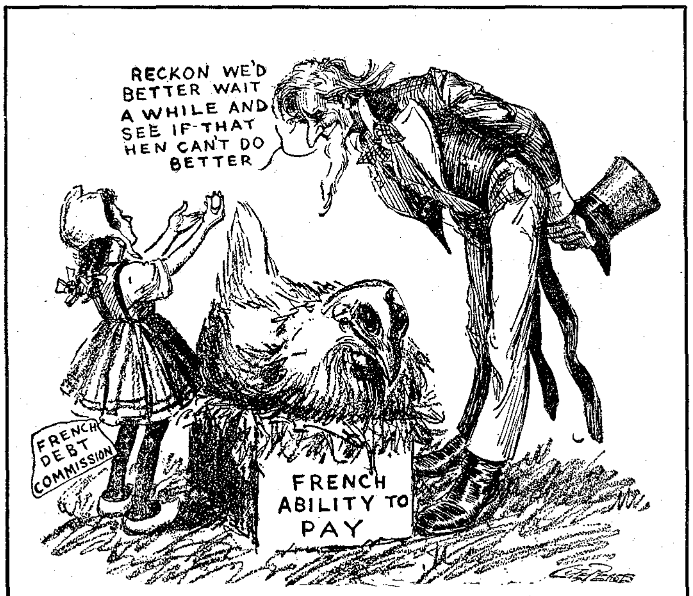
happy and contented. French farmers are blest with good crops and good prices. The Government still is badly crippled financially, but all lines of business are active and profitable.

"The agricultural position of France has improved markedly since the Armistice. While the acreage is still below the pre-war level, it has increased rapidly. With the modern methods they have introduced in their farming since the war, and the more extensive use of fertilizers, the production, tho on a smaller acreage, lacks little of having gained the pre-war figures, despite the shortage of labor and unfavorable weather conditions of 1924.

"The fact that farmers of France are favored with a rate of taxation about 25 per cent. less than that paid by any other class has had its part in the rapid stabilizing of agricultural conditions in France.

"As to tax, all incomes of more than $350 a year are taxed. The average clerk or machinist receiving a salary of $600 a year will pay one-fourth of it in taxes. As wages in France are about 35 to 50 per cent. of American wages, it is evident that the common people of France are paying their share of the taxes. France has always gone in strong for indirect taxation. It has to-day a sales tax on virtually everything the people buy, necessaries as well as luxuries. It is the Government's chief source of income. Figures show that national and local taxation in France consume about 25 per cent. of the resources of the people, as compared with 10 per cent. in the United States, and 22 per cent. in Great Britain.

"When calculated in gold, goods are cheaper in France at the present time than in England or America. If the franc is stabilized, it is to be expected that prices will rise gradually until their ratio to the exchange rate is more nearly equal to the level existing in England and America. Then it is reasonable to expect a demand for increased wages.


RECKON WE'D BETTER WAIT A WHILE AND SEE IF THAT HEN CAN'T DO BETTER
FRENCH DEBT COMMISSION
FRENCH ABILITY TO PAY

HAS CONFIDENCE IN THE BIRD

—Pease in the Newark *News*.

"One recalls that France's problem after the war was to restore agriculture, industry and mining in the territory extending from the North Sea to Switzerland, a distance of 300 miles, where everything had been destroyed. Since then she has rebuilt 2,940 miles of railroad, 21,000 factories and 606,000 houses, and restored to agriculture 6,640,000 acres of land.

"Conditions in France are in striking contrast to the situation in England, where I found 1,500,000 people out of work, and business more or less depressed."

An excellent light on France's capacity to pay, remarks the Omaha *World-Herald*, is supplied by the official report on savings banks in France for 1924. Says this Nebraska paper:

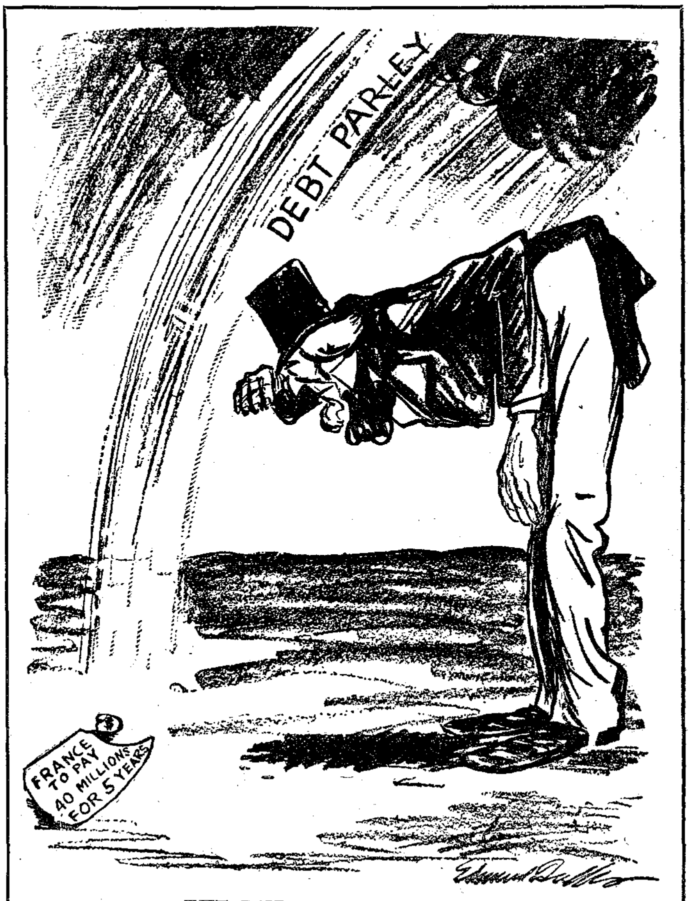
"Last year the number of new accounts opened was 376,548, bringing the total of depositors to 8,778,834. The sums paid in during the year amounted to 1,959,000,000 francs. This total gives an average of 977 francs per account, or 228 francs for each inhabitant of France. There are 234 depositors for every 1,000 of population. In other words, nearly one-fourth of the whole population of France puts money into the official savings bank.

"A country in which one person out of four is putting aside money into the savings banks, is not going to go broke very soon. It is not going to find it necessary to repudiate any international obligations. . . .

"France has reserves of strength, not entirely revealed by her public budget. No one here would propose, of course, the seizure of the savings accounts as a payment on the war debt, but it might very well be conceded on all hands that there is an ability to begin paying off the obligation, and it would be a helpful exercise for the French to start paying now."

Meanwhile, if no funding settlement is made inside of the five-year period of the proposed "truce," many editorial observers suggest, the chances of an arrangement satisfactory to the people of both France and the United States will be greatly improved. "The moratorium—for it practically amounts to that—means something definite for each nation to tie to and removes the troublesome debt question from trade and commerce and banking for five years, unless France of her own option chooses to take it up at an earlier date for settlement," remarks the New York *Sun;* and in the New York *Herald Tribune* we read:

"Within the next five years the fate of the Dawes plan will become clear. Either France will at last be receiving substantial sums from her aggressor or she will not. Five years hence, also, the domestic finances of France will have turned their corner. The budget will be balanced, the crisis of the short-term bonds will have been passed. A fair-minded Frenchman and a fair-minded American will be in a far better position to sit down together and make a settlement that is just to the taxpayers of both nations. A settlement in 1930 might be more or less favorable to France. It would surely be based on a solider basis of fact. In passing it is to be said for the five-year terms that the $40,000,000 payment is a fair compromise acceptable to the American viewpoint. The proposal of the American commission showed clearly the desire of this country to deal fairly and generously with France."


DEBT PARLEY
FRANCE TO PAY 40 MILLIONS FOR 5 YEARS

THE END OF THE RAINBOW

—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun*.

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COOLIDGE'S PLEA FOR TOLERANCE

"THAT FAR-CARRYING YANKEE VOICE," which the American Legion Convention heard in Omaha last week, as a correspondent notes, was the voice of Calvin Coolidge. But the idealistic message it carried was "reminiscent of the idealism of Woodrow Wilson," in the opinion of the Omaha *Bee*. The Omaha *World-Herald*, politically opposed to the President, sees him rising "to the heights of sagacious statesmanship and courageous leadership." Another Democratic journal, the New York *World*, pays tribute to the insight, intelligence, force, wisdom, courage, and tolerance of the President's discourse "on the folly of hysteria and the perils of intolerance." Here *The World* sees a new Coolidge—"if he keeps on at this rate he will win respect in the higher reaches of public opinion which so far has been unmoved by him." The President's text, says the enthusiastic Woonsocket *Call* in Rhode Island, might well have been the familiar words, "on earth peace, good-will toward men," for "the whole speech is a plea for domestic and international tranquillity, so that civilization may be advanced rather than retarded." When Josephus Daniels's Raleigh *News and Observer* (Dem.) declares that the President "came about as near saying nothing as it is possible to come in a speech of that length," he is far from representative of Democratic editors. In each denunciation of the outstanding evils of the times, the President, says the New York *Evening World* (Dem.), "has struck a clear strong American note, which makes music in the midst of the discords of the wranglers oblivious to everything but their desire to intimidate their fellow men into an unqualified acceptance of their own particular hobbies." The President, in the opinion of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.), "struck such severe and deliberate blows at three groups or classes in America that his address was one of the most significant that he has made since he became President." These groups, we are told, are Army officers trying to influence the Government by inflaming the popular mind; the profiteers, and the intolerant.

International Newsreel photograph

"LET US CAST OFF OUR HATREDS"

The President and Mrs. Coolidge at Omaha, where the Chief Executive made his plea for tolerance at home and friendliness to other peoples.

To his usual "gift of sincere, pungent, memory-gripping phrase"—the Washington *Star's* words—the President, according to the Boston *News Bureau*, added at Omaha "a new warmth and grace." The Columbus *Ohio State Journal* is now "prouder than ever of him." The whole speech, concludes the Boston *Post*, "is a document of ideal, yet practical statecraft." "The high idealistic tone" of the address made a deep impression on the Omaha *Bee*, which remarks:

> "The West is much more idealistic than is the East. The people of the West, whenever they have been led away from the Republican party, have followed a leader who appealed to their idealism. The men and women of the American Legion and of the auxiliary are filled with a profound idealism. Thus Coolidge touched the heart of the West; he touched the heart of the Legion. He spoke the language of the West; he placed himself upon the platform of the Legion."

Such was the impress of the President's address as a whole. The speech naturally divides itself into three sections, touching in order on military affairs, domestic intolerance, and international tranquillity. After a discussion of preparedness and economy came this vigorous warning:

> "Any organization of men in the military service bent on inflaming the public mind for the purpose of forcing government action through the pressure of public opinion is an exceedingly dangerous undertaking and precedent. This is so, whatever form it might take, whether it be for the purpose of influencing the Executive, the Legislature, or the heads of departments.
>
> "It is for the civil authority to determine what appropriations shall be granted, what appointments shall be made, and what rules shall be adopted for the conduct of its armed forces. Whenever the military power starts dictating to the civil authority, by whatsoever means adopted, the liberties of the country are beginning to end."

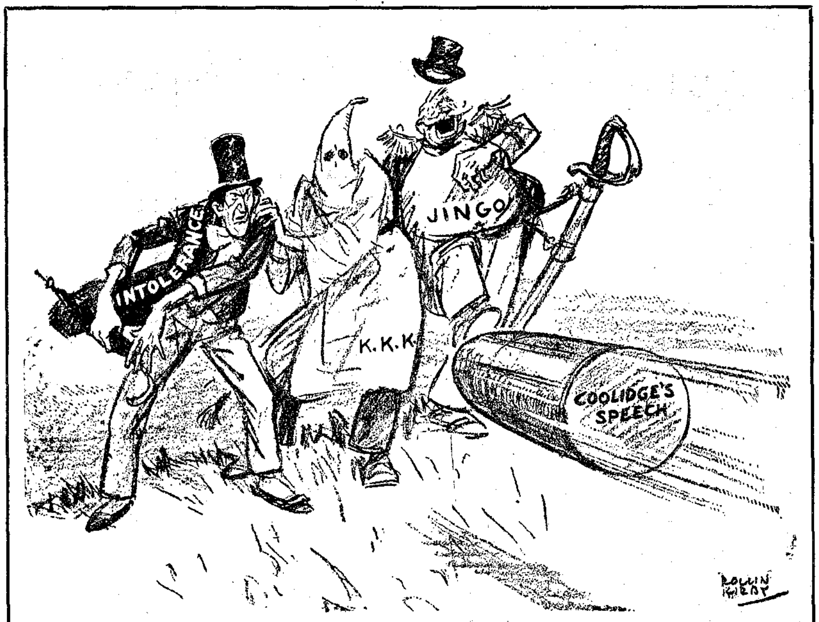
"The remark of the President which caused most comment and attempts at interruption" at Omaha was, according to a New York *World* correspondent, "that relating to the respective duties of civilian and military authorities":

> "Some thought it was a blow at the General Staff of the Army for alleged propaganda against any appropriation cuts and thereby interference with the Executive's economy program. Others were quite certain President Coolidge referred to the activities of the aviation group headed by Col. William Mitchell for a separate Air Service."

The supreme effort of the speech, in the judgment of the Newark *News*, "was directed to informing the Legion as tactfully as possible that it would do well not to attempt of its own initiative or be persuaded to attempt to dictate the policies of the Government relative to the Army and Navy." It is a hint to our defense authorities, says the Boston *Globe*, "to be less noisy and aggressive in trying to impose their wills on one another and on the public." The Brooklyn *Eagle* sees a justified rebuke of Colonel Mitchell. It seems, however, to the Detroit *Free Press* that "if the President intends to rebuke the agitation for a better and united air service, he is for once out of harmony with the predominant sentiment of the country, which believes that the flyers in coming to the front are performing a patriotic service that has no savor of militarism."

The President made a natural transition from his talk of military matters to his plea for tolerance. War, he said, demanded discipline, unity, solidarity. So—

> "One of the most natural of reactions during the war was intolerance. But the inevitable disregard for the opinions and feelings of minorities is none the less a disturbing project of war psychology. The slow and difficult advances which tolerance and liberalism have made through long periods of development are dissipated almost in a night when the necessary wartime habits of thought hold the minds of the people. The necessity for a common purpose and a united intellectual front becomes paramount to everything else.
>
> "But when the need for such a solidarity is past there should be a quick and generous readiness to revert to the old and normal habits of thought. There should be an intellectual demobilization as well as a military demobilization.
>
> "In this period of after-war rigidity, suspicion and intolerance, our own country has not been exempt from unfortunate experiences. Among some of the varying racial, religious and social groups of our people there have been manifestations of an intolerance of opinion, a narrowness of outlook, a fixity of judgment, against which we may well be warned. It is not easy to conceive of anything that would be more unfortunate in a community based upon the ideals of which Americans boast than any considerable development of intolerance as regards religion.
>
> "Whether one traces his Americanism back three centuries to the *Mayflower*, or three years to the steerage, is not half so important as whether his Americanism of to-day is real and genuine. No matter by what various crafts we came here, we are all now in the same boat."



STRAIGHT SHOOTING

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

This denunciation of intolerance seems to the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and Manchester *Union* the most noteworthy part of the speech. "The President struck a note that has needed to be sounded," says the Washington *Star*. And, "if there are those who do not like it, they should look to their own intolerance for the reason," suggests the Springfield *Union*. In making this stirring appeal, asks the Boston *Herald*, "is it reasonable to assume that he has a certain sheeted and hooded society in mind?" Correspondents of the Chicago *Tribune*, New York *World*, New York *Times*, and Cleveland *Plain Dealer* all agree that Mr. Coolidge was hitting directly at the Ku Klux Klan. The writer on *The Times* understands that the President "has now defined in a strong way the Administration's attitude toward the Klan." The Omaha *Bee* (Rep.) touches on the political significance of the tolerance plea:

> "The Coolidge speech swept from the place of contention as a party issue the chief point upon which Al Smith has been planning to build his campaign—religious prejudice. While Coolidge did not mention the Ku Klux Klan, he declared for religious toleration and for race toleration in such unmistakable terms as to leave Smith high, and dry, and to remove the Klan issue from politics."

"The rule of toleration," concluded President Coolidge at Omaha, must also be applied to international affairs. That is:

> "We can make little contribution to the welfare of humanity on the theory that we are a superior people and all others are an inferior people.
>
> "We are not likely to improve our own condition or help humanity very much until we come to the sympathetic understanding that human nature is about the same everywhere; that it is rather evenly distributed over the surface of the earth, and that we are all united in a common brotherhood.
>
> "We can only make America first in the true sense which that means by cultivating a spirit of friendship and good-will, by the exercise of the virtues of patience and forbearance, by being 'plenteous in mercy,' and through progress at home and helpfulness abroad standing as an example of real service to humanity.
>
> "We shall only be entering a period of preparation for another conflict unless we can demobilize the racial antagonisms, fears, hatreds and suspicions, and create an attitude of toleration in the public mind of the peoples of the earth:
>
> "If our country is to have any position of leadership, I trust it may be in that direction, and I believe that the place where it should begin is at home.
>
> "Let us cast off our hatreds. Let us candidly accept our treaties and our natural obligations of peace. We know, and every one knows that these old systems, antagonisms and reliance on force have failed.
>
> "If the world has made any progress, it has been the result of the development of other ideals. If we are to maintain and perfect our own civilization, if we are to be of any benefit to the rest of mankind, we must turn aside from the thoughts of destruction and cultivate the thoughts of construction. We can not place our main reliance upon material forces. We must reaffirm and reenforce our ancient faith in truth and justice, in charitableness and tolerance.
>
> "We must make our supreme commitment to the everlasting spiritual forces of life. We must mobilize the conscience of mankind."

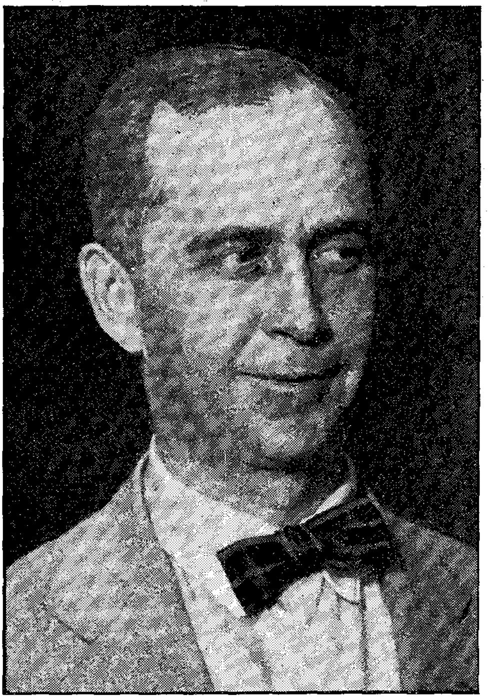
When the President's speech was read in Washington, European members of the Interparliamentary Union then in session there asked Americans what action Mr. Coolidge had in mind when he spoke of American leadership in the "promotion of international tranquillity." "Was he going ahead with his idea of another American disarmament conference at Washington?" German and Belgian statesmen discerned a move away from the old Republican policy of isolation. Not so the Washington *Post*, which finds in the Coolidge statement that our leadership should begin at home "a timely rebuke to the internationalists who would plunge the United States into foreign entanglements and quarrels."

But this part of the Coolidge speech seems incomplete to the Hartford *Times*, since the President's party is committed against cooperation "in the one movement which aims in the direction the President pointed." "Very pretty, very simple, exceedingly general, and for practical purposes utterly useless," the Raleigh *News and Observer* finds the last part of the Coolidge speech. This paper contends that "machinery for the demobilization of racial antagonisms has already been set up—

> "President Wilson brought the blue-print back from Paris. It has been world property, ever since. It was the party of President Coolidge, the party which he is now striving to make secure in office, that shelved this hope of world peace.
>
> "Pretty speeches of good advice will not prevent war."

A NEW "BREAD TRUST"

A $400,000,000 MERGER of three great bread-baking systems, with an annual sale of $200,000,000 and 157 model baking-plants, supplying one-tenth of all the loaves bought and eaten in the United States, is seized upon by editorial writers as an event of striking interest in our economic development. It reflects, as one paper remarks, a trend in industry that has been in evidence for several years. Twenty years ago such a gigantic merger would have been a choice morsel for the "trust busters." To-day it attracts comparatively little notice, despite the fact that it concerns the bread consumer, particularly in the larger cities of the East. And this, explains the New York *Herald Tribune*, "is because prejudice against industrial organization and grand-scale production has largely disappeared." "The public attitude," agrees the neighboring *World*, "has undergone a considerable change."


International Newsreel photograph

"THE IMMEDIATE RESIGNATION"

"Of the members of the Federal Trade Commission who have, by their neglect of duty, permitted the formation of the Bread Trust," is demanded by Basil M Manly, director of the People's Legislative Service, in a letter to President Coolidge.

Two members of the Federal Trade Commission, however, wish to prevent the merger on the grounds of monopoly. The American Federation of Labor takes the same view, maintaining that such a combination will hit both labor and the farmer who raises wheat. The Department of Justice, say Washington dispatches, has placed the proposed merger under scrutiny to determine whether any phase of the deal violates the "anti-trust" law. According to the New York *Times:*

> "The new concern is to be known as the General Baking Corporation. It is to include the General Baking Company, the Continental Baking Corporation, Ward Baking Company, and the Southern Baking Company.
>
> "The General Baking Corporation was founded in 1911. To-day, it has thirty-three plants in twenty-four cities in fourteen States. Its estimated annual sales are more than $40,000,000. It has 4,500 employees.
>
> "The Ward Baking Corporation was organized in 1923, and owns and operates eighteen baking-plants through the East and Middle West, serving the cities of Baltimore; Cambridge, Massachusetts; Chicago; Cleveland; Columbus, Ohio; Newark; New York; Pittsburgh; Providence; South Bend, Indiana; Syracuse; and Youngstown, Ohio. It has a personnel of 6,000.
>
> "The Continental Baking Corporation, formed more than a year ago, with United Bakeries as a nucleus, to-day has 106 bakeries, and about 10,000 personnel."

The Continental Baking Corporation, says an Associated Press dispatch from Washington, has been formally charged by the Federal Trade Commission with violation of the Clayton Act through its acquisition of control in several smaller concerns. This complaint, it is said, was served on the corporation last April, and has just now been made public by two members of the Commission, Messrs. Nugent and Thompson, who declare that if the Commission had insisted upon a reply to the complaint within thirty days, the resulting publicity in all probability would have had the effect of halting any combination of the Continental corporation with other great baking concerns "until the legality of such a merger could have been determined." "It is a most difficult thing to unscramble one of these combinations, once they are formed," said Basil M. Manly, director of the La Follette People's Legislative Service, in a recent letter to President Coolidge. Mr. Manly believes that the baking merger, if carried out, would enable these companies to control bread prices in every large city in the country. In his letter he called for the resignations of the "three members of the Federal Trade Commission who have, by their neglect of duty, permitted the formation of the Bread Trust."

"While nobody will get very excited over Mr. Manly's letter," remarks Henry Suydam, Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "it nails up just one more charge against the Federal Trade Commission." Continues this writer:

> "With the appointment of William E. Humphrey of Washington, the Commission's previous policy was reversed. Mr. Humphrey has made no secret of his intention to relieve American business from what he regards as the interference of this body.
>
> "The giant bread merger will probably come in for scrutiny at the next session of Congress. To those familiar with the greater latitude being given 'Big Business' under the present Administration, the merger does not come as a surprize. The day of 'trust-busting' is past. The pendulum has swung in the other direction, and mergers of all kinds—railroads, bakeries, packers, etc.—are being encouraged."

Editorially, *The Eagle* questions whether bread prices would be higher or wheat flour lower "if every bakery were taken into the merger." In its opinion:

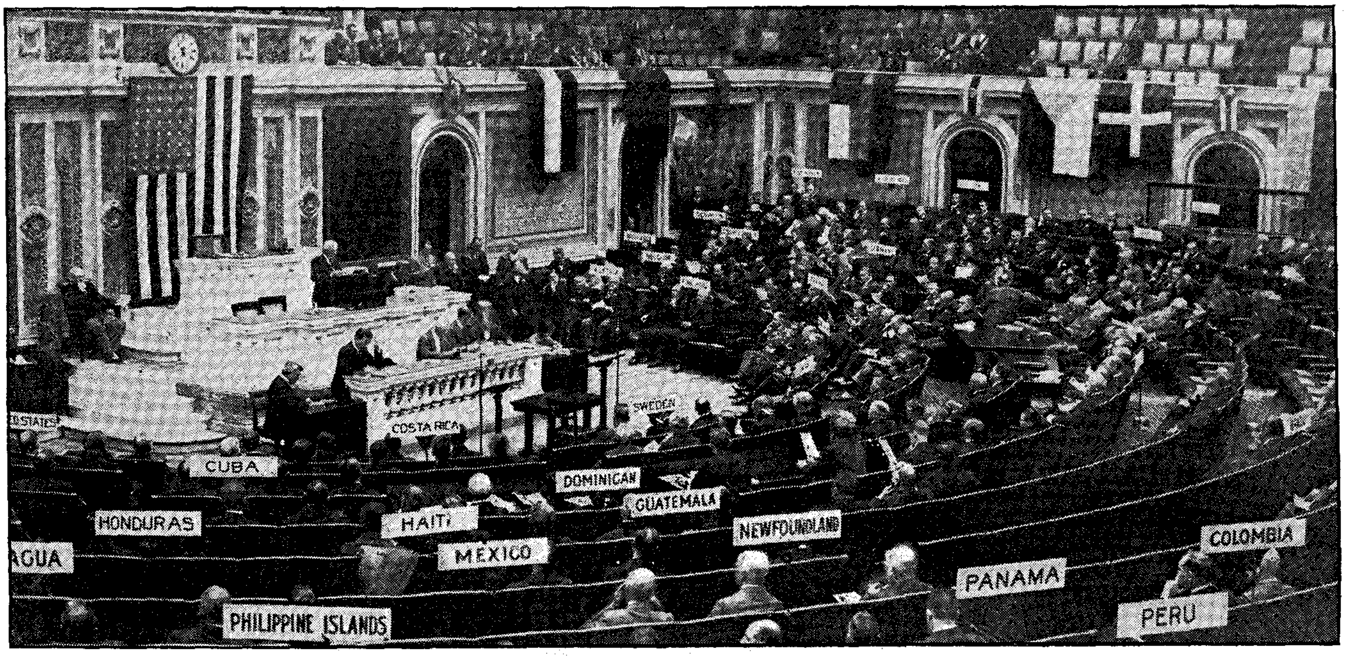
> "The economies of merger operation are manifest enough. Overhead can be largely reduced. Selling can be systematized in a broad way. So can buying. Distribution costs can be cut down, with no loss to anybody. Neither the corner grocer nor his customer profits by having three or four delivery trucks of different baking companies go to the grocer's door, instead of one."

According to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> "What the public wants is bread of even quality, made of good materials, and under sanitary conditions. It is more likely to get that sort of bread from a big bakery concern than from the hundreds of small establishments which formerly operated without adequate guaranties of quality or cleanliness.
>
> "The new $400,000,000 baking corporation is a normal economic development. It is not even remotely a trust, since its estimated production will be less than 10 per cent. of the nation's output. There could never be a damaging monopoly in this country of an article of universal consumption like bread."

Consolidation, points out the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "will not remove all competition, for there are other great baking companies active in the same territory served by those entering into the new combine." Continues this Philadelphia paper:

> "The great baking establishments in this city have not driven the little neighborhood shops out of business; they have a steady patronage.
>
> "The great baking corporation which distributes its product through the grocery stores is a comparatively modern growth It has overcome the old prejudice against baker's bread. The removal of this prejudice has benefited the little shops, while making fortunes for the owners of the big establishments.
>
> "The proposed consolidation is likely to be made without protest from the Government, for, so far as now appears, it would be necessary to stretch the meaning of the term to call it a conspiracy in restraint of trade."



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SOLONS OF FORTY-ONE NATIONS MEET TO AID INTERNATIONAL CONCORD

Secretary of State Kellogg welcomes the members of the 23d Conference of the Interparliamentary Union in the Hall of the House of Representatives. Congress appropriated $50,000 for the expenses of the members, while in this country.

THE INTERPARLIAMENTARY UNION AT WASHINGTON

THE "MOST IMPORTANT GATHERING of international figures since the Washington Conference," is the Washington *Star's* characterization of the recent meeting of the Interparliamentary Union at the American capital. Never before, we are informed by J. F. Essary, a correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, have so many representatives of so many Governments sat under a single roof in this or any other country. Almost every nation in the Western Hemisphere was represented, and virtually all of Europe except Russia, Spain, and Turkey. Japan sent its delegates, but there were no Chinese in the gathering. While the Washington *Post* declares that "these legislators from 41 countries, groping in a maze of languages, feel that they have made a notable contribution toward world peace," the Syracuse *Post-Standard* counters with the caustic remark that "the Union has not accomplished much."

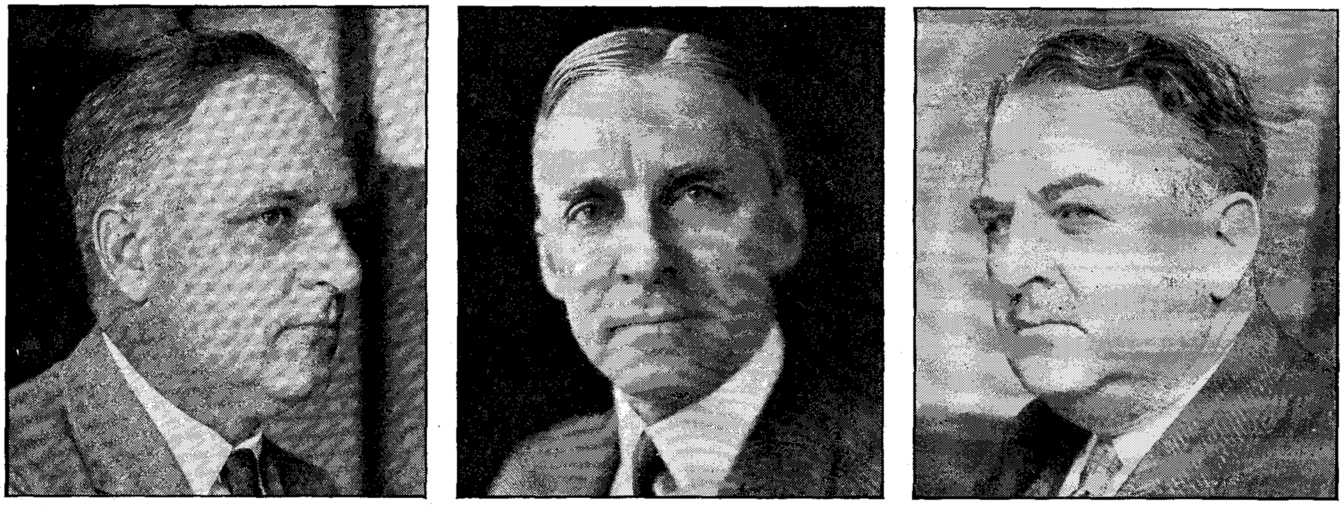
The high point of the meeting, in the opinion of Henry M. Hyde, a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, was the solemn warning contained in the paper of Elihu Root, former Secretary of State, that "controversies and quarrels between nations are certain to come," and that "mere agreement not to have these things happen are futile." However, in his appeal for the codification of international law, Mr. Root added that the League of Nations, the Permanent Court of International Justice, and the Hague Court of Arbitration, taken together, "promise to facilitate the preservation of peace to a degree never before attained."

Otherwise, observes Frank R. Kent, a third Washington correspondent of *The Sun*, "the proceedings were distinguished but dull." On October 5, one of the important days of the conference, when disarmament was before the body, but twenty-five per cent. of the 371 statesmen—including seven women—were in attendance, according to Arthur Sears Henning, Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, while Hugh O'Connor, in a Washington dispatch to the New York *World*, s authority for the statement that "out of the American group of forty Senators and Representatives on the Interparliamentary roster, only seven were at the session."

Perhaps the only "fireworks" in the six-day gathering were set off by an English delegate, who protested against the barring of Saklatvala, the Parsee Communist member, by Secretary of State Kellogg; and by the request by an Irish Free State delegate that the Union recognize the right of Ireland to remain neutral when next Great Britain goes to war. The feature of the first day's meeting was an appeal by the President of the German Reichstag to President Coolidge to move for world disarmament. Mostly, however, "the sessions consisted of little but endless oratory, aimed at nothing in particular, and attracting little attention even from the delegates themselves," says Mr. Hyde in another article, altho he points out that there were at least fifty in the gathering "each so important in his native land that if he arrived, singly and alone, in New York City, the ship reporters would interview him at great length." We read on:

> "Perhaps the greatest handicap under which this and all other international conferences labor is the diversity of language. Among the delegates were groups, each of which spoke and understood only one language. And under the rules every speech had to be translated into at least two other languages. This multiplied by three the time used by each speaker and prolonged the proceedings to the point of exhaustion.
>
> "Another point is that all the delegates are politicians. Perhaps it is because they are politicians that what many of them have to say has so little direct and practical application."

The working principle of the Union is said to be the arbitration of disputes between nations. Further reduction of armaments, the codification of international law, control of dangerous drugs, the establishment of demilitarized zones between nations such as exists between the United States and Canada, the leveling of tariff walls in Europe, the problems of national minorities, and remedies for parliamentary shortcomings were some of the subjects discust. The body is entirely unofficial. Any member of a national Parliament or Congress is eligible to membership, and a person once admitted remains a member, if he chooses, even if he loses his place as a national legislator. Friends and foes of a few years ago mingled in perfect harmony. The red, black and yellow flag of the German Republic hung side by side with the Tricolor of France and the British Union Jack on the walls of the House of Representatives, where the delegates assembled. The rubbing of elbows with other statesmen from all over the world, thinks the Washington *Star*, is a great aid to the cause of international peace.



P. & A. photograph
COMMISSIONER HANEY
Who defies President Coolidge.

Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood
ADMIRAL PALMER
Deposed head of the Fleet Corporation.

Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood
CAPTAIN CROWLEY
The Corporation's new president.

THREE OF THE MANY ACTORS IN THE SHIPPING-BOARD DRAMA

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE DEFIED BY THE SHIPPING BOARD

THE COMPLETE FAILURE of President Coolidge's plan last year for solving our government shipping problem is seen by the New York *World* in the resignation of Shipping Board Commissioner Thompson, Democrat of Alabama, in order to fight the Administration program as a private citizen; the refusal of Commissioner Haney, Democrat of Oregon, to submit his resignation to the President; and the "acceptance" of the resignation of Admiral Leigh C. Palmer, Ret., president of the Fleet Corporation, and of Admiral H. I. Cone, Ret., its general manager. Capt. Elmer E. Crowley, a "Down Easter," has been appointed to fill Admiral Palmer's shoes, "provided he shall deliver to the . . . Shipping Board his resignation . . . for acceptance at the pleasure of the Board." It was the possession of such a resignation, Washington correspondents remind us, that enabled the Board to drop Admiral Palmer, President Coolidge's choice for the position. The President is expected to refrain from sending Commissioner Haney's name to the Senate for confirmation, and is expected to choose two other Democrats to succeed Thompson and Haney, but to the Washington correspondent of *The World* "the likelihood of his getting men who will take a different view of the desires of the Gulf and Pacific Northwest sections as to maintenance of ships and sailings, is remote."

In view of the Board's declaration of independence and Admiral Palmer's refusal of a post in the London office of the Board, Washington is wondering what President Coolidge is going to do about it all. H. G. Dalton, Cleveland engineer and shipping expert, has been appointed by the President to investigate conditions within the Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation. In nine years, we are informed by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "the Board has had seven chairmen, and only one of these has been experienced in shipping. Since 1916 it has spent $3,600,000,000, while not much more than $250,000,000 has been realized from the sale of ships. Its total assets now will hardly reach $300,000,000. Its losses in nine years, in fact, have reached the staggering sum of $3,000,000,000." The majority of the Board, we are told, takes the view that the removal of Admiral Palmer was the only way to deal with the present chaotic and unsatisfactory government shipping situation.

The action of the Board, in virtual defiance of his wishes, taken while the President was absent from Washington to deliver his speech advocating harmony, is regarded among Washington correspondents as a curtain-raiser to staging a large issue for discussion when Congress convenes—that of the right of the President to encroach upon the powers and prerogatives of independent offices of the Government. Says Mark Sullivan in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> "If the Shipping Board's defiance of President Coolidge in dismissing the President's choice as head of the Emergency Fleet Corporation were merely a matter of subordinate officials flouting the Chief Executive, it would be soon over. But as it stands it is in part a dispute about prerogative between the President and a body that is in part independent and semi-judicial. It is also a dispute between the President and Congress as to which has authority over these independent commissions.
>
> "As such, the issue goes deep and has political possibilities which will go far when Congress meets. The opposition to the President will join this case with changes the President has made and an attitude he has taken on other independent and semi-judicial bodies, including the Federal Trade Commission and the Tariff Commission. The combination of the cases provides material for a real conflict."

Here, remarks one correspondent, "is one of the most pronounced family rows in the Government in years." What the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* terms "an impossible situation" has placed the President of the United States "in one of the most embarrassing quandaries of his public career." Mr. Dalton's findings are expected to furnish the Chief Executive with information which can be used to induce Congress to abolish the Shipping Board and the Fleet Corporation and transfer control of government shipping to the Interstate Commerce Commission or to Secretary of Commerce Hoover. Mr. Dalton, remarks the New York *World*, "will place the nation in his debt if he can show a way to harmonious action." In a summary of the events leading to the removal of Admiral Palmer, *The World* says:

> "The President, irritated by the Board's constant bickering, decided that centralization of responsibility was needed. He requested the members to turn the Administration of Government shipping over to Admiral Palmer. The result was temporary but sullen peace, followed by more bickering, accusations o incompetence, the stripping of Mr. Palmer of his special powers and now his discharge.
>
> "Mr. Coolidge may well regard the new quarrel as fres evidence of the necessity of centralization of authority."

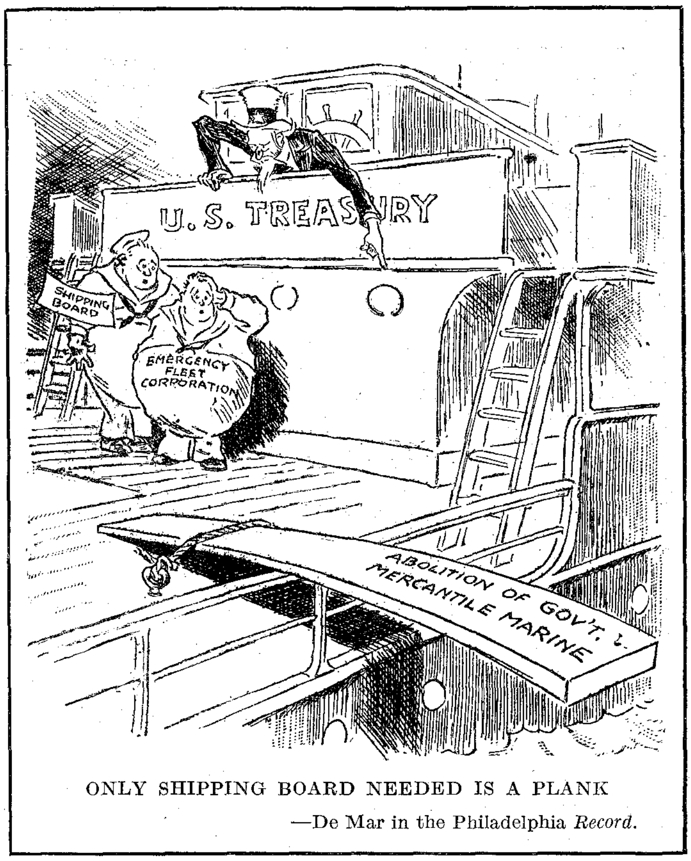
There are seven Shipping Board Commissioners, appointe from different parts of the country, at an annual salary of $12,00 and expenses. Since the Commissioners are confirmed by th Senate and can not be removed except for cause, there is nothin that President Coolidge can do, Washington correspondents agree, until Congress convenes, when he can leave Mr. Haney's name off the list of Commissioners which he sends to the Senate for confirmation.

Commissioner Haney, says a Washington dispatch to the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, "fought Admiral Palmer because he claims the Admiral allowed the Merchant Marine to deteriorate. His specific complaint is that Admiral Palmer curtailed the government fleet service out of his own region, the Pacific Northwest, and planned further cuts." Admiral Palmer, according to Commissioner Haney, also refused last spring to allocate vessels for the relief of Western grain-shippers, failed to furnish Boston, and Charleston, South Carolina, with vessels when full cargoes were offered, thus permitting British vessels to get this business, and increased the number of high-priced employees of the Shipping Board.

In addition to this indictment, we are told that Commissioners Haney, O'Connor, and Thompson on September 17 forced a tie-vote on the proposal to sell the four vessels of the Pan American Line to the Munson steamship interests, maintaining that the bid of $770,000 per vessel was too low, inasmuch as vessels of almost identical type had brought $1,125,000 each.

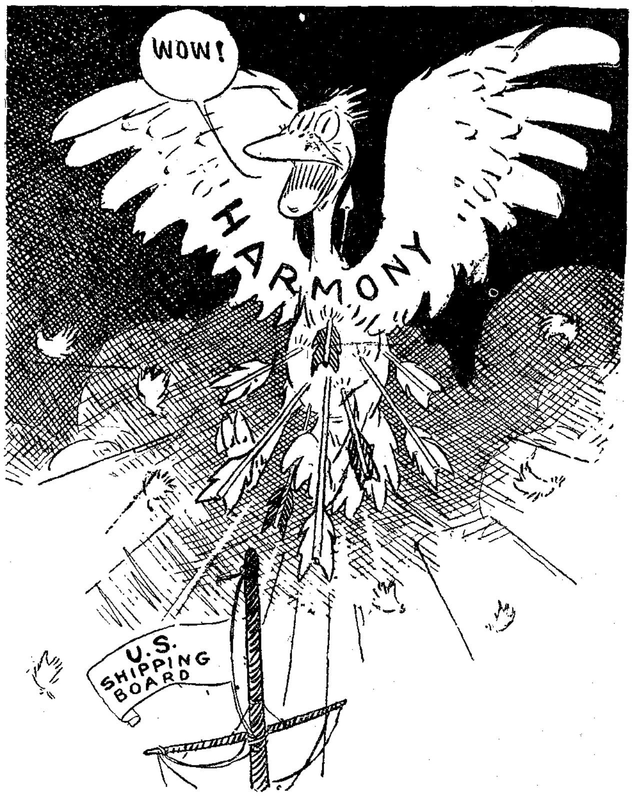
Charges that sinister New York influences were behind Admiral Palmer are made by another home-town paper of Commissioner Haney, the Portland *Oregonian*, which says:

> "The great shipping companies supported Palmer because he was putting the government fleet out of business; they wanted the fleet to be sold or scrapped, and government operation stopt. The President supported Palmer because he cut operations losses and turned ships into cash.
>
> "For the last two years this New York group of shipping men have labored to have Shipping Board operations curtailed and to have the ships sold at bargain prices to its subsidiary companies or sent to the junk-yard. This group, which has seven-eighths of its shipping investments in foreign vessels, regarding one-man power as a means to an end, sponsored a Senate bill which would have transferred practically all its powers to the Fleet Corporation. When Congress failed to strip the Board of its power, this group played on President Coolidge's devotion to economy by inducing him to press the Shipping Board to delegate much of its authority to Admiral Palmer. Palmer pushed ship sales, and the group snapt up the bargains."


U. S. TREASURY
SHIPPING BOARD
EMERGENCY FLEET CORPORATION
ABOLITION OF GOV'T. MERCANTILE MARINE

ONLY SHIPPING BOARD NEEDED IS A PLANK

—De Mar in the Philadelphia *Record*.



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THE MODERN ALBATROSS

—Brown in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Admiral Palmer's attitude, we read in Washington dispatches, has been that it does not help the American Merchant Marine, and certainly not the American taxpayers, to operate a large number of ships when the business can be handled by a smaller number. According to the Washington correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, Mr. Coolidge feels that the question of jurisdiction "is not an important issue. The real question, in his opinion, is whether the Shipping Board and the Fleet officials are conducting their business so as to promote the best interests of American shipping." The President's chief aim, we are told, is to maintain an American merchant fleet, first, for commerce, and secondly, for national defense, but only as a temporary policy. He believes merchant ships should be under private ownership, so that private owners might carry out the merchant marine program at a great saving to the Government. In a Washington *Star* article on the Shipping Board Administration controversy, G. Gould Lincoln points to the following outstanding facts:

> "During the fiscal year 1923-24, the Shipping Board and the Fleet Corporation were operating under an appropriation of $50,000,000. That is the appropriation which was in effect when President Palmer was appointed by the President in January, 1924. The appropriation made for the next fiscal year, 1924-25, was $36,000,000. For the next fiscal year, Admiral Palmer has declared that it will be possible to get along with $18,000,000 for the operation of the fleet and $3,000,000 for liquidation and the up-keep of laid-up vessels."

In other words, explains the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, "we are actually handling a larger volume of overseas business with a smaller number of vessels." Therefore, concludes this paper:

> "Despite the increase in the proportion of our trade carried by foreign ships, the financial position of American shipping is better to-day than it has been at any time since the Shipping Board was organized. Our ships are carrying a smaller proportion of our overseas trade, but the gross value of the traffic handled in American bottoms has increased."

ON THE ABUSE OF ALIMONY

THE OTHER SIDE to marrying for money, remarks the Newark *News,* is "separating for money," and a Montana paper is moved to denounce alimony as a "form of legal pickpocketing." Such observations are taken by the Boston *Post* to show that public opinion is being awakened on the present tendency to overdo granting alimony which has been so emphatically condemned of late by a Justice of the New York State Supreme Court. And editors are drawn to discuss alimony in the broadest way, going beyond the specific abuses cited by Justice Selah B. Strong. This jurist, having recently been wrestling with multitudinous pleas for alimony in the course of his judicial duties, was moved one day to tell the newspaper men how it all imprest him. Most of these actions were for alimony pending decision of suits for separation. Justice Strong was particularly imprest by the case of one man who had been paying his wife alimony for five years "pending trial of her suit for separation." This sort of thing, according to the Justice, "is positively amazing"—

"Some women must think that all they have to do is run away from their husbands and the court will hand them alimony awards that will keep them in idleness and luxury and their husbands at the grindstone. Maybe it is their idea of revenge. Many of them care nothing for an adjudication in court of their differences. If they get an award of alimony before trial, they think that is the end of it. The wives are collecting alimony, the lawyers have pocketed their fees, so why bother about a decision that the husband has been guilty of cruel or inhuman conduct, and separate maintenance for the wife entirely justified and an honest thing?

"It ought to be stopt, this practise of wives demanding alimony without just cause."

Thus *The Eagle* quotes Justice Strong in the city and borough where he was holding court. The New York *Times* quotes even stronger remarks, which must, however, be read in the light of the Judge's distinct statement that he meant no sweeping declaration that no childless wife deserves alimony, and that he believes every case involving alimony must be considered on its merits. According to *The Times,* Mr. Strong said in part:

"I truly believe that alimony keeps couples from becoming reconciled. The woman who is being supported by her husband under order of the court, generally speaking, is not very anxious to effect a reconciliation with him. If the husband defaults in so much as a single payment, she can have him cast into jail for contempt of court.

"When a woman starts a separation action she is either 'hot under the collar,' or she is filled with a desire for revenge. A man is almost powerless, and she knows it. When she gets her temporary award, she is independent. She is mistress of the situation. Many dissatisfied husbands, rather than continue a life of quarrels, allow the separation action to go by default or, in other words, permit the wife to win without any opposition. Later, when such a man finds his income reduced, he discovers it is almost impossible to gain reduction in alimony, for the wife and her attorneys will oppose strenuously any move for a modification of the decree.

"In this enlightened day, when the sexes are supposed to be equal, I do not believe that childless wives should receive alimony. Women to-day err as much as, and in many cases more than, men."

In the way of constructive criticism, Justice Strong suggests that a domestic-relations court should pass on applications for alimony before they reach the Supreme Court, and that a proper system of old-age pensions might do away with much of the necessity for alimony.

"Most good women," in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* will uphold the Brooklyn Justice. Independent and truly womanly women, the Newark *News* is inclined to think, do not care to be supported by men they have ceased to love and live with; "they would rather endure the hardships of supporting themselves and have the freedom and self-respect that goes with it." In discussing what it calls a "form of legal pickpocketing," the Helena *Independent* in Montana observes:

"The prevailing ill of alimony comes from the fact that so many demure young things nowadays step to the altar with this secret thought in their minds: 'If I don't like it, I can get alimony.' They merely live with their husbands a couple of years or less, then get a divorce and as much alimony as they can squeeze from them until they find other and woollier sheep to shear. There are lots of women who are frankly in the alimony business. They live well by means of this trade.

"In spite of the good alimony often may render to unprotected wives and children, one somehow harbors a sneaking suspicion that if it were wiped off the legal slate, there would not be as many divorces by half. Many a wife, too lazy to work, would stick by her husband if it were not for this income after divorce; and many a husband, who can salve his conscience by giving money, would remain with his wife rather than feel himself a cur."

There is no justice in many of these alimony awards, so the Boston *Post* insists:

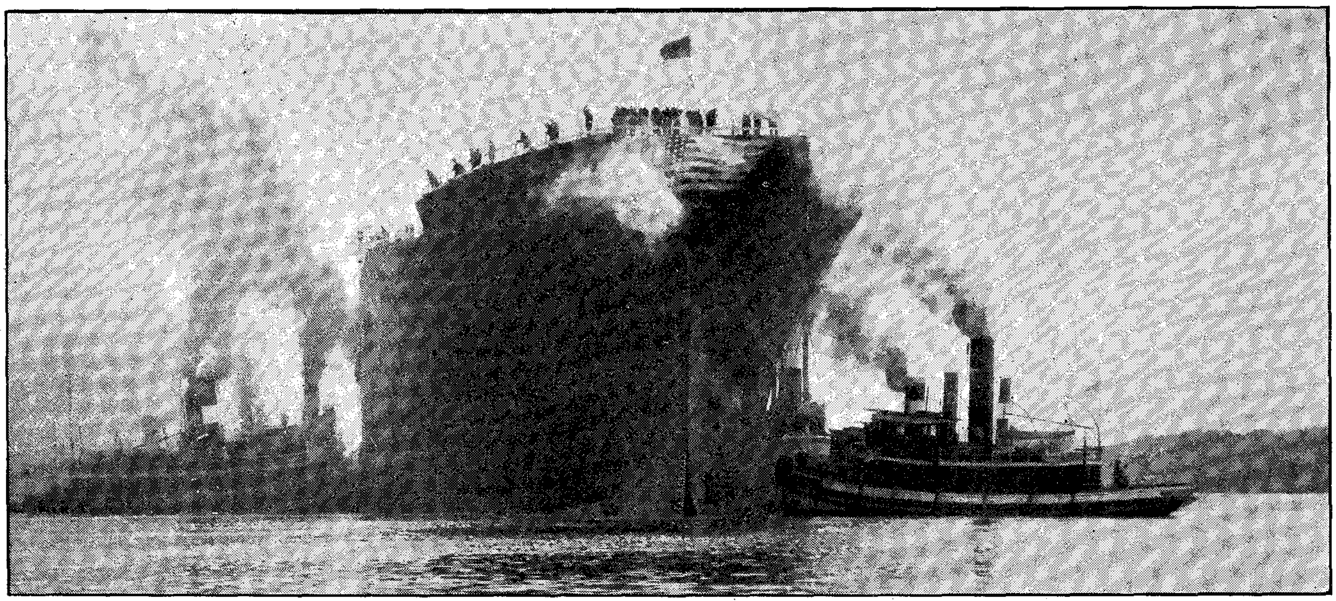
"Because a man has money, that is no reason why his wife, who wants to break her contract, should be given a large slice of his fortune. Wives of poor men have to take the same chances of happiness, and if their marriages go wrong, no financial payment smooths their way."

That there would be fewer separations on slight provocation and, indeed, fewer divorces, if Justice Strong's ideas about alimony prevailed, is the conclusion reached by a number of our newspapers, including the New York *Evening World,* the Schenectady *Union-Star,* the Detroit *Free Press,* and the Topeka *Capital.* The New York *Herald Tribune* collects the opinions of a number of self-supporting women whose views are fairly well exprest by the headline: Feminists Hail Ban on Alimony with Delight." As one woman artist puts it, "we feminists have always thought women had a nerve to howl for equality and still accept money from men they no longer love." To the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* "it seems absurd for woman to think that the law should regard man as an equal when that suits her convenience, and as a tyrant when that is to her advantage." And the Philadelphia *Bulletin* reminds us that—

"Many Western States have abandoned the idea that non-support of a wife is a crime, regardless of circumstances. They are beginning to restrict the wife's property interest to that part of the husband's property acquired after marriage. They are even giving the husband equal right with the wife to support, in cases where the wife is capable and the husband incapable of earning the living."

But the opinions of the "learned Justice" on Long Island will not be generally accepted for a long time to come, thinks the Milwaukee *Journal;* "for the theory that a man assumes certain obligations in the marriage union from which he is never released is pretty thoroughly grounded in practise." Few, in the opinion of the Buffalo *Express,* "would impair the principle that support of the wife is the duty of the husband." According to our present economic system, we read in the New York *American,* "the wife is dependent upon her husband usually; if she has married and grown old, her market is gone." It occurs to the Manchester *Union* that: "there are a good many cases in which wives seeking separation from husbands are physically and mentally competent to work and yet may lack the business or professional training without which a seeker of employment i under a serious handicap." Finally, to quote a woman on thi side of the argument, we find Mrs. Anne Kennedy, who is connected with the American Birth Control League, declaring in the New York *Herald Tribune* that:

"It is all nonsense to say that she is a parasite unless she has children. She gives up the best years of her life to help build her husband's success. She grows old before he does. The divorce generally occurs because the man, confined to business in his younger days, suddenly feels it is time to begin to enjoy life, but the woman who has made his home is too worn out to accompany him in his amusements."



International Newsreel photograph

"A MONUMENT TO FAITH, TO HOPE, AND PROGRESS"

So Secretary Wilbur described the *Lexington* when launched at Quincy, Massachusetts, on October 3. She will be equipped to carry more than seventy planes and will have five acres of deck space, a veritable "floating aviation field." Like the twin *Saratoga*, now under construction, the *Lexington* will cost about $43,000,000. Her speed will be greater than that of any type of warship except the destroyer.

ANOTHER "EAGLE'S NEST" TO CONFUTE THE NAVY'S CRITICS

IF THE *MONITOR*, which revolutionized naval warfare two generations ago, looked like a "cheese-box on a raft," the new type of naval airplane carrier is "a raft without a cheese-box"—tho a flying-raft with a speed of 33 knots. This remark of the Brooklyn *Eagle* at the time of the launching of the *Saratoga* last spring is, of course, just as applicable to the floating of the sister ship *Lexington* last week. The existence of these two ships will go far toward eliminating Great Britain's advantage in aircraft-carrier tonnage, according to the New York *Times*, and, in the opinion of Secretary Wilbur, they make an effective protest against "the unthinking declaration that the American Navy is hidebound with conservatism and immovably anchored by barnacle-encrusted chains to the things of the past." As the Secretary of the Navy said at the launching at Quincy:

> "Men are mounting up with wings as eagles. But eagles must have nests where they may rest and replenish their power. To-day we are launching and christening a nest for the naval man who 'mounts up with wings as eagles.' . . .
>
> "The *Lexington* is more than a ship; it is a monument to faith, to hope, and progress. This monument is a witness bearing silent testimony to the belief of the men and officers of the American Navy in the use of aircraft for national defense. It is the witness bearing testimony that Congress believes in the development of aircraft as a means of national defense."

That the *Saratoga* and the *Lexington* are signs of progress in naval construction, no one seriously denies. The Navy now has in commission one airplane carrier, the *Langley*, which is a rebuilt collier. The new *Lexington* will be literally a floating airplane field, with nearly five acres of deck space. The *Lexington* will be the longest war vessel in the world and the biggest ship ever constructed in the United States, according to the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot's* representative at the launching. The *Lexington* is 888 feet long with a breadth of 106 feet, like the twin *Saratoga*. She will have a speed of thirty-three knots, and will weigh 33,000 tons. Like several of our newest battle-ships, the *Lexington* is an oil-burner with an electric drive, so that as well as being a floating airplane field, it will also be a floating electric generating plant. The writer for the Virginia paper remarks that if she were tied up at Boston, "she could generate enough electricity to supply the needs of the whole city." Further information is given as follows:

> "The *Lexington* is being built for the United States Navy by the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation. Her most novel feature is the arrangement of her deck. All the superstructure—the eight 8-inch guns in twin mounts, the twelve 5-inch anti-aircraft guns, the smokestack, the navigation bridge, the wireless mast—is on the starboard side of the deck, giving a broad unobstructed surface from which the planes can take off and on which they can alight."

The *Lexington* and the *Saratoga*, it will be remembered, were originally intended for battle cruisers, but after the keels were laid they were changed to airplane carriers in accordance with the decrees of the Washington Arms Conference. Quoting further:

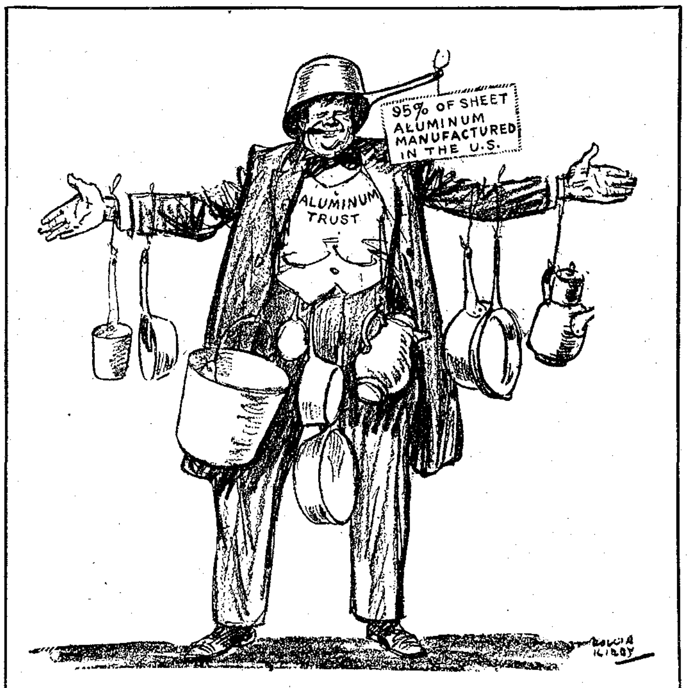
> "The airplane carrier in the future will perform much of the same service for a fleet that the liaison and observation officers provide for their regiment. Of the seventy planes that these ships can carry, about half are heavy-duty planes—giant bombers and torpedo planes, whose aim is to destroy an enemy fleet. The rest of the planes are light observation, combat and spotting planes. Equipped with the most modern radio outfits, they will be of invaluable assistance to the admiral in charge of the fleet by informing him of the approach of the enemy, the formation and size of his fleet. When the firing opens, they will flash back directions for increasing the accuracy of the gunnery. It is quite possible that in the future the airplane carrier will be the flagship of the fleet.
>
> "Perhaps the best defense the airplane carrier possesses is excessive speed. There is no warship afloat that can keep up with it except the destroyer, and in a stand-up fight the airplane carrier could undoubtedly dispose of several of these small ships.
>
> "The mammoth *Lexington* and her sister ship, the *Saratoga*, are expected to be in commission in the winter of 1926."

The international aspects of this launching are touched on by the New York *Times*, which points out that "while Great Britain possesses six carriers, the *Furious*, *Eagle*, *Argus*, *Pegasus*, *Hermes*, and *Ark Royal*, none will compare in size, displacement, gunpower, and speed with the *Saratoga* and *Lexington*. Neither Great Britain nor the United States has anywhere near its full tonnage allowance of airplane carriers. Says *The Times:*

> "Under the terms of the Washington Treaty, carrier competition up to the allotted tonnage can not be criticized. The case now stands that Great Britain has a marked advantage, but it will soon pass from her."

IS THERE AN ALUMINUM TRUST?

OUR HABIT OF "STRAINING AT GNATS and swallowing camels" is discerned by the New York *Journal of Commerce* in the recent complaint of the Federal Trade Commission against the Aluminum Company of America, largely owned, it is said, by Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and his brother, R. B. Mellon. The charge is that the company indulges in practises which tend to lessen competition and create a monopoly in aluminum in the United States, and added weight, in the opinion of the New York *World*, "is given to the complaint by the fact that it comes from the Commission after this body has been reorganized and made more conservative by President Coolidge." In view of the personnel of the Commission, it is impossible, thinks the New York *Evening World*, "to ascribe the findings to a partizan desire to embarrass the most conspicuous member of the Coolidge Cabinet."


95% OF SHEET ALUMINUM MANUFACTURED IN THE U.S.
ALUMINUM TRUST
ROLLIN KIRBY

MONOPOLY? WHAT DO YOU MEAN—MONOPOLY?

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

No industry, declares *The Evening World*, "has been more tenderly treated by the tariff makers." The present law, we are informed by the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "raised the import duty on aluminum from 2 cents to 5 cents a pound and doubled the duty on aluminum ware. Consequently, it is impossible for foreign competition to keep down prices." Therefore, maintains this Democratic paper, "if there is an aluminum trust, every housewife in the land who buys aluminum goods has a right to know it."

Summed up, remarks the Providence *News*, "the Federal Commission's complaint is as comprehensive as any ever made by that body." "It represents the Commission's mature verdict after long deliberation," adds the Washington correspondent of the New York *World*. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, which calls it a "serious charge" against "the aluminum king of America," thus summarizes the findings of the Commission:

> "The burden of the complaint is that the Aluminum Company of America controls the world supply of the raw material used in making aluminum, and also the sale of products manufactured from aluminum, with the result that a harmful monopoly has been created.
>
> "In this country, the Aluminum Company since 1923 has produced more than 95 per cent. of the virgin sheet aluminum, its chief competitor producing not more than 1 per cent. at higher prices for spot delivery. The Aluminum Company owns 36 per cent. of the stock of the largest manufacturer of aluminum cooking utensils, 100 per cent. of the stock of the second largest manufacturer of cooking utensils, 75 per cent. of the stock of the company manufacturing aluminum automobile bodies, and the majority interest in other companies which manufacture aluminum products.
>
> "As one of the highest administrative officers of the land, on the one hand, and as the guiding genius of a great trust on the other, Mr. Mellon occupies an incompatible position."

In brief, remarks *The World*, "the Commission charges that the Aluminum Company is exercising a monopoly of the supplies of raw materials." It is further said that "the corporation, through competitive practises, removes all aluminum scrap from the market so that independent manufacturers of aluminum products may have no access to this source of supply and its monopoly of raw materials may be more complete." The report declares further that the company has been guilty of unfair trade practises, of price-cutting, and of using artificial methods to gain control of the market, according to the Baltimore *Sun*. In this paper's opinion:

> "The Trade Commission finds that a corporation is putting both feet through the Anti-Trust Act; that it has been doing so deliberately and over a long period of time. There is but one answer to this sort of procedure. It is prosecution by the Department of Justice."

But what if this were done, and the "aluminum trust" dissolved? Would this action by the Government result in lower prices to the American housewife? The Standard Oil "trust" was dissolved, we are reminded, and what has been the fruit of victory for the Government? "Nothing," replies the New York *Commercial*, "nor have the people benefited." The *Journal of Commerce* points out that since the Mellon concern has a virtual monopoly of bauxite, the source of aluminum, then—

> "Not only its control has inevitably made of it a monopoly, but its legalized ownership of patent rights, now expired, has confirmed it in its controlling position. It seems puerile to charge such a concern with attempts to lessen competition when all these larger matters at issue are ignored by the law."

Besides, declares the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times:*

> "Monopoly is not such a terrible thing if it operates efficiently and serves the public satisfactorily at moderate prices. The effects of the Aluminum Company's business methods have been, among others, to reduce the price of aluminum ware."

The Aluminum Company, through its counsel, denies that it is violating the law; that it has, since March, 1923, produced 95 per cent. of our virgin sheet aluminum, and that it has "cornered" the scrap aluminum market to prevent its competitors from thus securing a supply of the metal. Furthermore, avers the corporation's counsel:

> "It has been the policy of the Company to give to consumers of aluminum the lowest possible prices. And as its patents expired in 1907, there has been nothing to prevent any person who so desired from engaging in the manufacture or fabrication of aluminum in the United States, and the Company never has done, neither has it attempted to do, anything which in any way prevented or embarrassed others from engaging in said business."

We are further assured by the New York *Commercial* that—

> "There is no record of any good results from such prosecutions as this which the Federal Trade Commission has instituted against the Aluminum Company of America. Not a single commodity or service is now bought by the people of this country at a price that is lower than the one it paid before the Federal law against trusts was invoked. Take oil, for instance.
>
> "Are the people of the United States buying aluminum products as cheaply as do people in other parts of the world? Measured in terms of labor they buy much more cheaply. Do they obtain superior merchandise? The best to be found in the world. Are they hurt by the existence of the Aluminum Company of America? On the contrary they are helped. Then why harass that company?"

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

And the greatest paradox of them all is still Civilized Warfare.—*Detroit News.*

About the only use left to the nickel is to provide change for a quarter.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

France at first contracted her debt. Now she wants America to contract it.—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

Sometimes it's the last step which counts, if you make it on the accelerator instead of on the brake.—*Punch.*

Henry Ford despises the new-fangled dances, but his lizzie still clings to the shimmy.—*Fergus Falls (Minn.) Journal.*

California gets the beauty prize, but Florida's real-estate profits can also show a pretty figure.—*Springfield Republican.*

If there's anything in evolution, there is sure to be developed in time a tougher and more resistant pedestrian.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

This age of substitutes has not yet reached the point where a flat head can be substituted for a level head.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

After all, the United States isn't in a very good position to sneer at China because it is overrun with bandits.—*Detroit Free Press.*

What the future has in store for you depends in large measure on what you place in store for the future.—*Fergus Falls (Minn.) Journal.*

Making synthetic rubber of corn sounds perfectly plausible. So much synthetic corn seems to have been distilled from rubber.—*Detroit News.*

It is possible that the man who wakes up to find himself famous has been sleeping all the while with one eye open.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A nut at the steering-wheel, a peach at his side and a sharp turn in the road is a good recipe for a fruit salad.—*Fergus Falls (Minn.) Journal.*

Birmingham police on traffic duty are equipped with white helmets, white overalls and white gloves. We hear that a stricken pedestrian on opening his eyes weakly inquired where the harps and halos were.—*Punch.*

Savings for a rainy day are not intended for a wet night.—*Wall Street Journal.*

"Every comedian believes in gags," says a writer. Unfortunately, however, very few wear them.—*Punch.*

The value of diamonds is going up. It has to keep ahead of the price of anthracite.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Like the lily, the flapper toils not, but when there is a car available she spins some.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

Nowadays a man has to fight to stay on top in every field of human endeavor except pugilism.—*Detroit News.*

All that remains undimmed in the memory of nations is the place where the hatchet was buried.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Those places where the motor-car is displacing the locomotive have not up to this time included the crossing.—*Detroit News.*

It remained for a British visitor to remind us that the Statue of Liberty stands with her back to the United States.—*Omaha Bee.*

Apparently France figures it will be better to owe us that money forever than beat us out of a cent.—*Fergus Falls (Minn.) Journal.*

Maybe we better have a standing committee of investigation for naval disasters, so that no time may be lost.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

Maybe it would serve the purpose to abolish the War and Navy Departments and just appoint Colonel Mitchell.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"Any one willing to work is welcome here," Canada announces. This seems to cover the field fairly well in selective immigration.—*Detroit News.*

Florida compares its boom to the gold rush of 1849. As in that case, it is a question of when the pay dirt gives out.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is encouraging to learn that scientists are extending the period of human life. Some of the infants of to-day may live to realize the fulfilment of these tax-reduction promises.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

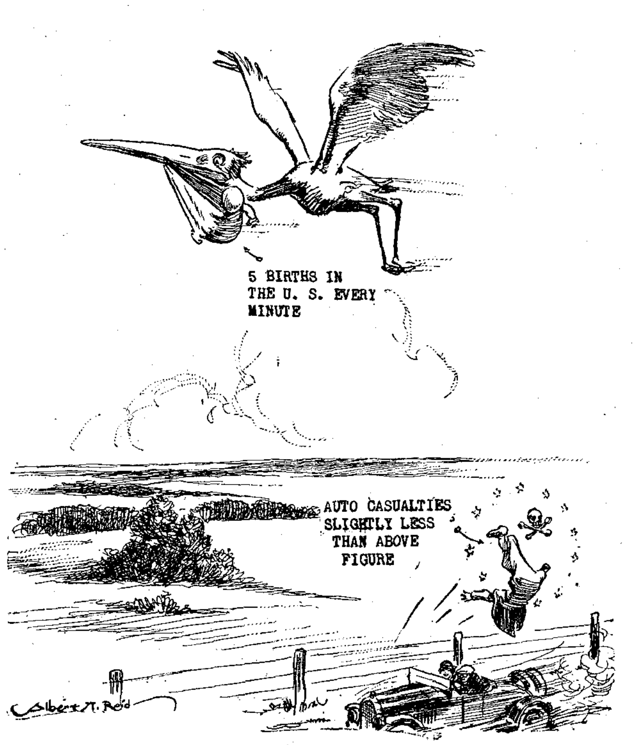
Before Luther Burbank retires, can't he make one last supreme effort at uncrossing the pumpkin and the cantaloupe?—*Detroit News.*

There is this to be said for the newspaper man walking to Florida: he'll be in better shape to make the return trip than a lot of 'em.—*Marion Star.*

Scientists have discovered that the world is covered by a "radio roof." This, in all probability, is what static is trying to raise.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

"It is roast beef," says a centenarian, "that has made England what it is." We have never heard a more powerful plea for vegetarianism.—*Punch.*

About all a man of retiring tastes has to hope for, what with raids on his home by Prohibition agents, both Federal and State, and income-tax publicity and everything, is that the home paper will say, after eulogizing his life and works: The funeral will be private.—*Ohio State Journal.*


5 BIRTHS IN THE U. S. EVERY MINUTE
AUTO CASUALTIES SLIGHTLY LESS THAN ABOVE FIGURE
Albert T. Reid

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A REAL RACE

—Reid for the Bell Syndicate.

Statistics show that fewer and fewer people are being killed by automobiles. Is our pedestrian going the way of the buffalo?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

All the telegraph operators in China are on a strike. Maybe they saw that word "stop" in so many messages that they finally concluded to do it.—*Wichita Eagle.*

Al Smith got a warm welcome in Chicago. Had he gone a little farther West the McAdoo people might have given him a really hot one.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

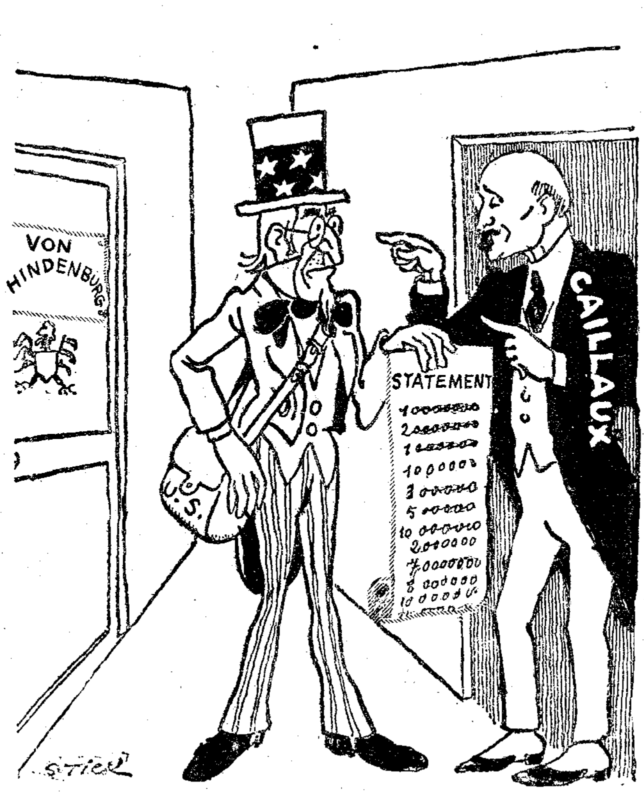
It is said that we carry a weight of fifteen tons of air on our bodies. And probably the fact that so much of the burden is hot air is what gives us that pain in the neck.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

France owes us, aside from $3,340,516,043.72 of principal, a little matter of $870,040,904.55 accrued interest. So the $40,000,000 a year she is going to pay us will at least take care of the interest on the interest.—*American Lumberman.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

FRENCH BITTERNESS OVER THE DEBT PROPOSAL

THE OLD SAYING that if you want to lose a friend, the best way is to lend him money, occurs to some in view of the virulence of the French press on the subject of the debt proposal Mr. Caillaux took back to Paris. It will be recalled that this is a tentative and temporary arrangement, as shown in THE LITERARY DIGEST for last week, under which France would pay to the United States Government annual instalments of $40,000,000 for the next five years, as full current interest during that period on the consolidated debt of about $4,200,000,000 owed to the United States. The fact that the proposal requires the approval of the French Cabinet before it can go into effect, gives ample play, according to some Paris correspondents, for the usual ambidexterousness of French politics and politicians. Thus, we read that Finance Minister Caillaux was strongly opposed to going to Washington in the first place, because he feared that whether he reached an agreement or not with the Americans, the result would be used by his political enemies to oust him from the Government. But his quick change at Washington, according to a Paris correspondent, has saved his political life. Some Paris newspapers laud him as having rejected America's attempt to fetter France in chains for a century, and this man, who once was banished to a section of his country remote from the capital, and about whom there were outspoken accusations of treason, now, it appears is hailed as the "savior of France from slavery to the American Shylock."



A FRENCH SUGGESTION

CAILLAUX: "You'd better apply at the door opposite."

—*Le Petit Provençal* (Marseilles).

As an official voice on the question we have the statement of Premier Painlevé to the Paris *Matin* that he considers the negotiations with Washington to be "interrupted but not broken," and that he keeps his entire confidence in America. The French Premier is also quoted in the Paris *Temps* as saying that he does not believe the rejection of the last French offer by the American debt-funding commission to be the last word, and he added:

> "I will, however, give this assurance, that our country will maintain its attitude of an honest man who seeks to pay as much as he can of what is asked from him, but will not take any engagement which he knows beforehand he is incapable of fulfilling and would cause him humiliation when he failed to keep his word.
>
> "It is in that spirit we will continue the conversations with our American friends and will seek to bring them to a successful conclusion."

Sharp disappointment is felt by some sections of the French press, because, instead of having obtained a settlement which would give a few years' immediate relief, Mr. Caillaux brought back a temporary settlement that doubles the burden the first five years, and leaves the whole big question unsettled, with the capital debt undiminished by the efforts of these coming hard years. Asking of what good is the temporary arrangement America proposes, the Paris *Figaro* answers:

> "It is only of advantage if we can face the material burden it carries, which would be to insure a political respite from our creditors. It is certain that if our creditors agree under no pretext to talk debts for five years in exchange for bearable annuities, the proposal is worthy of a certain consideration from a political standpoint. The whole question is to know if we can stand these annuities, because if we can not, the contract would only aggravate our dual financial and political dependence."

Considering the frame of mind of our American creditors, sarcastically remarks the Paris *Victoire*, "we had better earnestly enter the road to all sorts of restrictions and economies in order the quicker to escape their grasp." And the Paris *Gaulois*, equally bitter, observes:

> "Mr. Caillaux is bringing France an American proposal for a provisional agreement, which Mr. Mellon does not hesitate to declare is certain to consolidate France's credit. Allow us to consider that this joke is rather bitter. This sort of five years' moratorium consists in our paying $20,000,000 more than we are now paying without even the consoling thought that the principal of our debt is being reduced. Ratification of such an agreement not only would allow a permanent menace to overhang the stability of our exchange and allow the American Government to retain the chains with which it holds the European nations captives, but it would likewise be *de facto* recognition of the total of our debt, which has been subjected to no examination of accounts, altho it is notorious that certain dealings prove this necessary."

The sentiment which alliance and friendship once created has been lost in this affair by the Americans, says the Paris *Petit Journal*, and it continues:

> "They themselves will perhaps end by regretting the irreconcilable attitude they have maintained for several years in respect of the debts, and which they had already brutally manifested during the peace negotiations in 1919. Let us hope that time will render them more just and restore in them the spirit which animated their soldiers in 1918."

Says the Paris *Avenir:*

> "If this new morality born of war consists in reserving for Germany, the author of the brutal aggression, all indulgences and all consideration because she knew how to cheat, trick, and resist, and for France, the principal victim of this aggression, all sacrifices because she is of good stock and wishes to quarrel with no one—if this new morality consists in shutting up one's

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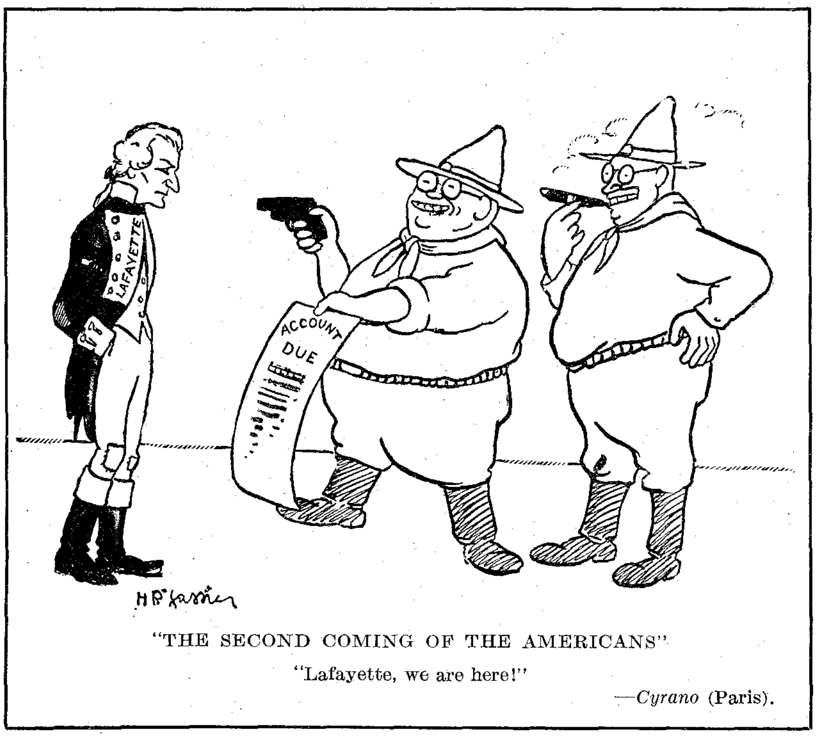
self into a most cynical national egotism; in taking the part of adversaries against friends; in repudiating the word and signature of one's own representatives; in disowning and battering down treaties, which one has worked to create—then many thanks. We prefer the old morality. Perhaps it was not higher, but at least it was more frank, and it did not have this hideous stench of hypocrisy."

A natural defender of Mr. Caillaux's procedure is the Paris *Ere Nouvelle*, described as "his newspaper," which declares that "no one with good faith or common sense can fail to recognize the real advantages of our country from the temporary Washington agreement." This daily adds that when Mr. Caillaux has had a chance to explain, "both his party and Parliament will say he served his country with all his intelligence and ability." In the judgment of the Paris *Quotidien*—

"We can all agree that American intransigeance aved Mr. Joseph Caillaux from a very difficult ituation and the Government from an adventure where it would probably have died. That better conditions ould have been obained, nobody believed. The worst enemies of he Finance Minister do ot pretend that. But he very conditions which we proposed in a upreme effort to settle ertainly went beyond he limit of sacrifices ecessary and foreseen y public opinion. They urthermore went peraps beyond the limits f prudence. Anyway, Mr. Caillaux's concesions, even if excessive, ave certainly enlightned American public pinion, dissipated disust and made future agreement easier. Let us not regret is daring, and perhaps too daring, move—the tone of the merican press itself testifies even now that it has been useful."



"THE SECOND COMING OF THE AMERICANS"

"Lafayette, we are here!"

—*Cyrano* (Paris).

In England the new debt situation caused by the provisional rangement proposed at Washington, says the London *Observer*, akes it necessary for new conferences between Winston Church- and Mr. Caillaux. At the same time, the Political Correondent of the London *Sunday Times* believes the two creditor tions, America and Britain, should get together, because the nglo-French and Franco-American settlements are mutually pendent, and the creditor nations have laid down the principle at neither can have priority of payment by France over the her. So this writer foresees the possibility of an impasse "if e two creditor nations do not soon come together without waitg for the expiry of the suggested five years' respite and devise reed methods for safeguarding their common interests." litorially, *The Sunday Times* thinks France is furious that the ited States was so severe on Mr. Caillaux's best terms, and at the Americans are inclined to accuse Mr. Caillaux of importg tricks of the poker table into international diplomacy, yet s journal believes that "something has been gained." If the ench Chamber ratifies the agreement, it observes, this will vince the United States of the French intention to pay, and American Government may be persuaded to remove its bargo on fresh loans to France. The question is then asked:

'Five years from now what will be the position of France? body knows. But one can be very sure her feelings on the ject will grow in bitterness, and America will never receive y cash which will compensate for the loss of French good-will."

THE SAKLATVALA "GOBLIN"

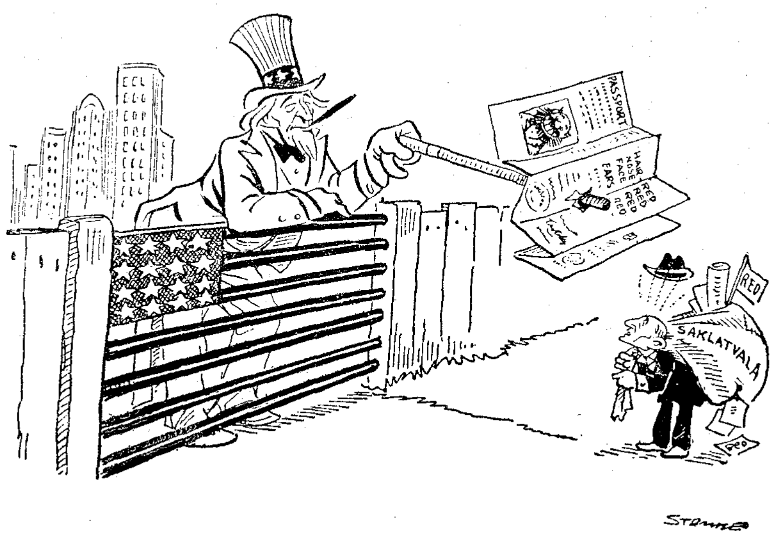
NEITHER WISDOM NOR DIGNITY appears in the action of the United States Government in revoking the passport visa of Shapurji Saklatvala, the Parsee, and the Communist M. P. for North Battersea, according to some English editors, who hint ironically that this country is much more timid about goblins than such a great big country should be. All America has done, in the view of the Liberal *Westminster Gazette*, is to exaggerate the importance of one to whom very little attention had been paid until the question of his visit to America disturbed the peace of "a handful of die-hards." But America has also "shown a strange discourtesy," this journal goes on to say, and points out that the question of Mr. Saklatvala's visit had been discust at such "nauseating length" that no one can imagine the United States was surprized. Yet no action was taken until two days before he was about to leave England, and this journal proceeds:

"After all, Mr. Saklatvala is a member of the British Parliament, and surely it is an extreme and anti-liberal step to treat him in this way. America has before this digested a good many incendiaries and made use of their cheap labor; and if some people have lost their heads about this bogy of Bolshevism, surely it is a little extraordinary that they should insist on an insurance at our expense. There is, moreover, another point at issue. The gentlemen who are visiting America for the Inter-Parliamentary Conference are not, of course, strictly a delegation. But Mr. Kellogg's action in picking and choosing whom he will have tends to make it one, and creates a very unhappy precedent for these meetings. No one in this country is very much concerned with Mr. Saklatvala, who, until the other day, appears to have reconciled his revolutionary principles with an important position in a firm which has no special liking for expensive labor, to say the least. But it is surely giving him a wholly gratuitous publicity to ban him, to quote Mr. Kellogg, like 'the humblest immigrant.' He has not been treated in that way, and he is not 'the humblest immigrant.' All that Mr. Kellogg has done is to add an unpleasant appendix to an extremely foolish comedy."

The London *Daily Express* is disappointed because the United States has created "another martyr" who would have "done for himself" far more effectively if he had been permitted to go to the United States in order that the people there "could hear for themselves the unutterable tosh which men of the Saklatvala type are in the habit of putting forth as argument." He is, in fact, "merely a woolly-headed gas-bag and should be treated as such," according to this newspaper, which adds:

"The United States are quite within their right in excluding the Communist. They have their own way of dealing with the type of agitator whom Mr. Saklatvala represents. We are more lenient here, and perhaps, in the long run, our way is better, since the hurling of oratorical bombs gives the hurler much relief and does not kill people. That sort of stuff can be kept within bounds, and so long as the British mind remains unaffected by the poison the affairs of State can not be much interfered with. It is only when martyrs like Saklatvala are taken seriously that the situation assumes a different aspect. The wise course, therefore, is to treat such people with pitying indifference, and if they go too far there are other means of showing them that this country has not gone crazy."

The London *Star* says that Britain knows her Saklatvalas and can form a fairly true estimate of their importance and their influence. But that is no reason, this daily argues, why the United States should "accept him at Battersea's valuation," for "to America Mr. Saklatvala is merely a mischievous and irresponsible agitator."



ADVICE FREE

UNCLE SAM: "Say, Bo! I reckon you'd better stay home and be a martyr."

—*The Daily Express* (London).

But among the newspapers which are enthusiastic in their praise of America's action is the London *Daily Mail*, which thinks our State Department showed "sense and decision." Secretary Kellogg's "biting sentences" are read with satisfaction and a certain humiliation by this newspaper, which adds:

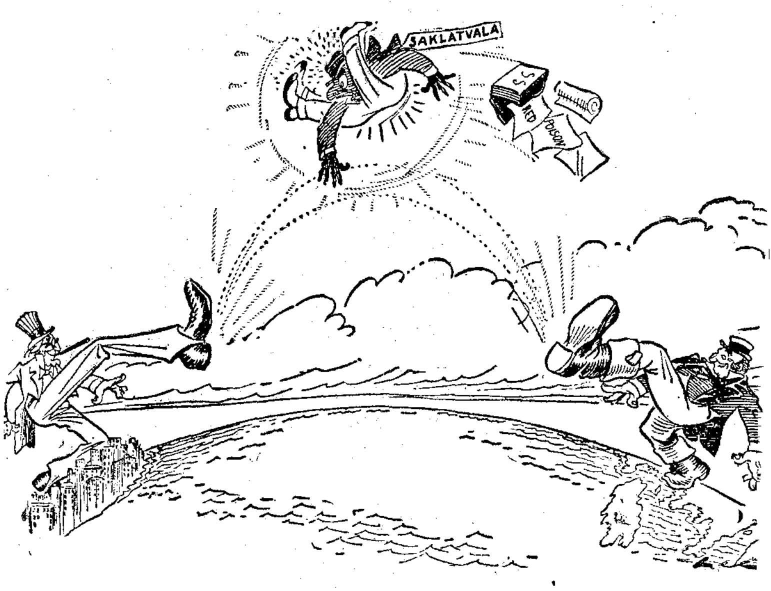
> "His words, tho not intended to do so, convey an incidental rebuke to the Government of these islands. The American State Department is doing what we should have done at the outset. Mr. Kellogg refuses Saklatvala a visa on the passport which he should not have received from our Foreign Office. But we do allow this country to become a 'stamping ground' for alien and alien-inspired sedition. There is only one State in the world where such a creature as Saklatvala could be free to bite the hand that feeds him and slander the flag under whose protection he lives and spouts. Anywhere else he would be put in jail or put out of the country.
>
> "Like Mr. Kellogg, we believe in liberty of speech; but not in the liberty which permits a member of Parliament, after taking the oath of allegiance, to assert that the British Empire 'is made up of the aristocratic and dirty dogs of Britain who will assail any one's freedom,' and to demand that 'the Union Jack shall cease to function.'"

The American Secretary of State has "in effect indicted this country," declares the London *Morning Post*, "when he proclaims a man who has been admitted to our Parliament unfit for admission to the United States." This newspaper tells the British not to resent such a rebuke, but "rather profit by it, and while there is yet time take warning of a danger which grows by neglect." In a Labor newspaper, the London *Daily Herald*, we find Mr. Saklatvala's defense as quoted from his reply to the letter of the American Consul-General, indicating the revocation of his visa. Mr. Saklatvala wrote in part: "There is not a word of truth in the suggestion that I intend to preach anarchy in your country. Mr. Kellogg's interpretation of a few picked-out words from my Parliamentary speech on India is contrary to the truth."

IS ALSACE-LORRAINE HAPPY?

MANY GERMANS BELIEVE that Alsace and Lorrain are secretly looking forward to the time when the shall be again under German authority, but this is mistaken belief, say some German newspapers, which assur us, however, that it is equally wrong to hold tha Alsace and Lorraine are happy in their new estat The French are alleged to have been tactless in the early administration of the "redeemed provinces" in that they set out too quickly and incautiously t apply a policy of unification with France. No sufficient consideration was shown to the habit ideas, and characteristics of the Alsace-Lorrainer we are told, and this administrative period dealt th first blow to the very advantageous position pr viously held by the French. Such a view is expres editorially in the *Koelnische Zeitung*, which goes o to say:

> "But the French understood their mistake an sent Mr. Millerand into Alsace-Lorraine as Hig Commissioner. His wise procedure calmed and r assured the people. But Mr. Millerand was follow by Mr. Alapetite, who was not nearly so skilful man. Mr. Alapetite gradually transferred the cen tral administration of the regained provinces t Paris, and took the more important branches of th local administration to Paris also, where they we merged with the corresponding ministries in th French capital.
>
> "Thus the idea of centralization triumphed, th of course, some local needs and requirements were taken into a count. A little later the French Chamber of Deputies voted favor of a law abolishing the High Commissariat, that is, th special administrative organ of Alsace and Lorraine, and also t *Conseil Consultatif*, a sort of local advisory parliament of t provinces. The functions of the High Commissioner were e trusted to the Premier of the French Republic and a new offi was created, namely, that of the Premier's Secretary for Alsa and Lorraine. In the hands of the latter official was laid the s preme administration of the three Alsace-Lorraine departments



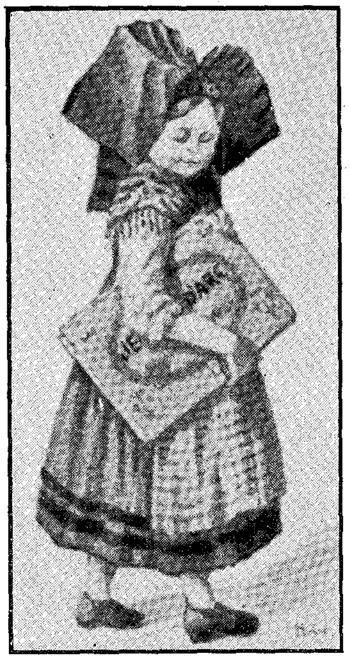
"BOOTS ACROSS THE SEA"

—*The Daily Courier* (Liverpool).

But altho the provinces have been absorbed into the gene administrative machinery of the French Republic, they enjoy their special régime, according to the *Koelnische Zeit* which charges, nevertheless, that French opinion would b such a privilege abrogated in the nearest possible future. French Radicals, especially, are ardent in this purpose, we told, and it speaks of the supporters of former Premier Herriot and Premier Painlevé as being desirous that the two "redeemed provinces" should be got in line just like the other sections of France. This German daily finds another source of friction in the laws as interpreted and enforced, when it says:

"French criminal law was introduced into Alsace-Lorraine as soon as the provinces passed under French rule. But German civic and business laws are still valid, both in Alsace and Lorraine. Some other German juridical institutions have also survived there. So, Alsace and Lorraine are subject to a special sort of code, which must be very inconvenient in its application, for it requires in jurists an equally thorough knowledge both of German and of French law. . . . Hence complete legal confusion, of which an Alsatian jurist has said: 'Out of three judges each one insists on a different solution of a given case. One never knows what is going to be their decision.'

"To this source of friction must be added religious and cultural questions. France's church life is regulated by the law of 1901, abolishing the monastic orders, and by the law of 1905, separating the Church from the State. By these laws the Concordat with the Pope was abolished. But as Alsace, while it was a part of Germany, did not break off relations with the Catholic Church, it is held that the Concordat still remains valid there. This was confirmed in 1918 by Marshal Foch, who promised to respect 'the liberties, the traditions, creeds and customs of the population in the recovered provinces.'"



From the Paris *Illustration*

HER RED-LETTER DAY

Hansi's sketch of a little Alsatian girl with her book-prize, won for proficiency in learning French.

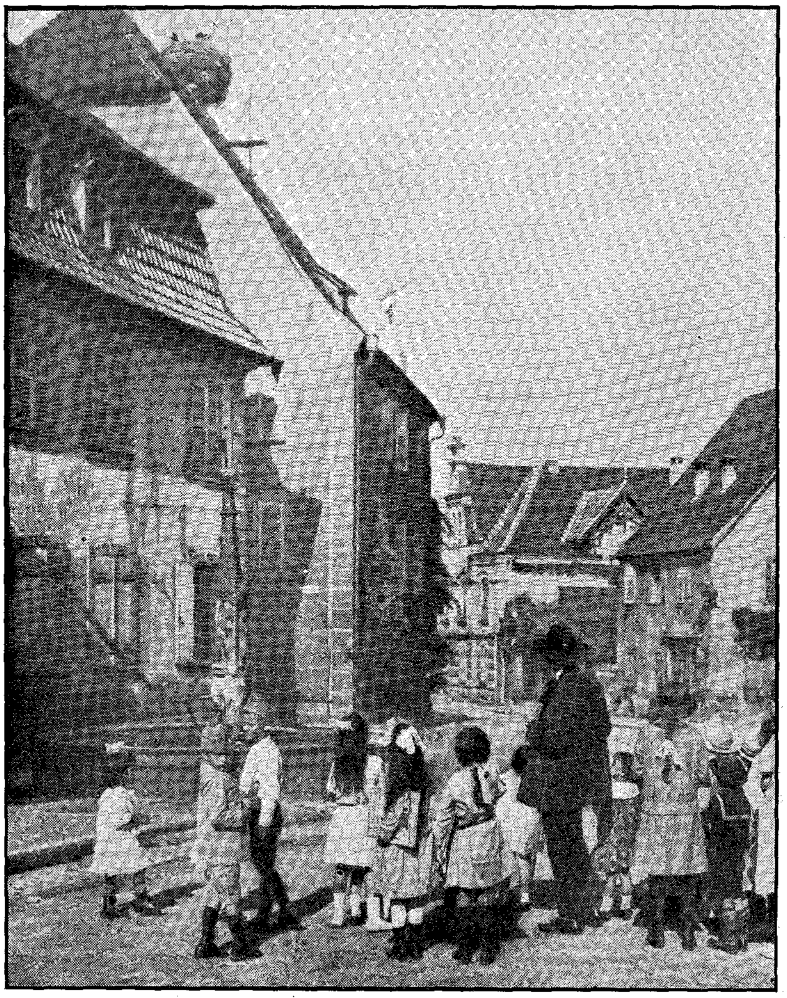
Most unfortunate of all, perhaps, appears to this Cologne newspaper the speech of Mr. Her-iot in which he proposed that France's laws affecting churches and schools be introduced into the ecovered provinces. The eaction of the people was so ominous, we are told, that some of their newspapers discust whether the Alsace-Lorainers were not now ustified in demanding he plebiscite which did ot take place at the me the provinces went ver to France. "The lsace question must be olved anew," said the ocal press, but Mr. Her-ot, whose position was ready shaken, gave in, ccording to this daily, hich continues:

"He referred the queson to the State Coun-l, which pronounced itself in a sense favorable to the Alsatian clericals, and the validity of the Concordat in Alsace was reaffirmed. But soon afterward the people were again aroused when the French Parliament voted to withdraw the French diplomatic mission from the Vatican. It is true that the French Parliament accepted the motion of the Government for the formation of a special diplomatic mission representing the two recovered provinces at the Vatican. But Alsace-Lorraine's animosity did not subside because the people considered this move as a lack of respect to His Holiness on the part of France."

A very different tone from the foregoing melancholy reflections is heard in the French press, especially on the subject of a visit to Alsace-Lorraine made by Premier Painlevé. Everywhere he was welcomed enthusiastically, remarks A. Albert-Petit in the Paris *Journal des Débats*, and "there was a spontaneous truce among parties, creeds and persons to acclaim the head of the French Government." This writer concedes that at times the Alsace-Lorrainers have shown discontent and have been sharp in criticism, but he maintains that the right to criticize is "one of the undeniable rights of every good Frenchman," and he continues:

"Elsewhere than in Alsace and in Lorraine it happens that this or that act, this or that legislative measure, is received discontentedly, but one is not more disturbed over such discontent or the manifestations of it, than is necessary, no matter how energetic the manifestations may be or by whom shown. One does not immediately think that our national unity is in danger. . . .

"Alsatians and the Lorrainers have the right, just as the Normans, the Bretons, and the Provençals have the right, not to be content when they think they ought not to be. And they have also the right to express themselves, as we all do, even in a loud voice; but that is no reason for doing them the gratuitous injustice of attributing ulterior thoughts to them. Yet we must not conclude, therefore, that we need pay no attention to their complaints or judge lightly of their claims. On the contrary and precisely because these claims proceed from good citizens, who have suffered much and struggled to become again our fellow citizens, the first of our duties is to hear them and take heed of their demands."



Christophe photograph in the Paris *Illustration*

LITTLE ALSATIANS ON A GALA DAY

The French Government in Alsace gives prizes for the pupils most proficient in learning the French language. These little prize-winners of the village of Beblenheim are accompanied by the famous Alsatian artist, Hansi, and are singing a folk-song, entitled "To the Stork." See storks in left upper corner.

THE RED PERIL IN CUBA

LABOR DIFFICULTIES which have been disturbing Cuba during recent months are said to have taken so marked a tinge of Communism toward the end of the summer that the authorities were obliged to act strenuously to quell what amounted to "open rebellion." Cuban editors are unanimous in condemning various outrages perpetrated by those of Communist tendencies, and they tell us that the plan of certain foreign agitators, who had got dominance over Cuban labor organizations, contemplated the establishment of a Soviet form of Government to supplant the present authority. The time for the Soviet attempt was well chosen, we are told, because of the crisis in the sugar industry and the labor unrest that had been long felt in the industries of the island. But they could not have realized their dream, it is contended, without much shedding of blood, and without the possibility of American intervention, in view of the fact that the United States is so near Cuba.

In plotting to sovietize Cuba, we are informed, the island was divided into zones, and each zone was allotted to a group of directors who were in turn responsible for the conduct of affairs to a "Democratic Committee" at Havana. Meanwhile it appears that the Cuban newspapers forget their political grievances in the face of the common peril, and are united in supporting President Machado in his fight to rid the country of Red agitators and propagandists. Thus we find *El Diario De La Marina*, which opposed President Machado's candidacy last year, and has been the outspoken advocate of labor in some controversies, declaring itself as follows:

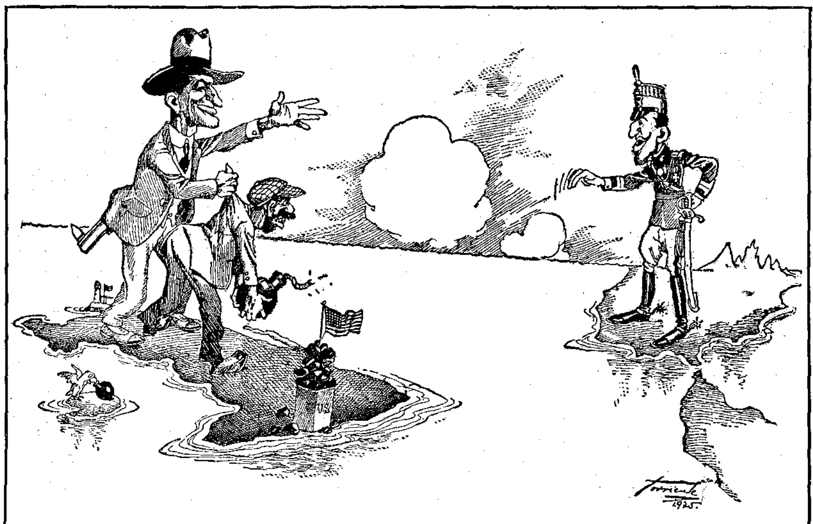
> "The country is living under an intolerable menace. Whatever the origin of the outrages committed, the Government is right in repressing them with all possible energy. All disturbers of the peace must be treated with the utmost rigor, and extremists must be shown that revolutionary and violent methods will never be allowed as every-day occurrences in Cuba."

One of the first steps taken by the Cuban authorities, it is related, was to declare the Syndicate of Factory Workers, whose members had committed numerous crimes, to be an illegal organization. A round-up of undesirables was made, we learn further from the press, and the police arrested scores of notorious characters, who were deported within twenty-four hours. According to the Havana *Post*, the conservative Cuban workers are indignant at the crimes committed in their name by the Reds, and it observes:

> "To counteract the Bolshevik element that has spread among them, the Cuban workers propose to organize a society to conduct a national movement of protection for the working classes of Cuba against all foreign agitators. This organization has been projected for some time, but because of the control usurped by the radicals in the industries of the Republic, it has not materialized. Now that government aid is promised, the movement will again be started through the public opinion of all Cuban workers."

A committee of the conservative labor element called upon President Machado, it appears, and he told them in ringing terms that "violence would never be tolerated, and that he was utterly opposed to anything in the nature of agitation and propaganda which would interfere not only with the peace, but with the best interests of the republic." Praising these words of the President, the Havana *Heraldo De Cuba* says:

> "We have time and again warned the members of the various labor unions of the country that there is a well-defined line between the real workers of Cuba, whom we are always glad to support in any way that may be for the betterment of society, and those professional wavers of the red flag of Russia, who do all in their power to poison the minds of the unthinking with their doctrines of destruction, of force, violence and the propaganda ordered by the Third Internationale of the Communists in foreign countries.
>
> "General Machado believes and has stated that the rooting out of Red Bolshevik agents—paid foreigners who have invaded this country with the avowed purpose of creating social unrest and spreading the doctrine of anarchism—is absolutely necessary, in order to guarantee the respect and order of the real working-class of Cuba. He stated frankly that under the flag of false pretenses the great herds of red-flag agents, who for several years have been coming into Cuba from Mexico and from Spain, had as their sole motive the desire to demoralize the legitimate laborers of Cuba, to disorganize the industries, and finally gain the support of the deluded working-class until they could raise the red flag ove the Presidential palace, and secure control of the Government by violence and bloody revolution, such as they had perpetrated in Russia."



WHERE HE IS MOST NEEDED

CUBA: "Say, Alfonso, this Bolshevik baby of yours is a nuisance. What shall I do with him?"

ALFONSO XIII: "Give him a good swift kick over this way. Then I'll send him to Morocco to let him use his bombs there." —*La Politica Comica* (Havana).

The damage done to the true cause of labor through th excesses inspired by foreign propagandists, is said to be realize by the moderate elements among the Cuban workers. Th Havana *Diario De Cuba* quotes the leaders of the new movement designed to purge Cuban labor unions, as having declare after their interview with President Machado, that:

> "We are not bent on destroying, but on creating. We d not want to be bossed by capital, but we do not desire to tyrannize over it, either. We want to solve our problems as Cuban for the welfare of Cuba, and with the Cuban point of view, an never according to the aims and standards of anarchist Bolshevist agents.
>
> "We do not desire to live separated from the rest of Cuba society. In our country there is no such thing as class division We strive for the welfare of the labor classes, and for the welfa of all Cubans."

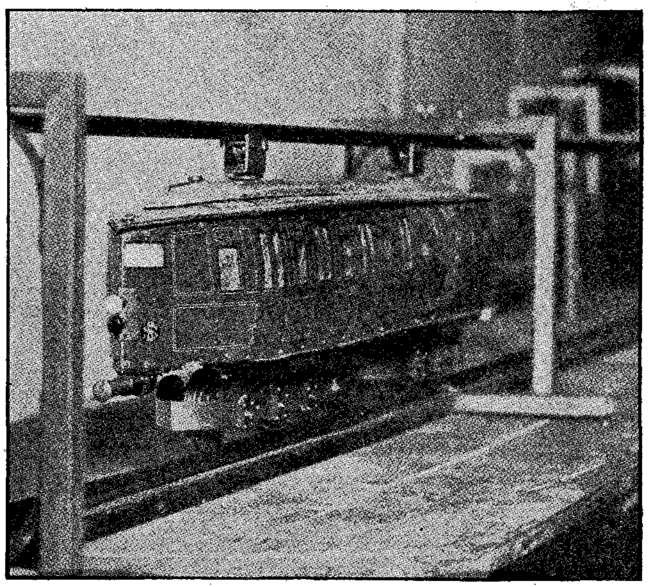
What is considered in some quarters to be the opinion of t vast majority of Cubans is exprest in *El Sol*, as follows:

> "The extremist doctrines are fallacious and destructiv The endeavor to plant in Cuban soil the accursed seed of soc hatred, born in the Russian steppes, in the Siberian hells and the ghettos of Europe is monstrous and unprecedented. W should Cuba pay for the sins of societies totally foreign to h past and her present?
>
> "Speaking simply as Cubans, and intentionally leaving as all doctrinaire discussions, we feel it our duty to brand as crimi the work of Moscow's agents among us. The effectiveness their methods can easily be traced in the progressive and syste atic paralyzation of our industries, and the state of perman unrest in which the country has been living for quite some tim

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

A NEW HIGH-SPEED RAILWAY

A NEW RAPID-TRANSIT RAILWAY SYSTEM, the invention of Chalmers Kearney, an English engineer, has been proposed to relieve traffic conditions in London. We quote a description contributed to *Conquest* (London) by David Masters. London to-day, Mr. Masters asserts, is a city of chaos. It has grown too large, and the traffic is already out of hand. We are barely at the dawn of the motor age. The crush above ground is equaled by the crush underground during rush hours. The railways are doing their best to handle the traffic with the means at their disposal, but the time has come when it is absolutely essential for the institution of a new method of transport. He goes on:



A NEW IDEA IN RAPID TRANSIT

A large working model of the Kearney train showing the construction of the coach and the arrangement of the rails. The accompanying article tells how it works.

"The new system is founded upon principles of such simplicity, that it is a wonder a railway on these lines was not constructed years ago. In his search for efficiency and economy, the inventor has called upon the natural power of gravity to do its full share of work upon the railway. He has harnessed gravity and turned it into a servant of the public, and thus instituted a revolution in railway construction.

"Kearney saw no reason why a power which costs nothing should remain unused. Accordingly he has made it a prime factor in his system and saddled it with 85 per cent. of the work of starting and stopping his trains. He aims to construct his tube railway with stations at the surface level if possible. Where a surface station is not possible, he aims to place his station at a depth of 14 feet, so that passengers are able to walk down a slope or a few stairs straight to the platforms.

"Kearney has been over twenty years perfecting his system, and in that time he has spent about $200,000 of his hard-earned money upon his scheme.

"He has tackled it thoroughly from every possible angle, and some of the facts he has worked out are rather staggering. Let us assume that we wish to reach a destination half a mile along the road and that the tube is handy. We wander into a station and stand in a queue to obtain a ticket. Just as we are walking over to the lift, the liftman politely closes the lift doors in our face, and we wait for the next lift to come up before it can take us down to the station. We may be unlucky enough to see the red tail-light of our train disappearing from the station as we reach the platform, and be compelled to cool our heels for three minutes waiting for the next train.

"On the other hand, let us assume that we are fairly lucky and that we have only a minute and a half to wait. In a couple of minutes the train, traveling at fifteen miles an hour, will land us at our destination. We have to walk through corridors to the lift, wait in the lift until it fills, and then wait while we are hoisted to the surface.

"If we were to average the time taken from the entrance of one station to the entrance of the other, we should find our two-minute train journey had actually taken us seven and a half minutes, and that we had traveled at the rate of four miles an hour. Personally, I could walk the distance in six minutes. On an average, Mr. Kearney has found that we waste four minutes getting from the street to the platform and back from the platform to the street, or twice as long as we spend in the train on a half-mile journey, while if the train interval is three minutes, the average wait will be one and a half minutes.

"With surface stations this waste of the passengers' time will be largely avoided, and with shallow stations, the great expense of lifts and escalators will be saved. The railway that makes gravity do the work can be operated economically and transport passengers much more cheaply than the railway that uses lifts and escalators.

"It is the starting and the stopping of trains that wears out the rolling stock and uses up so much power. It is in this direction that Kearney calls gravity to his aid. His tube as it leaves the station will run downhill for some distance to enable it to gather speed naturally and quickly. The motors will, of course, be necessary to move the train from the platform, but gravity will do the accelerating, the motors will keep the speed up to sixty miles an hour on the flat, and the gradient of the tube as it climbs into the next station will automatically rob the train of its speed and retard it without grinding the stock to pieces by applying brakes. There will, of course, be adequate brake power for all emergencies, but it will be called upon only to the extent of about 15 per cent. of the present brake power of tube railways.

"The front and back coaches of the Kearney train are streamlined for speed, being shaped something like the bow of a ship. The seats are so arranged that a coach will carry 25 per cent. more passengers than coaches of similar size at present in use on the tube railways. Instead of running on two sets of rails, as is the present practise, it runs on one rail, and its four or six wheels under the center of the car are each worked by an independent motor. Overhead is a guide-rail, along which the grooved guide-wheels run to keep the train on its single rail.

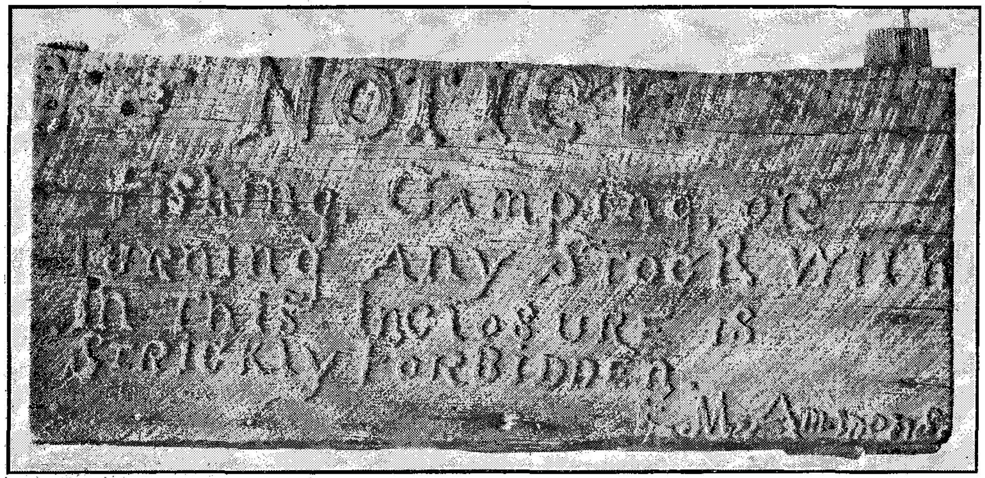
"The question was recently raised as to whether such a system was safe. The engineer-inventor has gone into this very thoroughly. Within the past eighteen months, more than one accident has been caused by a gale blowing a train over. The Kearney train will actually withstand a wind pressure on the side of 100 pounds to the square foot without overturning, so in this respect it is practically three times as safe as the present trains.

"By running his train on a single rail the engineer does away with that oscillation which is the bane of the railway engineer's life, for it is the swaying and pounding from side to side that destroys both track and rolling stock. Here is a big advantage over present systems.

"But the great thing about the railway is its speed. Utilizing the force of gravity, the Kearney train will attain its top speed twice as quickly as an ordinary train, using one-sixth or one-seventh of the power consumed by the present train. Moreover, the Kearney train not only gains speed twice as quickly, but by the time an ordinary train is traveling at thirty miles an hour the Kearney train will be traveling at sixty miles an hour. The inventor thinks that a speed up to eighty miles an hour may be attained in his underground railway. In the open air, there is no reason why speeds of 100 or 120 miles an hour should not be attained.

"The Kearney station has two side platforms and one centre platform. All the passengers who board the train will embark from the central platform and enter the doors on the right of the train; all the passengers leaving will pass through the doors on the left of the train on to the side platforms. Thus the passenger traffic is always flowing in one direction. The seating arrangements are so cleverly worked out that practically wherever you sit in a car there is a door at your hand. You may say that half the side of the car is occupied by seats and the other half by doors.

"The Royal Commission on London Traffic reported strongly in favor of the gravity-tube system, since worked out in detail by Kearney, and urged the construction of such lines as one of the means of solving the present housing problem. The new system will carry passengers on an average about two and a half times as quickly as the present railways, and, owing to their speed, a service equal to the present service could be maintained with half the number of trains. Rolling stock will last longer, and renewals and repairs will cost much less, owing to the absence of the great strain of accelerating and stopping the trains as at present. The Kearney train will gather speed as easily and naturally as a ball rolling down-hill, and will stop as gently as a ball rolling up-hill. There will consequently be 85 per cent. less than the present wear and tear.



By courtesy of *The Railway Review* (Chicago)

THE WEATHERING OF THE UNPAINTED SURFACE BROUGHT THE PAINTED LETTERS INTO RELIEF

"Compared with the proposed new railway, the present London railways are obsolete. In spite of the millions being spent on them, they can never attain half the efficiency promised by the inventor of the Kearney system. The coming of the Kearney tube will do much to solve London's passenger problem."

A SIGN THAT GREW MORE READABLE WITH AGE—How a painted sign wore away so as to be more, instead of less, legible as time went on, is told by a writer in *The Railway Review* (Chicago). He says:

"The unfriendly wording of this old wooden sign, originally painted in red on what was a smooth surface, stands out in relief because the background, unprotected by paint, has weathered away. Microscopic examination of the wood at the forest products laboratory showed that rot organisms were not responsible for its disintegration. Only when wood is allowed to remain damp for long periods are decay organisms likely to rot it. When it is subjected to ordinary wettings and dryings of the exposed surfaces, it is more likely to weather. Weathering is the 'raising of the grain,' checking, cracking, splitting, warping, tearing loose from fastenings, and gradual disintegration of wood due to stresses set up in the piece by its swelling and shrinking with the alternation of rain and sunshine. It also includes any mechanical wear which may result from wind, rain, frost, hail and similar causes. Paint is not, as many suppose, completely impermeable to moisture and rot fungi. Neither does it stop the growth of fungi already in wood. It is, however, the best-known protection against weathering because it retards the absorption of moisture sufficiently to spare the surface of the wood the extreme and rapid variations in moisture content which cause deterioration of the kind shown here."

PLANS TO ABATE DROUGHT

A DISCUSSION OF A PLAN to alter the climate of the South African desert, making it inhabitable for man, is contributed by Professor Schwarz, a German expert, to *Matériaux pour L'Etude des Calamités* (Paris). Our excerpts are from *The World's Health* (Paris), in which we read:

"The discussion is based on a principle which all will remember from the geography lessons of early school-days. A moisture-laden wind blowing against a mountain range has its moisture content condensed and passes over the ridge as a dry, hot wind. The territory beyond, if it is surrounded by mountains acting in this way, must supply its own circulatory system of moisture to sustain plant and animal life. Large lakes or other bodies of water are necessary to provide the required surface of evaporation to make rain possible. Unfortunately, the lakes are sometimes absent or the existent water is slowly drained away because of new outlets to the sea arising from such causes as water erosion, earthquakes, etc.

"Thus in Switzerland the dry, hot Foehn blowing over the Alps is responsible for avalanches and village fires. In the western part of North America the Great Basin between two mountain ridges is arid through the dispersion of two great lakes. Another large area in Northern Asia has undergone a similar process. The Tatars built great cities along the old river-beds, the drought came and was a powerful factor in their invasion and conquest of China.

"Similarly the African Continent is being subjected to the same conditions. The flat interior uplands are divided from the surrounding ocean by a complete fringe of mountains. The relatively narrow fringe of coast-line takes all the moisture condensed from the ocean winds while the interior circulatory system is gradually being destroyed. The Northern region has already dried up. The Central region is holding its own because of large lakes. The Southern region threatens to become another Sahara. The logical outcome of it all is: the Great South African Desert, uninhabitable by man.

"Professor Schwarz in his article addresses himself to this impending disaster and urges that the Kalihari Project be adopted to keep the water, that is now flowing away to sea, within the coastal ranges. The editors of the *Matériaux* have devoted half of this 96-page number to his thesis. The project can not be more than sketched in so few pages, but it lays the foundation at least for the engineering investigations of this interesting proposal.

"Historical, geological, botanical, and other data, are first presented, showing the causes and effects of lake and river changes in producing the Sahara Desert. There is danger that even the present Lake Chad may be further decreased in volume through the possible deflection of an important tributary, but fortunately the French have the situation in hand.

"It is to South Africa, however, that Professor Schwarz devotes most of his attention. He gives detailed rainfall records to show that during the past two-and-a-half decades there have been eight good and seventeen bad years, whereas the same preceding period was about equally divided. The interior circulatory system has broken down. The Greater Ngami and Makarikari, two lakes with a combined area of 45,000 square miles, have dried up within comparatively recent times. In a few centuries various rivers have worn other outlets, or been deflected, to the sea.

"The Kalihari Project proposes to affect directly 100,000 square miles, or roughly one-tenth of the area in South Africa, which is going dry. This fraction is large enough to have a permanent effect on the country. Restoring fertility requires ten inches of rain yearly or 23 trillion cubic feet of water. The Okavango, Chobe and Cunene Rivers which will be impounded, have a combined discharge of two-and-a-half trillion cubic feet. 'If all this water is annually added to the general stock of the country and retained in it by reason of its peculiar basin-shaped structure, then in ten years . . . we shall have the requisite additional rainfall.'

"Professor Schwarz closes his article with discussions of international questions arising from the fact that several of the above rivers flow through other national territory on their way to the sea, and that difficulties with native tribes might arise in flooding great regions. He stresses the necessity of improving a condition where 60 per cent. of the population is or soon will be impoverished."

TYPELESS PRINTING

TO-DAY'S TYPESETTING MACHINES, marvels of inventive genius, may soon be regarded as curious, crude implements of the past, if the invention and perfection of photographic typesetting, reported by *The Publishers' Weekly* (New York), should turn out to be accurate. The inventors are said to be J. R. C. August and E. K. Hunter, of Walworth, England. We read:

"Experts who have seen the machine in operation claim that it will probably revolutionize printing, and that principles of printing in use since Caxton's time may soon become obsolete. Not since the invention of the modern radio has any such uncanny machine been invented. It is said to do away with metal type by substituting a photographic film upon which letters, figures, etc., have been photographed.

"Altho no detailed or very informative explanation of the working of this new printing marvel has been given, the principal features have been explained. The machine is, as clearly as can be defined, a combination of a typewriter, a photographic instrument, together with certain features of process engraving.

"The operator, working a keyboard similar to a typewriter's, causes letters and characters from a master film to be projected, one by one, in rapid sequence, on to a sensitized photographic film base. These projected letters are then rapidly photographed, the exposure being a matter of a fraction of a second. When this exposed film is developed we have the modern prototype of the 'set-up-material' or type-line of the composing machine. It is in reality a photographic film bearing an image of the subject-matter to be printed, and is somewhat similar to the stage reached by the process engraver who obtains a negative by photographing an original.

"On reaching this stage printing is a very simple matter and may be done in a dozen different ways—by line block for letterpress printing, by direct litho, by photographic processes from plate or stone, or by the offset photo-litho throughout.

"Type in bewildering variety is available by an adjustment of focus of the lens which projects the master film image; this operation is completely automatic. A single spool 2 inches in diameter of 'master film' 3 inches wide contains the equivalent of 2,700 'fonts' or complete sets of type.

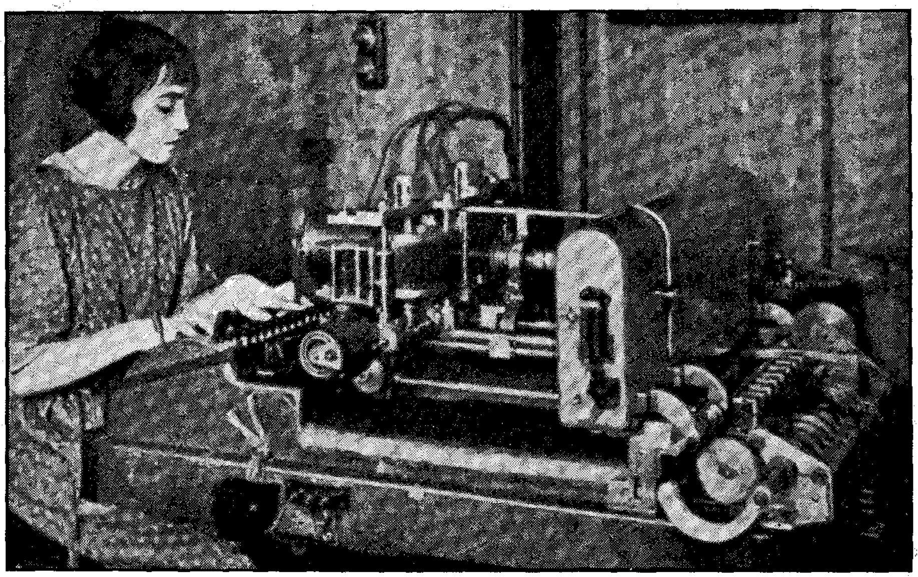
"The claims made read almost like a Jules Verne description of some creative machine of his brain. Some of them are:

"(*a*) The printers' composing-rooms of the future, instead of occupying great areas filled with costly machines, will consist of offices of a fraction of the size housing only the camera composers. Millions of dollars will be saved, inasmuch as the bulk of the composing plant of to-day will become unnecessary.

"(*b*) The application of wireless telegraphy to the invention will enable a machine, installed in a London printing works, to set up the same matter simultaneously in many provincial towns.

"(*c*) Books and magazines, whether of letterpress or pictures, and, in fact, all printing will become much cheaper, also more beautiful because of the greater variety of types available and the avoidance of intermediate processes, which tend to lessen the clearness of outline of the original type.

"The invention, which involves many subsidiary inventions, has been protected by seventy British and foreign patents."



By courtesy of *The Publishers' Weekly* (New York)

DEVELOPMENT OF A PRINTING IDEA USED BY *THE DIGEST* IN 1919

The new photographic composing machine which unites in one compact apparatus the complicated process of typewriting and photography used to print THE LITERARY DIGEST in October, 1919.

THE LATEST ELECTRICAL WRINKLES

THE INVENTION OF A DEVICE which makes it possible to cook and bake with the heat of ordinary electric-light bulbs is announced in a recent press bulletin by Arthur Williams, vice-president of the New York Edison Company. The new cooking device will be shown for the first time at the Electrical and Industrial Exposition to be held in the Grand Central Palace, New York City, October 14 to 24. It is apparent from Mr. Williams's statement, says the bulletin, that the last year has been one of remarkable progress in the invention and perfection of electrical devices. Three entire floors of the Grand Central Palace will be required to show the new models of electrical equipment already known to the public, and for electrical devices invented or perfected within the last year. It goes on to describe some of these new devices in more detail, as follows:

"The greatest progress apparently has been made in the development of electrical household equipment. Arrangements have been made for the showing of forty different electrical refrigerators and for twenty different kinds of electrical household tools; this in addition to an almost endless variety of electrical washing-machines, vacuum-cleaners, ironing-machines and the other familiar electrical household apparatus. Approximately 20,000 electrical appliances and devices will be exhibited at this year's Electrical Show, which is far in excess of any previous exhibition in America.

"Next to the home, the beauty shop and the barber shop probably will benefit most from the electrical appliance developments of the year.

"These devices this year will be shown in an all-electrical barber shop which will be in operation as part of the Exposition. Electrical power has been applied even to the safety razor, and so there will be exhibited a device which will reduce to the minimum the energy necessary to shave oneself in the morning.

"Among other recent electrical inventions which will be exhibited and operated publicly at this show are the bloodless or so-called radio knife, for use in surgical work, and several devices for transmitting photographs by radio.

"The United States Government probably will be the largest single exhibitor, the departments having already arranged for extensive exhibits being the Bureau of Standards in the Department of Commerce, the Signal Corps of the United States Army, the Radio Division of the United States Navy, and the Chemical Warfare Service of the Army. It is probable that the combined exhibits of the Radio Division of the Navy and the Signal Corps of the Army will show every type of radio device now in use anywhere in the world."

TREASURES HID IN SPANISH MOSS

THESE TREASURES INHERE in the moss itself, we are told by Lonthall Wyman, writing in *American Forests and Forest Life* (Washington). Dixie, the land of flowers, conjures up, he says, charming vistas framed by spreading oaks festooned with Spanish moss, misty gray and wraithlike, blending with, yet subtly hiding, what lies beyond, as if to tempt the visitor to guess at the mysterious treasure just out of reach. He goes on:

"Indeed, one does not have to look beyond to find the treasure, for the very moss clouds that seem to cloak the riches are in reality treasures in themselves. Last year over a million dollars' worth of moss was collected in Louisiana alone, while Florida shipped out nearly as much, and many other States bordering the Gulf gathered a lesser amount. The treated moss goes out to industrial plants in the North, where it is used for stuffing mattresses, pillows, cushions, chairs, harness, dolls, and for similar purposes where cotton or hair is usually employed. 'Vegetable hair' is the trade name it goes by, and, owing to its cheapness, it is supplanting hair where low-price articles are in demand.

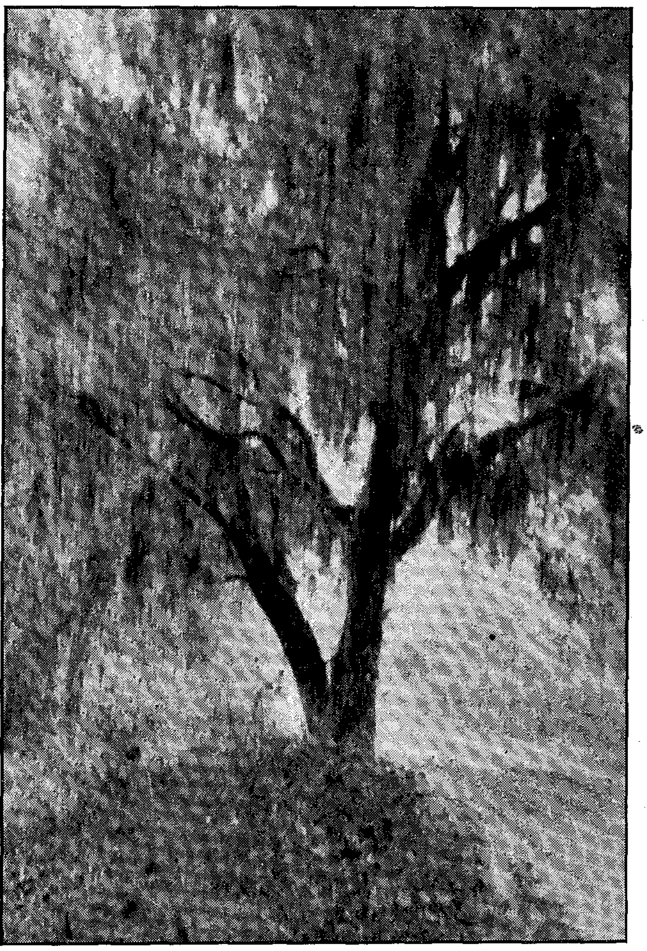
"The moss itself is known to scientists as *Tillandsia usneoides*—a rather formidable name for so charming a subject. It occurs all through the piney woods of our Southland, near the coast, from Virginia to the far-away Lone Star State—on oak, on pine, on cypress. One wonders if it is not slowly smothering the tree that is its foster-mother; but there is little danger of such a fate, for Spanish moss derives its nourishment from the air, merely using its host for support.

"The moss-gathering industry is a picturesque one, varying somewhat according to the region. In the coastal bayous and rivers, one will often see an 'old-timy' darky poling along in a skiff under the fringe of overhanging trees. He will leisurely stop, pick up a forked stick or rake, and pull down great layers of moss until his boat is full, and then push off to his ramshackle little cabin near by.

"Here he unloads and makes a huge pile of the moss, wetting it down with pails of water until it is soaked through and through. This is done to rot off the outside living tissue or bark, leaving only the tiny strand of black, hairlike fiber that forms the core. Under the present rather primitive method of handling, four to six months are required for this curing or rotting process, during which time the pile must be wet down frequently to prevent heating, as this renders the moss brittle and detracts from its value.

"Now comes the drying-out step, which precedes the ginning. Our friend the darky finds his stack of moss has dwindled to about one-third of its original bulk. He discards the top layer and spreads the rest on his old rail fences, the roof of his little shack, or on the ground—anywhere, in fact, that the sun can reach it and dry it out.

"When it is thoroughly dry he loads it on a rickety little cart, harnesses up his mule, and drives to the gin, where he is paid off. In the gin the sticks, bark, and trash are combed out and the rotted surface layers beaten off, leaving the wiry fibers of vegetable hair ready for use in the factory. Next it is prest and baled in small bales containing about two hundred pounds of clean moss, and is in shape for shipment. That is the prosaic story of the moss of commerce."



Courtesy of *American Forests and Forest Life*

A THING OF BEAUTY THAT IS ALSO USEFUL

The beautiful Spanish moss that festoons the Southern oaks is also a valuable article of commerce under the trade name "vegetable hair."

OLD DOCTOR SUN

OLD SOL IS A GOOD BABY DOCTOR. Let him have a chance at your child, says Dr. Martha M. Eliot, director of child hygiene of the Children's Bureau. Dr. Eliot's slogan is "*more sunlight for babies.*" She is directing a demonstration of the control of rickets in New Haven, Connecticut, in which the Children's Bureau and the Yale school of medicine are cooperating. This has proved again the power of the sun in preventing and curing this disease, says Dr. Eliot in a press bulletin issued by the Bureau:

"In the campaign for better babies and healthier children, more stress must be laid upon sunlight. The baby or little child who has been kept out-of-doors and tanned by the sun is strikingly healthy and vigorous in contrast to the pale, flabby baby or child who has been kept indoors.

"When the sun's rays are analyzed by the physicist, it is found that some of them produce visible light which can be divided by a prism into the well-known spectrum of colors, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet. It is also found that beyond each end of this visible spectrum there are invisible rays; at the red end, the infra-red rays which produce heat, at the violet end, the ultra-violet rays and X-rays. It is these ultra-violet rays which have so powerful an effect on living matter, destroying bacteria, healing tuberculosis and rickets. When sunlight shines through window-glass, the visible light and the heat rays pass through, but the ultra-violet rays do not penetrate beyond the glass.

"Sun-baths in the direct sunlight are the simplest method of giving the baby enough ultra-violet light. Sun-baths should be begun when the baby is about three or four weeks old. On this first day the baby's hands should be exposed to the direct sun for a few minutes. Care must be taken not to burn the skin. A slight reddening of the skin each day will gradually tan the baby. Unless the baby is accustomed to the sunlight from exposure indoors, the first sun-bath should be for ten or fifteen minutes only. Each day thereafter the exposure to the sun should be increased from three to five minutes, until the baby lies directly in the sun one hour in the morning and one hour in the afternoon. Every few days the amount of body surface exposed should also be increased, at first slowly, but as the spring days grow warmer, more rapidly. After the face and hands have become accustomed to the sunlight, the sleeves may be rolled up one at a time and the arms exposed, beginning with a few minutes and increasing daily. Very soon the stockings may be taken off one at a time for a few minutes each. Gradually the baby becomes accustomed to the sun-bath, and by the middle of May or the first of June, sun-baths can be given to the whole body. In the heat of July and August care must be taken to give the sun-baths in the early morning before ten o'clock or in the afternoon after three o'clock. The head should be protected when the baby is in the hot sun between ten and three o'clock."

LETTERS AND ART

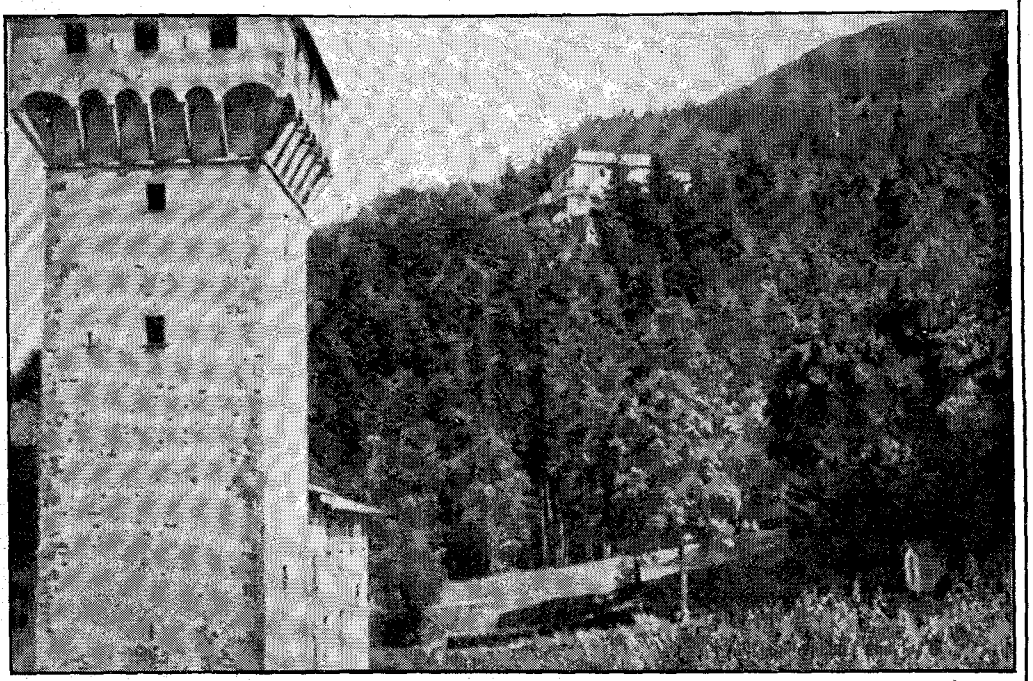
LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

MILTON HONORED IN VALLOMBROSA

"VALLOMBROSA" is such a beautiful, mouth-filling word that whenever autumn, with its falling leaves, is with us we think of Milton's lines,

> Thick as Autumnal leaves that strow the Brooks
> In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
> High overarch't imbower . . .

But last month attention was especially called to the lines, for in the place itself a ceremony of amity between the British and Italian people was enacted, in the inauguration of a memorial to John Milton, a tablet affixt to the house where the poet spent some of his days. Visitors to the ceremony must have meditated on the facts of poetic license when they saw a hill of pine-trees, tho there might, as the writer in the London *Times* recalls, be some deciduous trees scattered among the prevailing pines, which our illustration chiefly shows. "Thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," which we fall to quoting so readily, may only represent another illusion. Milton records not only his love of the woods of Vallombrosa and of the Tuscan sky, but also his love of the Italian classics, and the tablet makes record of this. But more than any thing, as the London *Times* hints, was the sonorous word, especially beloved by him:



From *L'Illustrazione Italiana*

WHERE ARE THE LEAVES OF VALLOMBROSA?

The picture of the hill where stands the Milton memorial house reveals mainly pine-trees, tho doubtless enough deciduous trees abound to suggest poetic license.

"Even now, after all these years of quotation, it is permissible to surmise that Milton would not have singled out the name of Vallombrosa for this honor had it not been for the beauty of its sound and the unmistakable distinctness of its meaning. Tradition, however, which there are no grounds for disputing, associates him personally with the 'Shady Valley' as a temporary resident there in the monastery during his stay in Florence. Wordsworth, who visited the place and wrote some lines about it, tho not in the same happy vein as those which celebrate Milton's rooms at Cambridge, records that, when he was there, one of the monks pointed out to him with pride the chamber which Milton occupied; and Wordsworth further explains that the woods were, despite what critics had said, deciduous, and not wholly pinewoods from which no leaves could fall. Tradition also relates that Milton exprest his gratitude to the monks for their hospitality in letters which, tho apparently long preserved, are now lost.

"The monastery is no longer what it was then. The brethren are to-day a mere handful, and they resort no more to the Paradisino as of old, for their ancient home has been transformed into an hotel and their forest is a national monument under State custodianship and a popular health resort. But Vallombrosa has not forgotten its great English visitor, who came there in 1638. On Sunday a memorial stone was unveiled on the outer wall of the present hotel dining-room; an English sculptor, Mr. Anderson, has carved the tablet, and a well-known Italian critic, Signor Ugo Ojetti, has composed for it the following inscription:

Nel 1638
Qui dimorò
il sommo poeta inglese
Giovanni Milton
studioso dei nostri classici
devoto alla nostra civiltà
innamorato
di questa foresta e di questo cielo.
30 Agosto 1925

[In 1638
here dwelt
the great English Poet
JOHN MILTON,
student of our classics,
admirer of our culture,
lover of this forest and these skies.
30 August 1925]

The correspondent of the London *Morning Post* calls Hendrik Anderson, the sculptor who designed the memorial, a Norwegian, long resident in Rome. He also gives excerpts from the oration of the Florentine critic, Ugo Ojetti, who dwelt upon the theme of the "love of the eternal wonder and beauty that has formed the inspiration of English poets for the last six hundred years"—

"From Chaucer onward to Byron, Shelley, Keats, Swinburne, and Browning, there are many English poets that we might evoke to-day who showed the same love of Italy as Milton, and followed in his footsteps in those pilgrimages to our land which give maturity to youth and rekindle the fires of old age in a fresh flame of inspiration. In no other history will you find such constancy of faith and of affection, and these are ties more lasting than any born of pacts and treaties, not only because they are knit between soul and soul and between mind and mind, but because, whatever clouds may momentarily obscure the horizon, we all feel that behind them there still shines, limpid and unchangeable, the sky of the poets. And in this high atmosphere years are as moments, centuries are as years, and to Milton's words of love and admiration for Italy we seem to hear the answer in the words of another poet, Giuseppe Mazzini, an equal believer in beauty, strength, and goodness, who said: 'I never utter the name of England without a throb of gratitude in my heart for my second fatherland.'"

BURNING SAPPHO FLAMES ANEW

EGYPTIAN DUMP HEAPS and garbage cans as well as "stomach stuffing for embalmed crocodiles" are scarcely places one would instinctively look to find the long-lost poems of Sappho. Such a fate for tender lyrics is more inglorious than that befalling the bones of "imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay." The full story of this singer of Lesbos with all the strangely recovered lines of her muse are now gathered into a sumptuous volume with original text, translations in verse and prose and many comments under the title "The Songs of Sappho" by Marion Mills Miller, Litt.D. and David M. Robinson, Ph.D., LL.D. In a review of the book in *The Literary Digest International Book Review,* Mr. Edwin Markham rehearses the strange story of the loss and recent recovery of the work of this daughter of the Muses:

CELEBRATING AT VALLOMBROSA

When Milton's Memorial Tablet was affixt to the wall of the hotel he once occupied in this woodsy place.

"Sappho is said to have left nine volumes of verse, one for each of the Muses. Yet before the Christian era these poems—once familiar to all Greece—had faded from general knowledge, as had many other writings of antiquity, including all of Homer outside 'The Iliad' and 'The Odyssey.' Why this obliteration of so much of the literary glory of the past? Because the writings of that early epoch were held precariously on wooden tablets with a waxed-over surface; or, at a later period, were held on rolls of papyrus from Egypt. These writing materials were not durable.

"In Sappho's case, there was the additional calamity of incendiary fires. For, in 380 A. D., Gregory, the bishop of Constantinople, decreed the burning of Sappho's poems wherever found. Why? In order 'to turn the minds of youth from earthly to heavenly love.' Moreover, the Christian fanatics who burned the great Alexandrine Library, burned, no doubt, the nine books of Sappho, known to be stored in that treasury of ancient wisdom. Finally, in 1073, by order of Pope Gregory, all of her then discoverable poems were publicly burned in the market-places of Rome and Constantinople.

"Owing to these indignities of time and tumult, scholars long ago gave up any hope of ever recovering any considerable portion of these priceless poems. Now, suddenly, in our own generation, behold a miracle! Out of the sands of Egypt, the exploring archeologists have brought to light many buried treasures of Greek literature; and among them are fragments of Sappho, long protected for us by the wind-blown sands and the dry atmosphere of that old land.

"We may thank the tombs of Egypt for some of these treasures. Mummy coffins were sometimes constructed of rolls of written papyrus, pasted together; and sometimes inscribed rolls were packed in with the dead bodies to keep them from moving about; sometimes, too, the rolls were inserted to supply reading matter for the departed spirit on his momentous journey to the Judgment Hall of Osiris. However, most of the discoveries come from the waste-heaps of deserted and buried villages of long ago—from waste-heaps containing the superfluous luggage flung away in moving to another place.

"The deciphering of these faded and mutilated manuscripts is a task of enormous difficulty, often causing impaired sight or, perhaps, nervous breakdown. Because of Sappho's great popularity, her manuscripts were subject to frequent handling; and this doubtless accounts for the fact that her fragments are more injured than are the fragments of other writers. They are torn, perforated, blotted. Sometimes the first or the last or the central words of a Sapphic roll are missing. Sometimes the ink is so faded that chemicals must be applied to restore it. Sometimes the camera must be called in to help the eye in tracing letters that are either minute or almost missing."

The common reader doubtless knows or thinks little of Sappho, unless he becomes aware of her through the medium of more recent poets. Something of what posterity owes her and what Dr. Miller has done to spread the first-hand knowledge of her is here indicated by Mr. Markham:

"Out of the one-hundred-seventy-five fragments so far discovered, Dr. Miller has built seventy-eight poems, each one accompanied by its literal text and variants. In the interests of intelligibility, he has sometimes taken the liberty of dovetailing together dissociated passages. His ample knowledge of the Greek classics and his long and intensive study of Sappho justify this procedure as far as any justification is needed.

"Of course these translations are only approximations to the lyric cry of Sappho. Not only is her poetry in eclipse, but her personality is also largely in obscurity, in spite of the efforts of poets, painters, sculptors and musicians to lift the veil and make her known to the modern world. Indeed, the Sappho of common knowledge appears to be largely the imaginative creation of these devotees scattered over our later centuries.

"Dr. Miller's most daring innovation is the use of rime in his translation. His rimed translation of 'The Hymn to Aphrodite,' some years ago, made a stir among scholars and poets. It was cited by certain experts as the best version of the passion and power of this celebrated invocation; and there were many competitors in the field—Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Edwin Arnold, John Addington Symonds, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and others. These stanzas from the Miller version show his skilful touch:

Throned in splendor, beauteous maid of mighty
Zeus, wile-weaving, immortal Aphrodite,
Smile again: thy frowning so affrays me
  Woe overweighs me.

Come to me now, if ever in the olden
Days thou didst hearken afar, and from the golden
Halls of thy Father fly with all speeding
  Unto my pleading.

"'Doves in Winter' is another experiment in rime, altho the grace of rime was not known or needed in the melodious Greek: it is built upon a new fragment:

When the winter wind through the doves' cote sings
Their hearts grow cold, and they drop their wings,
But love remains (as my love for you)
And spring will see them flutter and coo.

Brighter will glow for Love's long rest
The thousand hues on the burnished breast;
So the ashen coals of my heart's desire
Will leap at your kindling smile to fire.

"Sappho has crossed with fire the minds of many artists. Her power over the Greek poets was as marked as the power of Keats

GENERAL WASHINGTON PAYS HIS COMPLIMENTS

Seen at the right, with his hands on the shoulders of *Betsy Burke* (played by Helen Ford), who carried the news that enabled Putnam to join forces with Washington while the British officers were being entertained by *Mrs. Robert Murray,* seen here in the center regarding *Washington.*

has been over English and American poets. Theocritus, with his 'mingled rue and rhus,' was plainly under her spell. Her influence is also felt in Bion and Catullus and Horace and Lucretius. At a later time we find that Petrarch and Boccaccio 'smack sweet' of her.

"Thus Sappho thrilled the Latin world; but at a later date the Sapphic vibration passed over all of modern Europe and America. We feel it from Sidney's 'Arcadia' and Ben Jonson's lyrics down to the poetry of Landor, Byron, Tennyson, Rossetti and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. But Swinburne is perhaps the outstanding illustration of her influence upon modern poetry. His long lyric, 'On the Cliffs,' is sprinkled with thrilling snatches out of her impassioned song, woven into his own harmonies."

THE COVER ARTIST—"The Road to the Sea," the title of the picture reproduced on our cover, gives us perhaps less of the liquid elements of landscape than are found in many of Mr. Tom P. Barnett's pictures. He is a well-known painter of winter landscapes and marine life, and was born in St. Louis, February 11, 1870, and studied architecture under George Ide Barnett and painting under Paul Cornoyer. He is a member of the famous Cape Ann Art Association of Gloucester, where artists from many parts of the country gather to paint marine views and fisher-folk each year. Besides holding membership here, he is allied with the Chicago and St. Louis Artist Guilds, the National Arts Club of New York, and the Salmagundi Club. The following awards have been received by him at various times:

Gold medal for architecture, Louisiana Purchase Exposition, 1904; bronze medal for architecture and painting, Portland Exposition, 1905; first Ives landscape prize, St. Louis Artists' Guild, 1914—1915—1917—1919; Scott Memorial prize, St. Louis Artists' Guild, 1918; first architectural prize, Cook County Court House, Chicago; St. Louis Art League group prize, 1921; Honorable mention, Art Institute, Chicago, "Road to the Sea," 1922; St. Louis Chamber of Commerce prize $350. Prize for the best work of art, Artists' Guild Salon, 1923; decoration, "Wealth of the Mines," Museum of Natural Resources, Missouri State Capitol Building; St. Louis Chamber of Commerce prize, $350, "Stone Industry," 1924; represented in the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts, painting "Close of a Winter Day."

THE IMMORTAL GEORGE ENTERS MUSICAL COMEDY

ALL THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION needed to make it famous was a musical comedy. So George Vreeland of the New York *Telegram* interprets the inspiration of the three young aspirants for Gilbert and Sullivan fame who fashioned a musical piece called "Dearest Enemy" that brought the figure of George Washington upon the New York stage. This alone would, perhaps, give the piece significance, for aside from the impersonation by Jacques Copeau in Percy MacKaye's play of half a dozen or so seasons ago, the Father of His Country has not emerged from his cloud-castle of reverent tradition on anything like a Broadway stage. It might seem that to fit him into a musical comedy would be subjecting tradition to its severest strain, but the almost awed hush of the audience while *General Washington* is on the stage in the final scene delivering some not too impressive commonplaces, shows that the spell of his personality still holds. It is one of the signs of our present artistic consciousness that our own history should be worked for themes. Mr. Vreeland leads us into this recognition:

"It would appear that Herbert Fields, Lorenz Hart and Richard Rodgers, who hatched out 'Dearest Enemy' at the Knickerbocker Theater, chanced to see the tablet at Lexington Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, commemorating the exploit of Mrs. Robert Murray in detaining Howe's British officers with her hospitality on Murray Hill long enough for General Putnam to join his beset forces with those of General Washington and escape intact from New York. This youthful trio of theatrical craftsmen from the 'Garrick Gaieties' will be amply rewarded for their courage in deciding that all the American Revolution needed to make it famous was a musical comedy.

"For the result, based on this incident, was a production of such soft enchantment and unforced gracefulness that we want to go on record as strongly advocating that New York be thoroughly studded with memorial plaques. It may bring about a bumper crop of luscious musical comedies.

"Coming on the heels of the Anderson-Stallings play dealing with nearly the same Colonial period, the offering last night seemed like a musical echo of 'First Flight,' with the gunpowder explosions nicely chastened. We have listened the past two nights to such contumelious condemnation of the third of the Hanoverian monarchs that we must be pardoned if we break out ourselves occasionally. (There we go—'Blast King George III.!')

"'Dearest Enemy'—which is not to be confounded, by the way, with the novel 'Dear Enemy,' by Jean Webster—is so spontaneous and unhackneyed in its treatment that it even shed the luster of a miraculous new birth over the antique situation of the rebel miss loving the English captain. In sprightly, endearing music and old-time quaintness there was more than a passing thought that 'Blossom Time' had taken a new lease of life, and we have a notion that 'Dearest Enemy' will duplicate its run, with its red-coated soldiers in brave array and its melting misses ready to faint at the slightest male provocation.

"Its Revolutionary atmosphere meant a Declaration of Independence for Helen Ford from the chipper flapper rôles of past seasons. Never has she been so naively beguiling, so sweetly temperate, so archly gracious—even when clad only in a barrel. As she made her appearance in the first act, unconventionally attired in a few simple staves because a dog ran off with her clothes while swimming, Miss Ford's demureness robbed the scene of any savor of fun in a burlesque house. And her assumption of a pert Irish brogue was equally happy and stedfast, for usually in musical comedies such an accent becomes rubbed off after the first act. ('Blast King George III.!')"

SHE SNAPS HER FINGERS AT A FOEMAN'S WILES

Betsy Burke, a virulent Irish-American patriot, makes vigorous rejoinders to the advances of *General Tryon*, winning thus the love of the Redcoat *Captain Copeland*, standing by.

Mr. Metcalfe, of the *Wall Street Journal*, expresses several surprizes regarding this piece, the chief of which is that "any producer had the courage to make a historical incident of the American Revolution the basis of a musical comedy." Then he goes on:

"In the cellar of the critical brain there is a cobwebbed memory of a play written about the authenticated cleverness of Mrs. Murray of Murray Hill—now given over to our best shopping trade—in so entertaining the commanding officers of the British forces that they delayed at her mansion long enough for the cut-off detachment of American troops under General Putnam to escape from their predicament and join Washington's command at Harlem Heights. The event has been distorted a bit for the stage purposes of 'Dearest Enemy,' but it is treated respectfully and so skilfully handled as to make unusually valuable material for a libretto. Then, without varying too much from fact, the setting of the old New York mansions, the uniforms, British and American, and the women's costumes of the period are utilized with excellent taste and to the creation of a series of delightful stage pictures. A well-chosen cast interprets the tuneful music of the better sort and gives meaning to a story and lines well above the standard of most of our musical pieces. The humor is clean and wholesome, demonstrating that to please an audience it is not really essential to be coarse and offensive.

"In the long list of those responsible it is difficult to locate the concrete inspiration for the unusual accomplishment. . . . Standing out from all the rest is the impressive personification of *General Washington* by Mr. H. E. Eldridge. He was on for only a short scene, but of all the stage Washingtons we have seen in play and tableau he came nearest to reproducing the ideal of the great American. Tall of stature, dignified and courtly in bearing, yet intensely simple and human, the actor conveyed an understanding of the reason for the devotion of Washington's contemporaries and his place in their admiration as well as in that of the generations since. That brief scene gives a real value to a stage production designed only to amuse.

"'Dearest Enemy' is unhesitatingly recommended to Americans who are looking for clean musical entertainment. They will find nothing to blush for and much to enjoy."

WHAT PRICE BOSTON—Boston's mayor has put New York to shame. He forbade the production in his city of "What Price Glory," unless expurgated; the piece that New York hugged to its bosom for a year. To what extent the elision of profane lines has gone no reporter has enlightened us. The Boston *Transcript*, however, has taken a sly revenge on its city father. It has reprinted the skit on the piece which the Neighborhood Playhouse includes in its summer edition of the "Follies." In this the scene between the *Captain*, the *Sergeant*, and the *Girl* runs almost parallel with the original play, but the dialog of which we give a speciman will not offend the ears of the most exquisite. "In view of recent circumstances attending the deletion of certain passages in the dialog," says *The Transcript*, "the parody has taken on new zest":

(They are shaking hands when Captain Rag enters in full dress uniform, tired but immaculate. They wait, startled).

Captain (aside, sinking into chair)—Dandelions, but I'm tired! This war is so enervating! Over shell-holes, across barb-wire, through muddy trenches (he dusts his white trousers), one must plough one's way in order to see a girl. Yes, in times of war even love doesn't come easy!

(Sees Girl and Sergeant)—Chow Mein! Sergeant Squirt! Carnation! Do I see you in pajamas?

Sergeant (saluting)—Yes, sir!

Captain—In the presence of a lady?

Sergeant (saluting)—I hope so, sir.

Captain—Go put something on, you narcissus!

Sergeant—I haven't anything else to put on, sir.

Girl—You'll find something in my room, Sergeant.

(Sergeant does drill steps and exits up stairs taking soda with him.)

Captain—I just had to see you, Chow Mein!

Girl (sadly)—Alas—why?

Captain—Give me a drink first—strong drink!

Girl (going to bar)—What'll it be, Captain?

Captain (with determination)—Root beer!

Girl—Is it wise, on an empty stomach?

Captain—Begonia, ma'am, this is war! (She pours it for him.) Here's to the lady of my heart—Chow Mein!

Girl—Oh, Captain, never, never say that again!

Captain—Why not? Why so chilly?

Girl—Sergeant Squirt, he has just told—you—you are a married man!

Captain—The carnation poppy! He's a liar! I got a divorce during my last leave in Paris.

Girl (rushing to him)—Oh, my Captain! Is it true?

Captain (reproachfully)—Can you think that otherwise I would have ventured to love you? Do you not know that the American soldier—and sailor—is famous for his virtue?

Girl—Forgive me for the moment's doubt!

Captain—Then sit on my knee and let me hold your hand, sweet petunia.

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RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

STOCKHOLM'S CALL TO CHRISTIANITY

STOCKHOLM SUCCEEDS NICÆA as the scene of a great Christian conclave of the East and the West, tho differences are apparent at once. Nicæa, of the days before division, discust and settled doctrine; Stockholm, of 100 communions, discust the spiritual needs of the world, but laid down no rule other than that of individual conscience. The Stockholm Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work was composed of the greater number of Christian communions coming from thirty-seven nations of the Old and New Worlds and of the Near and Far East. The Roman Catholic Church was not represented. The Conference's message—general, as it was probably bound to be under the circumstances—is the utterance of 600 delegates, representing, we are told, more than 300,000,000 Christians, at least 60 per cent. of all the world contains, meeting for the first time in modern history. Stockholm had a difficult task. Men there were of many tongues and conflicting views. But in the words of the message which the Conference sends forth, it "has proved the most signal instance of fellowship and cooperation, across the boundaries of nations and confessions, which the world has yet seen." The Conference did not attempt to offer precise solutions of the problems of war, the drink traffic or of industry, the chief topics which came before it; nor did it attempt to confirm by a vote the results of its discussions. "This," runs the message, "was due not only to our respect for the convictions of individuals or groups, but still more to the feeling that the mission of the Church is above all to state principles, and to assert the ideal, while leaving to individual consciences and to communities the duty of applying them with charity, wisdom and courage." It would, perhaps, be better to give a reportorial account of the workings and results of the Conference than merely to set down its message, and we quote from the account of Dr. Frederick Lynch, the editor-in-chief of *The Christian Work* (Undenominational), who gives us in perspective the "high lights" of the Conference. Writing in *The Christian Work*, Dr. Lynch notes at once that there were different points of view on great moral issues in such a varied gathering and that these rose constantly to the surface:

Courtesy of *The Congregationalist* (Boston)

A MEETING OF THE EAST AND WEST

At the left are the Patriarchs of Thyatira, Alexandria and Nubia, and next to them is Archbishop Söderblom of Sweden, who are among the 600 representatives of 300,000,000 Christians attending the Universal Christian Conference at Stockholm, the first meeting of its kind in modern history.

"Thus on the question of alcohol it seemed at first as tho no common ground could be found. There are certain great communions in Europe who are as much amazed at any opposition to the use of wine and beer as an American would be to opposition to the use of milk. It had never occurred to them to discuss what they eat and drink until the Americans came. The same thing was true when it came to amusements. There are many communions to which Sunday, after morning church, is a day of pleasure—walks, picnics, theaters, music, concerts, games, family reunions, and excursions. This is as true in Lutheran countries as in Roman Catholic. On the other hand are certain great communions to which all this is direct violation of the Sabbath. There are certain communions which have come to feel that war is unchristian and that the time has come to say so; there are others that feel that war is a matter of politics and therefore lies outside the sphere of religion altogether. There are some communions which feel that the Church deals only with individuals and has no right to tell Governments or corporations how they should act; there are other communions that feel the Church has as much right to challenge evil action of a State as it has to challenge the sin of an individual. It can easily be seen that the possibility of securing any prophetic or radical utterance on morality and its expression in social or political form is as difficult as it would be to get a common utterance on dogma by a conference composed of Roman Catholics and Methodists. And yet the reports presented were all prepared by representatives of almost every communion, and many nations have gone much further than I or any one else thought they could when we began working on them during the first days of the Conference."

The three topics which gript the Conference, and which would never down, were: the Church and industry, the Church and drink, the Church and war. On these three, says Dr. Lynch, it looked at times as tho the delegates would never agree. But they did agree on certain principles, and Dr. Lynch writes that the "common light" reached was about as follows:

"In the industrial world great injustices prevail, and the principles of industry, trade, and commerce are far from Christian. It is not for the Church to recommend new economic systems or to go too far into the regulative laws of industry and business. She has neither the duty nor the knowledge to do this. . . . The Conference, while insisting that the Church must always consider its chief business the proclaiming the message of salvation through Jesus Christ, agreed that the time had come when the Church must apply its message more effectively to social life 'and fearlessly expose the evils which prevail.' Furthermore, Christianity regards all possessions not as ends but as means held in stewardship. Every property owner, every leader of industry, every capitalist should consider himself God's steward. . . . The Christian Church has not by herself to carry out programs of reform but to impart the life-giving spirit to them and take part in them where desirable. . . .

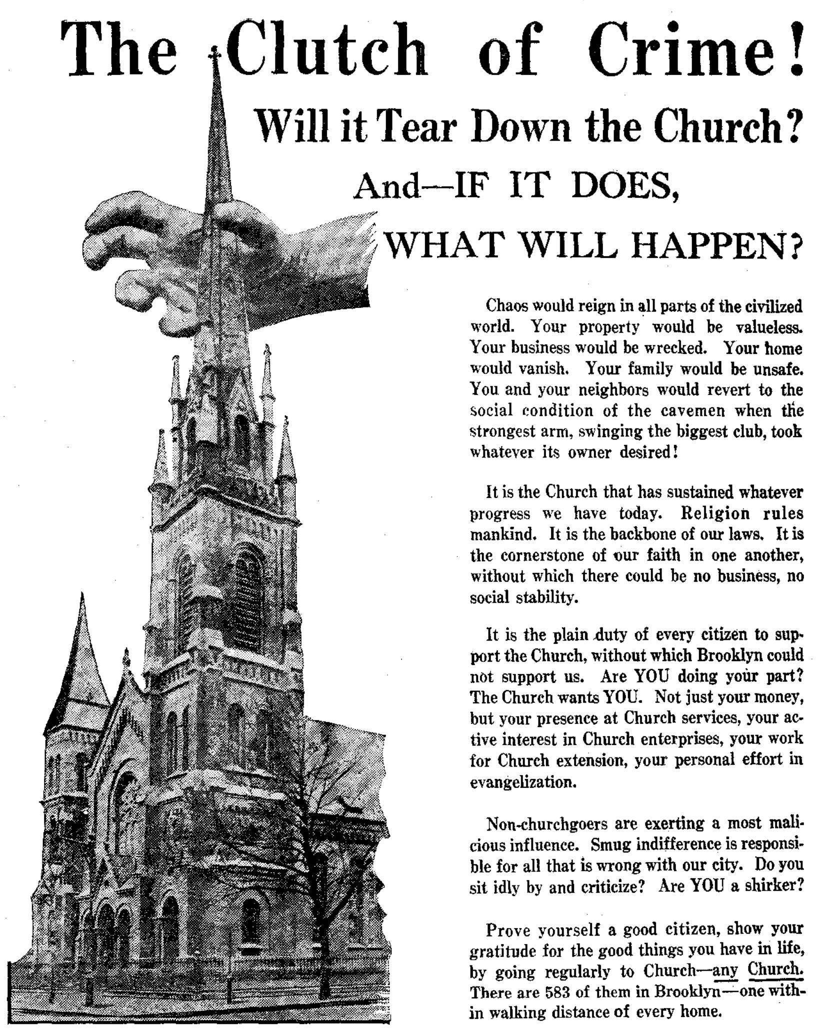
"On the second point, that of the Church and drink, it is difficult to know just what to say. The report presented was the concerted work of delegates from many countries and the opinions were so varied that the report itself is rather neutral and two of the men insisted on presenting a minority disagreement at one point. When the extremely spirited debate followed it began by a passionate plea on the part of Bishop Cannon for Prohibition, with figures piled upon figures to show how perfectly it was working in America, and every opinion was expressed between that and the fierce attack upon it by Lord Galveson of Edinburgh who called it immoral, attacking personal freedom as it did, incapable of enforcement, and productive of crime and lawbreaking such as we are witnessing in the great cities of America. I should say that while perhaps Prohibition could not carry the whole Conference by vote yet there was intense interest in Prohibition and it was very evident that a great part of the Conference was watching the American experiment with hopes as well as interest. There was a very decided feeling that the drink problem would never be solved purely by education or moral suasion or even by the abstinence of all Christians. There would always remain the great masses who if they drank at all would drink to excess. There must be legislation of some sort and the Conference was not prepared to say that the system that worked well in one country was the best for others. All Christians were urged to study efforts to fight the drink evil that they might intelligently help in creating or enforcing legislation dealing with it."

The greatest diversity of opinion appeared, we are told, in the discussion on Christianity and war, but it was finally agreed:

"That war as a method of settling international disputes is incompatible with the mind of Christ and therefore must be incompatible with the method of His Church; force can not determine moral values; that it is the duty of the Church to throw its weight in the direction of the organized fellowship of nations; that aggressive warfare is absolutely unchristian and, since no nation ever considers itself the aggressor, it be understood in the words of the Geneva Protocol that 'The aggressor in war is the nation that will not arbitrate or seek due processes of law and order.'"

MORE ADVERTISING AGAINST CRIME

AN ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN to put crime out of business is under way in the Brooklyn *Eagle* and will be continued half a year in the hope that such a continual drilling of the facts of crime into the common consciousness will bring the public to a "realizing sense of the stupendous extent of crime in this country." Between four and five hundred Brooklyn citizens, largely manufacturers and business men, we are told, have invested funds in this novel drive and together assume its cost. The space purchased in *The Eagle* will be employed, directors assert, to "unmask conditions as they are in the criminal world, in the Church, in the home, and constructively suggest ways out of the serious problem." The first copy in the drive appears under the headline: "What We Are Trying to Do," and features as a subhead the assertion, "The Spread of Crime Is the Greatest Menace in the United States To-Day!" The text asserts that for every ten murders committed in London, England, 160 are committed in New York. Seven out of London's ten are hanged, while only one out of New York's 160 is executed. Chicago is said to lead all American cities with a record of one murder a day, and similar conditions are reputed to exist elsewhere. The campaign is in charge of Frederick Boyd Stevenson, daily columnist and Sunday editor, who has written many articles on the crime situation. "You have to fight the devil with fire—and red-hot fire," he asserts, and he believes that an anti-crime crusade "isn't worth a tinker's dam without press support." In an interview with Philip Schuyler, appearing in *The Editor and Publisher* (New York), R. V. Titus, advertising director of *The Eagle*, says that favorable reaction to the campaign was immediate. Many manufacturers, he recites, have asked for advance proofs of the advertising copy, to be posted near time-clocks in their establishments. Clergymen have made similar requests, stating that they wished to write sermons around the advertisements as they appeared on successive Sundays. According to Mr. Titus, "those paying for the space are confident they have in hand a powerful weapon to combat the crime situation, a weapon which has never been tried before." To the same interviewer Mr. Stevenson, who writes the crime "copy," said that his investigation had convinced him that three elements of



The Clutch of Crime!

Will it Tear Down the Church?

And—IF IT DOES,

WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

Chaos would reign in all parts of the civilized world. Your property would be valueless. Your business would be wrecked. Your home would vanish. Your family would be unsafe. You and your neighbors would revert to the social condition of the cavemen when the strongest arm, swinging the biggest club, took whatever its owner desired!

It is the Church that has sustained whatever progress we have today. Religion rules mankind. It is the backbone of our laws. It is the cornerstone of our faith in one another, without which there could be no business, no social stability.

It is the plain duty of every citizen to support the Church, without which Brooklyn could not support us. Are YOU doing your part? The Church wants YOU. Not just your money, but your presence at Church services, your active interest in Church enterprises, your work for Church extension, your personal effort in evangelization.

Non-churchgoers are exerting a most malicious influence. Smug indifference is responsible for all that is wrong with our city. Do you sit idly by and criticize? Are YOU a shirker?

Prove yourself a good citizen, show your gratitude for the good things you have in life, by going regularly to Church—any Church. There are 583 of them in Brooklyn—one within walking distance of every home.

Courtesy of the Brooklyn *Eagle*

AN UGLY OMEN

This is one of a series of full-page advertisements against crime in the Brooklyn *Eagle*. *The cost of the drive is assumed by several hundred Brooklyn citizens, who hope thus to* bring the public to a "realizing sense of the stupendous extent of crime in this country."

crime-prevention had fallen down and must be brought to their feet. These are:

> "1. The machinery of the law.
> "2. The church and Sunday schools of all denominations.
> "3. The people themselves.
>
> "Lawyers daily are proving themselves too easily moved, too tender-hearted. Then the present parole-board system is out of gear. Crime should be removed from politics and the hands of politicians. Not every politician is liable to this accusation, rather politics as a system. Parole boards should be put out of business. The pardoning power should be taken from the hands of all Governors. It takes twelve men to put a criminal into a penitentiary; it should take twelve to get him out.
>
> "So much for the machinery of law. As for the people themselves, the citizens—they have adopted a do-nothing attitude. They leave it to the police, and while the police are doing the best they can, they need public support.
>
> "Time is ripe now for the business man to get to the front. Citizens should take more interest in politics. Sob sisters on newspapers should spend more tears over the victims than over the murderers."

So developed the idea of conducting an advertising campaign against crime. The campaign is localized, we are told, by copy made up from constructive suggestions obtained from local religious and legal leaders. These suggestions come from rabbis, Catholic priests and Protestant clergymen. Of the other full pages devoted to the campaign, one recites that *The Eagle* telegraphed every Attorney-General in the United States for figures as to the extent of crime. There were thirty-three answers. "In the great majority of cases the statement was made, 'no crime figures available.' Out of forty-eight States fifteen sent figures, and they were incomplete." After citing a few typical instances from available figures, this statement in a box concludes the advertisement:

> "The lack of a Federal census of criminal statistics secured through cooperation with officials of all the States constitutes our greatest handicap in handling crime. A glance at your newspaper will show the hourly increase of crime in every corner of the United States. HOW CAN WE WIPE OUT THE CRIME SPOTS, IF WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE?"

In bold face above the box it is reported on the authority of the American Bar Association that during nineteen years, ending in 1923, 100,000 persons were done to death by "poison, knife, or other unlawful injury" in the United States. In 1900 murder was at the rate of five per 100,000 of population. Now it is ten, a 100 per cent. increase. Graphically illustrated by a hand clutching at the spire of a church, another advertisement in the series warns against the "clutch of crime," and asks, "Will it tear down the church? And—if it does, what will happen?" This is the answer it gives:

> "Chaos would reign in all parts of the civilized world. Your property would be valueless. Your business would be wrecked. Your home would vanish. Your family would be unsafe. You and your neighbors would revert to the social condition of the cavemen when the strongest arm, swinging the biggest club, took whatever its owner desired!
>
> "It is the Church that has sustained whatever progress we have to-day. Religion rules mankind. It is the backbone of our laws. It is the cornerstone of our faith in one another, without which there could be no business, no social stability.
>
> "It is the plain duty of every citizen to support the Church, without which Brooklyn could not support us. Are YOU doing your part? The Church wants YOU. Not just your money, but your presence at church services, your work for church extension, your personal effort in evangelization.
>
> "Non-churchgoers are exerting a most malicious influence. Smug indifference is responsible for all that is wrong with our city. Do you sit idly by and criticize? Are YOU a shirker?
>
> "Prove yourself a good citizen, show your gratitude for the good things you have in life, by going regularly to church—any church. There are 583 of them in Brooklyn—one within walking distance of every home."

"Why Go to Church?" is the caption of another of the series, with the reasons in the text quoted from Roosevelt. These are:

> "1. In this mutual world, a churchless community, a community where men have abandoned and scoffed at or ignored their religious needs, is a community on the rapid down-grade.
>
> "2. Church work and church attendance mean the cultivation of the habit of feeling some responsibility for others.
>
> "3. There are enough holidays for most of us. Sundays differ from others in the fact that there are fifty-two of them every year—therefore, on Sunday, go to church.
>
> "4. Yes, I know all the excuses. I know that one can worship the Creator in a grove of trees or by a running brook, or in a man's own house just as well as in a church. But I also know as a matter of cold fact, that the average man does not thus worship.
>
> "5. He may not hear a good sermon at church. He will hear a sermon by a good man who, with a good wife, is engaged all the week in making lives a little easier.
>
> "6. He will listen to and take part in reading some beautiful passages from the Bible. And if he is not familiar with the Bible, he has suffered a loss.
>
> "7. He will take part in the singing of some good hymns.
>
> "8. He will meet or nod or speak to good, quiet neighbors. He will come away feeling a little more charitable toward all the world, even toward those excessively foolish young men who regard church-going as a soft performance.
>
> "9. I advocate a man's joining in church work for the sake of showing his faith in his works."

RELIGION'S TRIBUTE TO SCIENCE

"SERVANTS OF TRUTH" is a delicate characterization of scientists who have made possible the radio and, through the radio, the further advancement of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. In dedicating the recently completed radio station of the Paulist Fathers in New York, Cardinal Hayes said that religion gladly pays tribute to science, and "rejoices that in God's providence another page of the book of nature has been unrolled, revealing to mankind the wonders of the radio." Thus another official utterance comes from the Church that there is no conflict between science and religion, that truth is truth, wherever and however found, and that scientists also may be servants of God. "Religion and science," said Cardinal Hayes, as he is quoted in press reports, "reverence profoundly the truth that revelation after revelation of God's wonderful handiwork in creation will continue until the crack of doom." In paying the Church's tribute to scientists, Cardinal Hayes went on:

> "Patiently, unselfishly, perseveringly, in the laboratory and the machine shop, on earth and sea, and in the air, they have toiled at their self-imposed tasks that all mankind might enter into the fruits of their labor and share the secrets of their new, amazing knowledge.
>
> "Within the memory of this generation physical science has contributed enormously to human comfort and health and life. Indirectly our discovery of the buried history and of the secret laws of the physical universe has brought us even greater benefits. Each revelation of science makes it less and less reasonable to deny the existence of the Creator. The universe becomes more than a massive mechanism grinding out the fate of creatures as mercilessly as the millstones grind out the corn. The thought of God and the immortality of the human soul overshadows fatalism and despair. And now that we have discovered radio, to us in a new and compelling way the heavens declare the glory of God. His voice is heard calling out of the mists, on the wind and above the whirlwind, and through the thunder and the storm.
>
> "There is a further acknowledgment we must make. Science, real, not false science, discloses to its followers a lofty ideal worthy of the reverence of every man. This ideal is truth, always, everywhere, at any cost. Without selfishness or passion or prejudice, at the sacrifice of health and wealth, of fame and friendship and life itself, the real scientist worships at truth's altar, realizing, as the Church teaches, that there can be no vital conflict or contradiction between the truth revealed to man by God in the natural order and that made manifest by Him in the supernatural."

IS TEACHING RELIGION IMPOSSIBLE?

WHILE DOGMA RULES THE CHURCHES and men quarrel about creeds—to repeat an old charge—the teaching of religion is as carefully excluded from the school curriculum as obscene literature is from the United States mail. It is an old subject, much hammered by editorial typewriters; but the problem, apparently, is no nearer solution. Children are required to learn something about every branch of human knowledge except that which concerns their immortal souls. They may learn about the men whose careers have left a trail of blood and misery, but nothing about Him who came to bring peace. They may learn about all the deities of mythology, but nothing about their own God. "The State," writes Dr. Charles M. Sheldon in *The Atlantic Monthly*, "has excluded Bible instruction from the public schools, not because the teachings of the Bible are harmful to the children, but because the interpretations put upon its teachings are so involved in doctrinal dispute and sectarian jealousy that it has been declared impossible to teach religion without at the same time teaching vast error and creating endless trouble." But Dr. Sheldon, who is editor of *The Christian Herald* and author of "In His Steps" and other books, questions this formal declaration of inability. He finds that religion has become lost in a tangle of theology, and that theology is responsible for the exclusion of the teaching of religion in the schools. To make the issue clear he untangles religion from theology, and defines the simple teachings of Christ as including every item of human behavior. "This simple thing known as religion," he writes, "means purity, meekness, mercy, peacemaking, justice, kindness, righteousness, brotherhood, forgiveness, faith, redemption, God, future, hope, love—the basic virtues of mankind, about which there can not be any doctrinal dispute." He quotes James: "Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." But this is carefully excluded from the schools, and, meanwhile, says Dr. Sheldon, here is the remarkable situation that confronts education in the United States to-day:

> "There are 32,000,000 children attending the public schools of this country. In thirty States there is no prohibition of Bible-reading, but custom bars the discussion of religion by the teachers, except the historical discussion or teaching of the religions of the world, like Islam or Buddhism, as they are a part of a history course. In twelve States the use of the Bible in any form is forbidden. In six States Bible-reading is a part of the school course. And the common reason given for all this is that religion can not be taught with safety—that it is a thing for the home and the church. It is a principle, say the objectors to the teaching of religion in the schools, that Church and State must be separated. That principle, as it was intended by the framers of our Constitution, seems sound. But, while it may be good statesmanship to separate Church and State, it is poor education to separate a human being from religion. And it is a pitiful fact that in this republic there are, according to the census, over 27,000,000 American children and youth under twenty-five years of age who are not enrolled in any Sunday school, and receive no systematic religious instruction. In other words, 66.5 per cent. of all the youth in America are not enrolled in any religious schools, either Sunday or week-day."

But what would prevent teachers from placing their own interpretations on the Bible? How can the life of Jesus be taught and studied without taking into account His personality and the supernatural and miraculous? Dr. Sheldon put the question to a number of teachers, and writes that the first answer received is a fair sample of all the others. This teacher said he would simply teach the Gospel narrative as it is actually told by the Gospel writer, just as he would teach the life of Mohammed or Napoleon as it is told by the historian. Dr. Sheldon questions, then, that there would be any insuperable difficulty in putting the life of Jesus into a public-school curriculum, and asks:

> "What theological or doctrinal confusion would arise over the learning of the Ten Commandments in the schoolroom? Is the real trouble over the teachers? Can they not be trusted to teach religion as conduct, not as doctrine? It raises some very serious questions all along the line; and if the educational forces of America are ready to confess that the teaching of religion is impossible on account of the character of the teachers, that confession in itself ought to raise more questions still. Put into a practical form, how many of the readers of this simple paper, as they look over the list of the teachers in their own home town, either in the grade schools, the high school, or the State university, would fear to have the teachers in those schools teach Johnny or Mary the life of Jesus as the Gospel of Mark has given it to us? Would they teach Johnny and Mary that Jesus was a Fundamentalist or a Modernist? Would they try to teach that Jesus was a Presbyterian, or a Methodist, or an Episcopalian? Or that he favored this or that theological doctrine of the Trinity? As I look over the teaching-list of my own State of Kansas I find myself quite willing to trust my boy in the classroom of the teachers in our high schools or university in a course on the life of Jesus, taken right out of any of the Gospels. I do not believe he would receive any more incorrect or biased teaching than he sometimes received from some teachers in my own church Sunday school when he was small. I know some ministers I should not want to trust to teach my boy in a course on the life of Jesus.
>
> "But when it comes to interpreting the meaning of Jesus' plain teaching about how the human race ought to behave, I am very confident that the average American school-teacher would not begin to make the false and grotesque statements that some of my teachers made to me about the glory of war and the political economy that was divorced from every ethical and moral standard."

If religion can not be taught, asks Dr. Sheldon, why did Jesus tell His disciples to teach it? "If it can be taught safely only in the church and in the home, how about the millions of youth that never have any religious instruction in either of those places, but are in daily attendance on the public school?" To sum up:

> "If religion is theology and doctrine and creeds made over disputed definitions of God and theories of man's destiny, it can not be taught in our schools.
>
> "But if religion is love to God and man, it can be taught anywhere, and it ought to be taught in our schools. If it is not taught, our whole educational pyramid will continue to wobble on its pinnacle instead of resting firmly on its base."

But the Catholic argument is that the reading of the Bible can hardly be more than a literary exercise unless it be accompanied by sanction and interpretation. "When interpretation is put upon what is read," says an editorial sent out by the National Catholic Welfare Conference, "it must necessarily take a sectarian complexion."

> "If the interpreter is a Protestant, this complexion will be Protestant. In that case the Catholic child who is compelled to hear the interpretation is subjected either to offense or proselytism. The reading of a version of the Bible, which is often faulty and not infrequently hostile, can hardly be accepted by Catholics as the kind of religious instruction their children should receive."

Two suggestions for solution of the problem are offered in this editorial: either that the taxes paid by the several religious groups for the support of the public schools be prorated and used for the building and maintenance of separate schools, as is done in England and several of the Canadian provinces; or that the children be excused part of the school day for religious instruction by their respective denominations, as is now being done in several parts of this country. Says the editorial further:

> "The parents of Catholic children are taxpayers and have the same rights of ownership as non-Catholics possess in the public schools. They are within their rights when they object to the public schools being sectarianized. But it is unjust to impute intolerance to them for taking this stand. They are more than willing that non-Catholic children should have the benefit of religious education, if such education be undertaken in a manner not violative of the constitutional guaranties of freedom of religion. As has been pointed out, there are ways in which that can be done with justice to Catholics, to Jews, and to those who profess no religion."

Campbell's
PORK
AND
BEANS
WITH TOMATO SAUCE
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
CAMDEN, N.J. U.S.A.

Slow-cooked beans are splendid food for children!

Because beans cooked in this way—Campbell's Beans—are so easily digested, so wholesome and so delicious. Here is splendidly nourishing food for the growing child. And their tempting tomato sauce adds to Campbell's Beans the healthful fruit juices with their tonic quality. Let the youngsters eat them freely!

Slow-cooked Digestible

12 cents a can
Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

TWO poems in *G. K.'s Weekly* present two poignant little tragedies in humble life:

JACK STUBBINS

By Kenneth H. Ashley

Jack Stubbins was a carter lad
Who hadn't much to say.
They paid him little, loved him less,
And so, one summer day,
He up and joined the Infantry,
And marched with them away.

He marched away to Waterloo
And stood within a square;
The drizzling rain that fell at dawn
Made drake-tails in his hair—
But when the sun shone out again
Jack Stubbins wasn't there.

Johnny Stubbins had no money,
And he hadn't any brains;
The only things that Johnny left
Are tersely called "remains"—
Maybe the soil of Mont St. Jean
A trace of these retains . . .

But all the rest of Johnny
Has long whistled down the wind—
At least, it was this haunted breeze,
That blew him to my mind,
And I who hear the haunted breeze
Am puzzled what to say:
Why I should hear the haunted breeze,
And he be—blown away.

"SACKED"

By Kenneth H. Ashley

The Master hummed and hawed; his face turned red;
"I'll have to stop you, John," the Master said,
"You're past it, lad, and that's the truth of it . . ."

John turned and shambled on his old, stiff legs,
And looked across the farm; ploughland and grass;
And in that moment knew how all things pass . . .
He saw his life, the shining youth of it,
A mirage in the sun, and felt the ruth of it . . .
Scaring the rooks and taking pee-weeps' eggs,
Or scrambling with his milk pails through the snow,
Or carting turnips to the upland tegs . . .
Last week, or was it sixty years ago?
John, gazing up the hill slope, did not know.
The flailing years since first he was a lad
Had threshed his life and knocked out all he had:
The grain was gone, and now the chaff must go . . .

"I've had to stop old John," the Master said;
"He can't do any work at all to mention . . ."
The Mistress acquiesced, nodding her head:
"He'll be all right—he'll have his old-age pension. . . ."

The freshness and sweetness of a younger world is here. In *The Forge* (Chicago):

IN THE FORE OF THE YEAR

Munster folk-song, translated from the Irish

By Padraic Colum

In the fore of the year and on Candlemas Day,
All early at Mass I remarked her:
Like the dew on green corn, as bright and as clear,
Were her eyes, and her voice was the starling's.

With bragging and lies I thought that her mind
I'd engage, and then win her with praises,
But through Spring and through Summer she has left me to rise
Every day with a pain that will slay me!

Oh come, O my love, ere the life from me goes,
If your hand but to lightly lay on me,
And a grief take away that none else can remove
For now 'tis the reaping of barley!

Those to whom the Classics are not quite dim will welcome a modern use of Homer's legend. In the New York *Times:*

ULYSSES IN THE HALLS OF CIRCE

By Florence Van Cleve

I would not eat nor drink till these were saved—
The mariners who brought me to this isle,
And have a share in all I win or lose.
Now they are saved from Circe's baleful wand,
And look upon me with accustomed mien.

Mine own are safe, thanks to the moly flower;
But how can I be happy, day by day,
Who see on every side the piteous eyes
Of these enchanted beasts who once were men?
They press upon my steps where'er I go—
Terribly silent—sinister, yet sad;
Their acts are acts of beasts, and yet I know
They once were men, and could be men once more,
Had they the power to break the mystic charm
That keeps their claws sharp and their foreheads low.

And I—can I be sure that if I stay
I shall not turn a beast like unto these—
So potent is the force of Circe's art?
She feeds my body, but she starves my soul.

Last night the roar of waves awakened me;
A storm was beating them against the shore,
And I was minded of a voice that cried:
"Awake, Ulysses! Ere it be too late!
Thy spirit falters, and thy flesh is weak;
Fare forth and save thy soul . . . or stay and die!"

Then the rich violet trappings of my couch
Grew hateful to me; I did leave the hall,
Its stupefying incense, and I strode
Down to the shore, and drew the vigorous breath
Of Ocean in my nostrils.
There it lay—
Mine ancient enemy—my dearest foe—
The tester of my strength; my pulses thrilled
As never Circe thrilled them; I espied
A cloud—a speck—on the horizon's rim,
And whispered: "Ithaca!"
O Sea! I come!
Ulysses answers to thy mighty call!

It's no use disputing with those who have no eyes to see; but we, along with *The Commonweal* and the versifier, cling to the centaurs:

MID-MARCH DISPUTE

By George O'Neil

They never did exist, you think;
And so began a quarrel.
"What water in the woods to drink?
And where a leaf of laurel?"
Well, let me tell you, there they stamped
And bathed their bellies in a stream.
I felt as though my ribs had clamped,
Yet never thought to scream.

A dozen centaurs, all around,
I counted them thrice over
While ten were deviling a hound
And two were weaving clover.
I say again, I saw aright
Those bodies, silken, sorrel,
Through underbrush profanely bright
And overwhelmed with laurel.

I know the boughs are shriveled dank,
That brooks have shrunk from under;
But there they marshalled into rank
And galloped out asunder.
Ah, well, since you are captious still,
What purpose to contend?
Call it the wind, or what you will,
And have an end.

Communion with the dead comes by various ways besides that technically known as Spiritism, or else this poem in *Scribner's* has other meanings:

THE HAPPY DEAD

By Karle Wilson Baker

When I'm alone, the happy dead
Brush me with soft and silver wings—
Drop smilingly on hands or head
A touch that brings

Suddenest joy, as when, half-heard,
An early leaf comes slipping down,
Hinting a brief, secretive word
Of autumn brown;

Or when the wild geese taunt my soul
Awake with clamor in the night,
Desiring urgently a goal
Folded from sight.

So come the happy dead, to bless
Still hours I hedge about for them,
Bringing me peace, or holy stress,
Joy like a gem—

Joy like the rosy red that dyes
Old door-step flowers with just the glow
That lit my childish ecstasies
Ages ago.

I wish the dear and happy dead
Might reach me through the heavy noons
When, spent with cares for cloak and bread,
The spirit swoons;

But they would smother in that haze—
They wait beyond that cloudy din.
Their feet gleam down the quiet ways
I yet shall win.

A picture and a parable is offered us here in *The New Republic:*

SUNSET

By Katherine Mansfield

A beam of light was shaken out of the sky
On to the brimming tide, and there it lay
Palely tossing like a creature condemned to die
Who has loved the bright day.

"Ah, who are these that wing through the shadowy air?"
She cries, in agony. "Are they coming for me?"
The big waves croon to her: "Hush now! There—now—there!
There is nothing to see."

But her white arms lift to cover her shining head
And she presses close to the waves to make herself small . . .
On their listless knees the beam of light lies dead,
And the birds of shadow fall.

What is sometimes used as a simile of reproach, Mr. Gibson in the London *Observer* converts into a thing desirable:

THE ROCKET

By Wilfrid Gibson

Into the night
The rocket soars:
Ah, could but I
In flashing flight
O'er the dull lamps
Of earth swing high—
One moment poise
And perish there
In the full blaze
Of kindled air:
What matter though
A charred stick fall
Into the night
That swallows all.

Real Economy in Transportation

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Touring	$525
Roadster	525
Coupe	675
Sedan	775
Commercial Chassis	425
Express Truck Chassis	550

ALL PRICES F. O. B.
FLINT, MICHIGAN

Quality—is the biggest factor in economy.

Quality—determines the pride you take in your car.

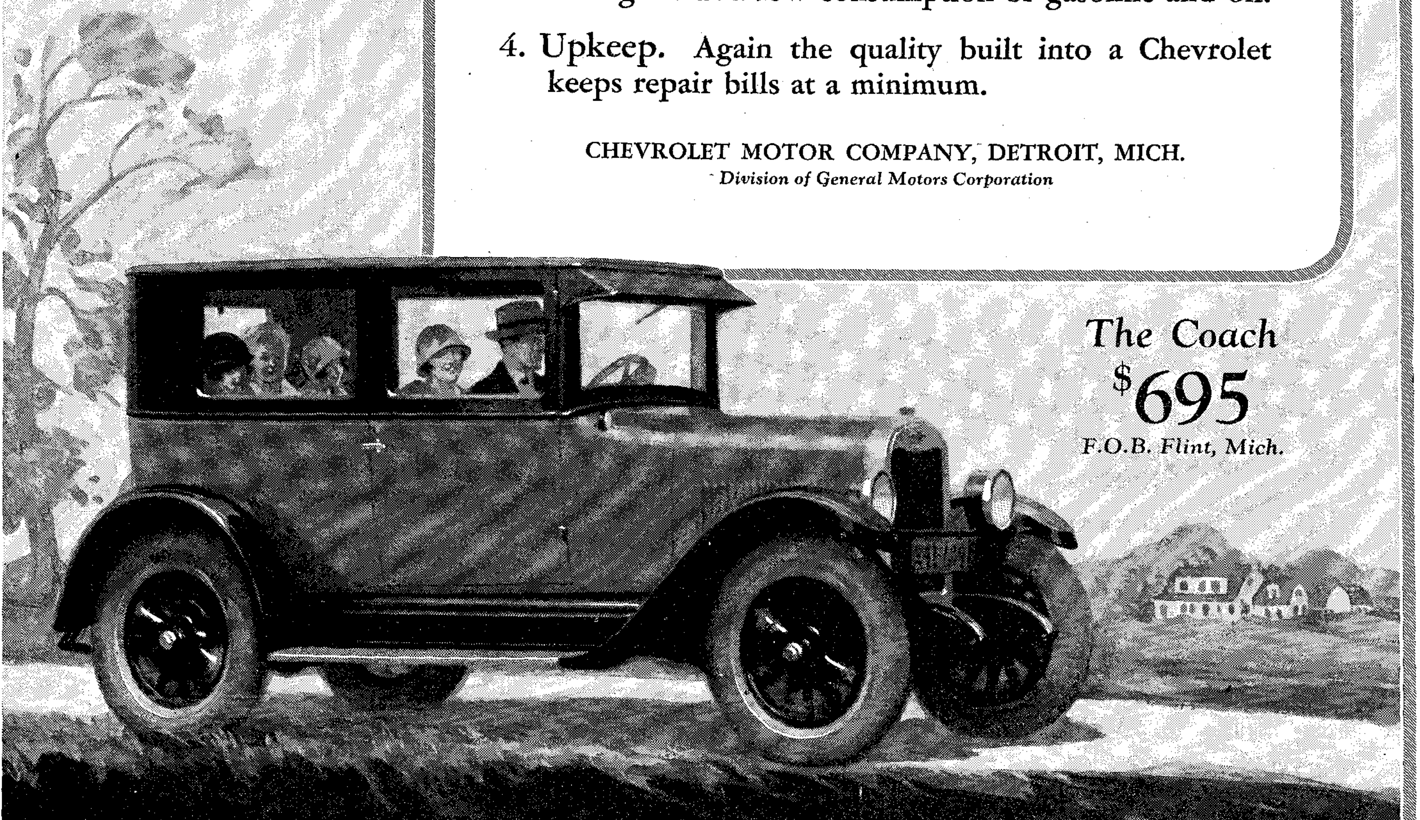
Quality—determines whether the price you pay is economical or uneconomical.

Quality—the finest you can buy in a low priced car—is provided by Chevrolet.

The quality of a Chevrolet assures economy from the time of purchase through the entire life of the car:

1. First Cost. Study Chevrolet prices in relation to Chevrolet quality.
2. Depreciation. The quality built into a Chevrolet car assures the purchaser of small loss from depreciation.
3. Operation. The experience of over 2,000,000 owners has proved that the Chevrolet motor gives a high mileage with a low consumption of gasoline and oil.
4. Upkeep. Again the quality built into a Chevrolet keeps repair bills at a minimum.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation



The Coach
$695
F.O.B. Flint, Mich.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

LAUREIS FOR KIT CARSON, PATHFINDER

They call me friend, and their friend I am,
Although I fought them hard and long,
For the Injun's right in the Injun's way,
And the White is mostly wrong.
—*From "Kit Carson," by Arthur Guiterman.*

THE ROMANCE of the Sante Fé Trail, as embalmed in a century of frontier legend, is having a vigorous revival in the West, in connection with the hundredth birthday of their first great highway, "where tragedy has marked every mile." Hence a notable increase in the fame of Kit Carson, whose ready rifle and indomitable gallantry played such an important part in the opening of the West to pioneers. Particular interest has been revived in the romance of Carson's first marriage, which rivaled the historical affair of Capt. John Smith and Pocahontas. It was, we are told, "one of the most thrilling incidents of his whole career," and involved "the only personal encounter he is known to have had with a white man." Kit was trapping in the Green River country in Wyoming, the story goes, when a princess of the Arapaho tribe of Indians "came running to him one day and asked for protection from a French trader named Shunar, who was pursuing her." The spirit of knight-errantry, which burned brightly in the pathfinder's breast, appears to have responded so readily to the dusky princess's appeal that a bitter feud sprang up between himself and the Frenchman. While looking for each other, they met and immediately exchanged shots. "Shunar's bullet grazed Kit's scalp, and Kit's shot shattered Shunar's forearm, later causing his death." Following which, the Kansas City *Star* tells us:

By courtesy of the Kansas City *Star*

A COLORADO MONUMENT TO
THE GREAT TRAIL-MAKER

A number of States compete for the honor of having nurtured Kit Carson, and the whole West celebrates his renown.

> The Arapaho maiden was full of fervent thanks for her protector, and she and Kit fell in love with each other. They were married and lived happily together for a year, when a girl was born to them. Kit's wife died immediately afterward. He brought the baby East, after she had reached young girlhood, and put her in a convent in St. Louis. She was one of the greatest prides of his life. He married again, some time later, his wife this time being a Spanish woman, who was very happy with him at Taos, but who did not want to come East. They had several children. Visitors who saw Kit playing with the youngsters on his porch had difficulty picturing him as the fearless pathfinder.
>
> Nor did his appearance at this time contribute anything toward ideas of grandeur about him. A companion who knew him well described him as "a little bow-legged blond, with a soft voice and a gentle disposition." His height was only 5 feet 6 inches, and his legs seemed too short for the rest of his body. But his muscles were like steel.
>
> The Indians called him Vi-hiu-nis, which, translated, meant "Little Chief." They feared him because of his efficiency as a fighting man, but they loved him because of his sincerity and honesty, and because they always could depend on his treating them fairly. He never was too busy to stop and play with their children, a sure way of winning favor in a redskin camp. He knew their habits and customs, their ways of thinking, and they knew that he knew and was ready to look at things from their point of view.

Kit Carson is claimed by almost as many ambitious cities and States as was old Homer. That Missouri is entitled to this distinction is the earnest argument of Mrs. J. F. Hawley of Chillicothe, Missouri, concerning whom we read:

> Mrs. Hawley is a great-niece of Kit Carson. Her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Carson Rubey, was Kit Carson's younger sister. A direct niece of Kit Carson, Mrs. Charles Oglesby, lives in Warrensburg.
>
> A letter from Thomas Edison, the inventor, to Mrs. Hawley put her into the Kit Carson work. The second question of Mr. Edison's famous questionnaire had been: "Who was Kit Carson?" and Mr. Edison wrote Mrs. Hawley that the number of persons who answered that Kit Carson was a famous bandit was appalling.
>
> Whereupon Mrs. Hawley decided to do her best toward educating her State about this celebrated "native son." In the preparation for her work she amassed facts about Kit Carson that are little known and that add much to the history of this State and the entire Western country in its pioneer days, now so long ago.

We are told that Kit (he had been baptized Christopher) was the tenth of fourteen children of Lindsay Carson, a soldier in the Revolution, who afterward pioneered successively in South Carolina, Kentucky and Missouri. Kit was born in Kentucky (1809) and "grew up amid the wildest surroundings of frontier Missouri." Mrs. Hawley quotes a sister of Kit's as having told her that Indians were a constant peril, and that the children, in going to school, would be provided with scraps of red cloth to scatter in case of capture by Indians, so that they might be traced. And we read:

> When we were asleep at night and there was the slightest noise outside the house, Kit's little brown head would be the first to bob up. I always felt completely safe when Kit was on guard duty, even when he was a boy, or when he slept near me. I

Your Teeth—the daily measure of your Beauty and Health

TODAY you can insure their safety and loveliness by restoring the action of your salivary glands

TODAY you can be happy about your teeth—certain of their attractiveness—sure of their safety.

The best dental authorities now know how to cleanse and protect your teeth by nature's own method.

Your own salivary glands *should* give your teeth full protection. But modern foods do not give these glands the amount of exercise they need. Their alkaline flow, today, is not sufficient to counteract the acids that are constantly forming in your mouth from food.

Unprotected, your teeth decay. The effects of your brushing are over in a few minutes. The only way to prevent decay is to use the tooth paste that restores the full action of your salivary glands.

Pebeco keeps glands active

Pebeco is a safe, neutral salivary stimulant. Its effect is accomplished by gently promoting the flow of your natural, alkaline saliva.

As soon as Pebeco enters your mouth the salivary glands flow more freely.

Pebeco restores the natural protective action of your mouth glands

With regular daily use Pebeco entirely restores the normal, protective flow of your glands. Their alkaline fluids bathe your teeth day and night and prevent the formation of bacterial plaques or film. *The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form.*

PEBECO polishes beautifully without using any gritty substance. It keeps your gums clean and stimulated, your whole mouth normal and healthy.

Do not let your teeth deteriorate. Send today for a ten days' trial of Pebeco.

See your teeth whiten. Feel your mouth grow fresh and normal, and safe for your teeth. With Pebeco you can be free to smile and laugh from morning till night. You will know that your teeth are always white and beautiful to look at, that everyone who sees you will admire them.

Pebeco is made only by Pebeco, Inc., New York City. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink Products Co. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd. 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont. At all druggists.

Beautiful teeth are so important to your appearance

PEBECO
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Use the tooth paste that completely restores the normal alkaline flow of your salivary glands

Teeth that attract—anyone can have them with Pebeco

FREE OFFER
Send coupon today for free generous tube of Pebeco

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635 Greenwich St., New York.
Send me free your new large size sample tube of Pebeco.
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY

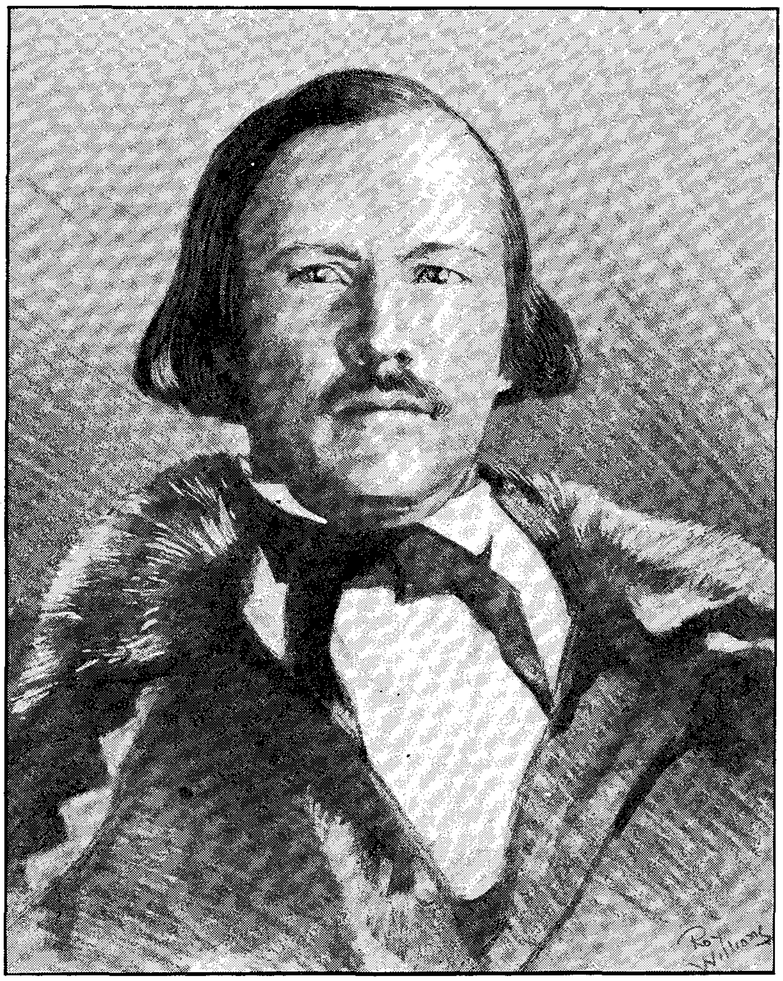
To
Name..........
Street..........
City.......... State..........

never will forget the first time that he saved my life. We were on horseback, and came to a stream that was flooded into a raging torrent. It was dangerous, and I screamed to Kit that I never would be able to get across.

"Get on my horse behind me," he said. "Then put your arms around me, close your eyes and hold tight."

I did as he said, and he took me safely across, while he piloted both horses at the same time.

Kit's father was killed by a falling tree when the boy was nine years old, and the tragedy changed the whole course of the youngster's life. He had intended to become a lawyer, but knew he would have to give up that plan. His mother apprenticed him to a saddler, but Kit hated the work intensely.



By courtesy of the New York *Herald Tribune*

KIT CARSON IN HIS PRIME

From a daguerreotype, taken about 1845, when the pathfinder had made his fame.

"The only use I have for a saddle is on a horse's back," he said, and for the first and only time in his life he flinched from his orders, and ran away.

His older brothers were trading between St. Louis and Santa Fé at the time and had told him he could take a trip with them after he had finished a year's apprenticeship with the saddler. Accordingly they were surprized to look around at Independence one morning and find him trotting gaily up on a mule.

"What are you doing here?" they demanded.

"I'm going with you," he said.

They demurred in no weak language, and a hot argument ensued on the spot. They pointed out to Kit that they didn't want him to go West for two reasons: first, he was too young to make the long and dangerous trip; second, he should stay at home to protect his mother. Kit parried the last objection by saying that his mother lived in the fort, where there was nothing but protection, and, as far as the danger of a trip West was concerned, that was his own affair, and he alone was responsible for it.

Nevertheless, Kit's brothers were obdurate, and so he made a pretense of obeying them. He rode the mule dejectedly out of sight of camp in the general direction of Fayette and, dismounting, gave the animal a hearty kick toward home. Then he returned blandly to the camp where his brothers were.

They were furious at his disobedience and took him before Colonel St. Vrain, who was in command of the caravan headed West.

"Well, young man," said St. Vrain, after hearing Kit's story, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing," said Kit blandly, "except that I can shoot straight."

St. Vrain was so amused and pleased at the boy's answer that he allowed Kit to join the expedition. It was many years before the young adventurer saw his relatives in Howard County again.

There is a place near Larned, Kansas, called Pawnee Rock, because of an experience Kit Carson had there on his first trip to the West. The party had repulsed an attack of Pawnee Indians one day, and had put on an extra guard that night to prevent a return raid of the redskins. Kit was one of the sentries, and was greatly excited over the assignment.

He heard a muffled step in the brush and saw a dim form. Being the least bit eager to "show off," he fired.

The next morning Colonel St. Vrain made an official inquiry into the "attack."

"Who saw the savages during the night?" he asked.

"I did," Kit replied importantly, "and I fired at them."

An investigation was made and it was found that Kit's "dead Indian" was his own mule, which had been grazing mildly near him. A large rock on the scene then was named Pawnee Rock, in honor of the Pawnee that Kit did not kill.

Kit at length reached Santa Fé, his caravan's destination, and from there went to Taos, New Mexico, where he settled down and began studying intently the profession of guide, trailmaker, hunter, trapper and scout, that he was to follow the rest of his life. He picked up the Spanish language and learned the Indian tongues from the many members of the different tribes that he met.

He never liked to be spoken of for his prowess as an Indian hunter. He never boasted of it himself, and would try to silence quickly any one who would talk to him about it.

An Army officer was once introduced to him and said: "So this is the distinguished Kit Carson, who has made so many Indians run."

"Yes," replied Kit shortly, "but most of the time they were running after me."

He could do anything in his capacity of guiding caravans to the West from the East. On the first trip he made over the Santa Fé Trail in this capacity he amputated the arm of a man who had shot himself by careless handling of his rifle.

His only instruments in performing this feat of surgery were "a razor, an old saw and an iron belt." Nevertheless, his patient was lucky enough to survive, and "regained good health." Further we are told:

It was the custom in such parties for the men to take turns obtaining the rations and serving them, and Kit always liked to surprize his companions by giving them "treats" on the nights he was scheduled to be cook. One time it would be fresh game, the next time trout, and so forth. He went out early one morning on such an expedition and nearly lost his life in his efforts. He had just emptied his rifle when he found himself face to face with the greatest menace of the mountains—grizzly bears.

Kit ran for a tree with the bears close behind him, and shinned up with the brutes nipping at his heels. He had a few minutes of recess then, because bears, altho they can climb trees, don't like the exertion so well. These bears evidently decided to think the matter over a while before they climbed after Kit.

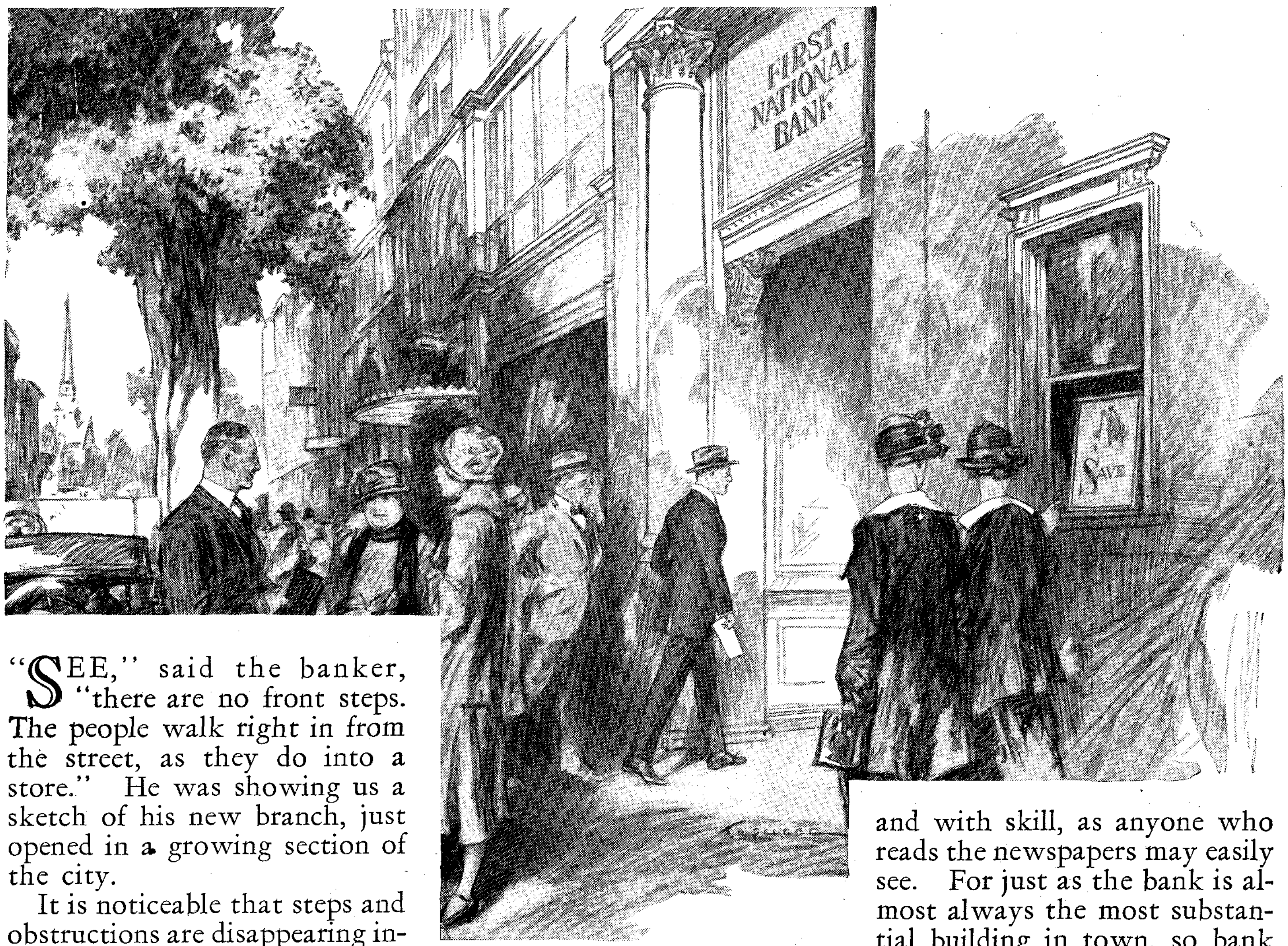
This breathing space gave him a chance to cut a few sharp whips and every time a grizzly would start up the tree Kit would reach down and crack him over the nose with a whip. This went on all day, with the grizzlies getting more and more angry and then more and more disgusted. At last they lumbered away in high dudgeon and left him to descend from the tree and return to his camp.

"Why didn't you come after me?" he demanded of his camp-mates, in some anger. "Didn't you know I was in danger or I would have come back?"

"The only danger we would even have thought of about you was Indians, and we didn't see any of them," the camp-mates replied. "What is the idea of making us live on this old beaver meat morning and noon? That's a fine thing to do on your day to cook!"

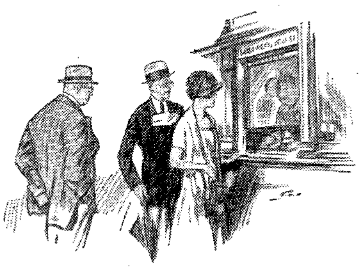
He helped take John C. Frémont's expedition to California in 1842, landing the men there after many exciting times en

People are STEPPING INTO BANKS



"SEE," said the banker, "there are no front steps. The people walk right in from the street, as they do into a store." He was showing us a sketch of his new branch, just opened in a growing section of the city.

It is noticeable that steps and obstructions are disappearing inside the bank too. Old formalities and old customs are being cleared away. People are stepping directly and naturally into the trust department to invest their savings safely. Depositors are walking freely into the vaults to leave their securities and worries under lock and key. Millions of Americans who never went to a bank now go as a matter of course, to be greeted with courtesy and welcomed with sincerity. They are learning how their banks can serve them. They are realizing that these specialists in finance are ready with sound advice and tested counsel.



For the banks have been telling people about the advantages of thrift, the wisdom of investments, the security and happiness that spring from a well-planned financial program. They have pointed out the service that a bank renders and the trust that a good banking connection inspires. In short, the banks have been advertising themselves.

And they have been doing it well. Though one of the last big businesses to join the ranks of the advertisers, the banks have advertised with foresight and with skill, as anyone who reads the newspapers may easily see. For just as the bank is almost always the most substantial building in town, so bank advertising is apt to be sound and attractive.

And when a manufacturer brings his problems before a bank's officers or directors, he finds that they are already familiar with the power of the printed page. Perhaps a new product must be presented. Or an old product must be sold to new millions. Or perhaps sales resistance and expense are mounting. In any case, the banker is now able to discuss advertising from the standpoint of a user. He knows how it works. He knows when it is needed. He recognizes that good-will is an asset and that advertising is an essential part of modern business promotion.

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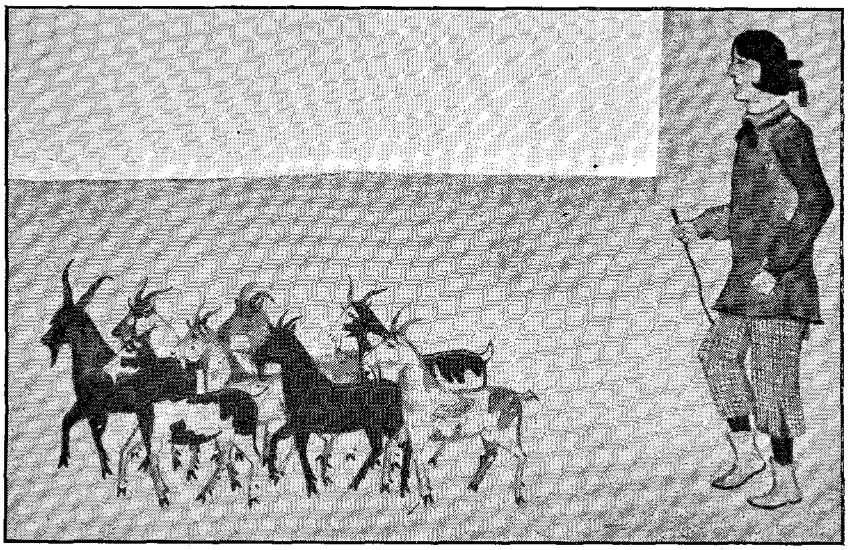
ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

route. Fremont was waiting for another guide in St. Louis when a friend said:

"Fremont, why wait for this other man if you can get Kit Carson? He is as widely known in the West as the Duke of Wellington is in Europe."

The upshot of which was that Kit Carson went with the party as one of the guides. The first big difficulty came at a crossing of the Kaw River, some distance west of Kansas City, at the time of a spring flood. As we read:



Illustrations by courtesy of the New York *Times*

"THE GOAT-HERD," A JOYOUS PIECE OF WORK

Carson advised that the crossing not be attempted then, but Fremont insisted that the men go along, so the attempt was made. The party had one little rubber boat, 20 feet long and 5 feet wide. It waited until the last trip—when it carried a precious cargo of tea, coffee, sugar and salt—and then it capsized.

Into the swollen river the men went after the commodities, and a terrible time followed. Many had hairbreadth escapes. Fremont himself slipt from a rock in mid-stream and Carson rescued him. The oxen used on the trip were driven in the water again and again, and always swam frantically around, returning to the side from which they had come. It took the party two long days to make the crossing. After it was made, an epidemic of sore throats and pneumonia broke out. Carson had to be a combination of doctor and nurse at that time, and he filled those capacities as well as he did everything else.

The party got lost in the far West and encountered terrible difficulties. The weather was bitterly cold and the men were becoming desperately ill and dying from exposure. Food was low and almost gone, and as an occasional mule fell exhausted it would be turned into food for the men. At last, in despair, Fremont told Carson to ride ahead and see if he could do what the other guides had failed to do—give the party an inkling of its location.

He went on and, returning, pointed to a mountain range in front of them.

"Beyond that lies the Sacramento Valley and Sutter's Fort, the end of your trip," he said quietly. "It is fifteen years since I saw it, but I am as sure of the fact as tho it were just yesterday."

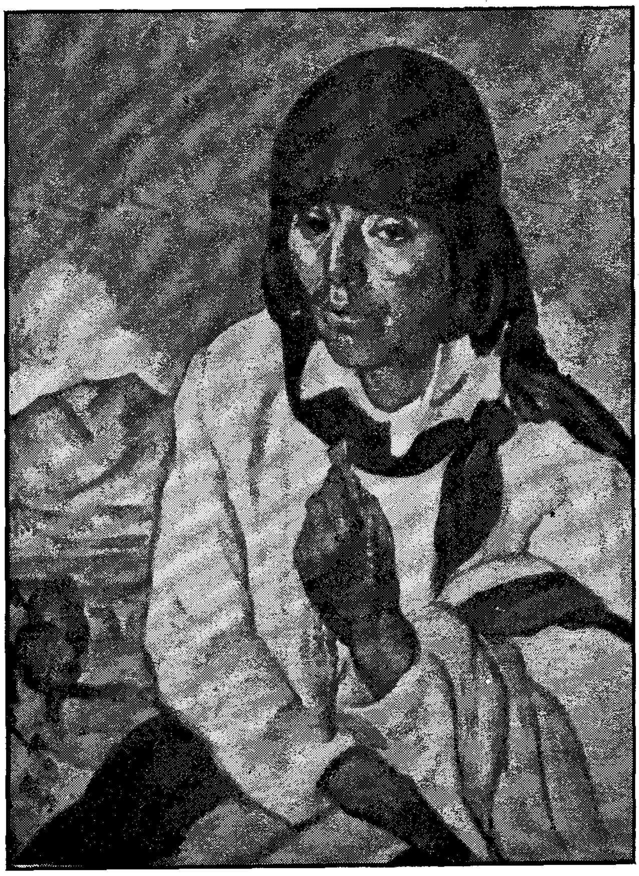
For various excellent services that Carson rendered Fremont and other United States officials, he was given various ranks in the Army, finally being made a general. He obtained the post of Indian agent at Taos, a position of extreme importance, because the Indians in that neighborhood were the dangerous and practically always hostile Apaches. But Carson handled them as no other man could. They got the idea that he was honest with them, and 6-foot braves would come striding into camp to lay their troubles at the feet of their little 5-foot 6-inch "father," and get justice from him. They loved Carson wholeheartedly and believed in him as they believed in few white men.

Kit Carson made only one trip through the West for actual commercial gain. That was when he took sixty-five hundred sheep from New Mexico to California for the neat price of $5 a head. That made him a fairly rich man. Being always temperate and conservative, he lived in comparative peace and comfort with his family until he died at Fort Lyon, Colorado, in 1868. His wife died after the birth of their seventh child. Grief for his wife and a hemorrhage from an old injury brought Carson's death two weeks later.

AN INDIAN GOYA WHO AMAZES ARTISTS

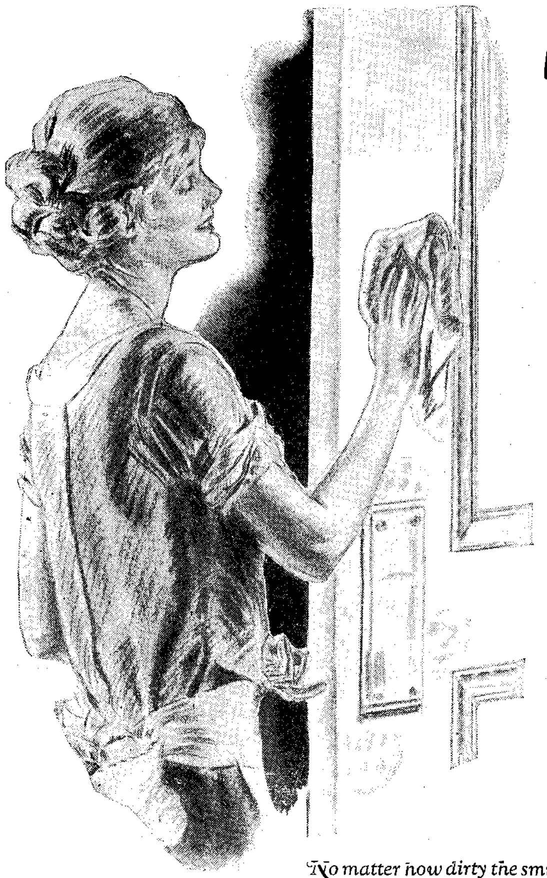
As GOYA SPLASHED THE LIFE OF SPAIN on his canvases, so a Pueblo Indian youth, Awa-Tsireh, is turning out paintings that are acclaimed by white critics as a new departure in Indian art and a marvelous interpretation of the life of the artist's people. And not the least astonishing thing about his work, we read, is that it shows not a single trace of white influence. In fact, the same remark is made of a whole group of younger Pueblo artists, "in spite of the fact that a large share of their encouragement has undoubtedly come from the painters living in Santa Fé." The art of Awa-Tsireh and his contemporaries, "irrespective of all the examples of our 'alien' art about them," has remained purely Indian, declares Alice Corbin Henderson. She describes the young painter as "an Indian boy wearing a gay pink serape and riding a sorrel pony," who stopt one day at the gate in front of her adobe. He announced his name as Alfonso Roybal, and it is explained that all the Pueblo Indians have Spanish as well as Indian names, and generally use the former. In recounting her meeting with the leader of the new "movement" in Pueblo art, Mrs. Henderson tells us in the New York *Times:*

My acquaintance with the work of Awa-Tsireh dates from one day in the summer of 1917, when Colonel and Mrs. A. J. Abbott, who were then custodians of the Rito de Los Fripolles Cliff-Dwellings, showed me two water-color drawings—one of a Pueblo buffalo dance, and the other of the deer dance, which they said a young Indian had left with them to sell. Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, the Hindu art-critic, was a companion on that trip to the Rito, and we were both imprest at once by the surprizing quality of the drawings. Silhouetted against the white paper, the figures had the clear precision of any fine



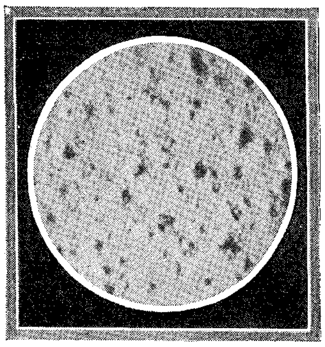
THE RED PAINTER, AS SEEN BY A WHITE ONE

This portrait of Awa-Tsireh was made by William P. Henderson, whose wife writes the story.

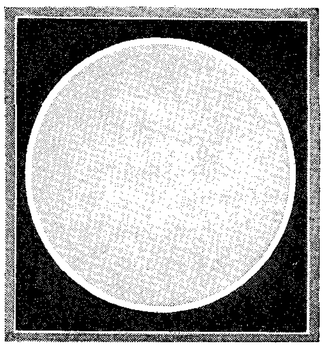


This lustrous white paint *can't hold dirt!*

No matter how dirty the smudges are—a damp rag removes them quickly and easily from the smooth, lustrous surface of Barreled Sunlight.



Ordinary flat finish white paint



Barreled Sunlight

WHAT PAINT LOOKS LIKE THROUGH A MICROSCOPE

These photographs were taken through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, even and non-porous. It resists dirt and can be washed like tile.

A SURFACE so smooth that the finest particles of dust or dirt *cannot sink in!*—

That is why Barreled Sunlight won't "hold the dirt"—why it can be washed clean like white tile.

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Made by our exclusive Rice Process, Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, foreign or domestic, applied under the same conditions.

Barreled Sunlight costs less than enamel, is easy to apply and requires fewer coats. One coat is generally sufficient over a previously light-painted surface. It flows freely without leaving brush-marks. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat.

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Enclosed find ten cents for sample can of Barreled Sunlight to be mailed postpaid.

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To keep your
hair healthy
[4 simple treatments]

FOUR common scalp conditions tend to rob the hair of its natural life and health. In this column we tell you about four simple treatments designed to correct these conditions. These treatments are based on modern scientific thought in the care of the hair and scalp.

In employing Packer's Tar Soap with the treatment that meets your hair condition, remember that Pine Tar in a shampoo soap has for years been recommended in the care of the hair by foremost authorities.

for DANDRUFF

Authorities find that dandruff is responsible for at least 75% of the cases of falling hair. But dandruff need not be serious if carefully and properly treated. The Packer Method of treatment, based on modern thought, will be found in the booklet which comes with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap.

for DRY *hair*

Successful shampooing removes the accumulations of surface oil from the scalp. This makes the hair seem dry at first but this dryness is temporary and only noticeable for a day or two. If dryness persists it is probably due to inactivity of the oil glands—a condition requiring special care and treatment. You will find an authoritative treatment for dry hair in the booklet packed with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap.

for OILY *hair*

Too oily hair is produced by an over activity of the oil glands. A special treatment for oily hair including hints on the correct way to massage, is given in the booklet packed with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap.

for FALLING *hair*

For falling hair, we recommend the Packer treatment for dandruff, the most common cause of premature baldness or loss of hair (you will find this treatment in the booklet which comes with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap). If, however, the regular use of this Packer treatment does not stop the loss of your hair, consult your family physician. He may find some underlying cause due to your general health or he may suggest that you see a scalp specialist.

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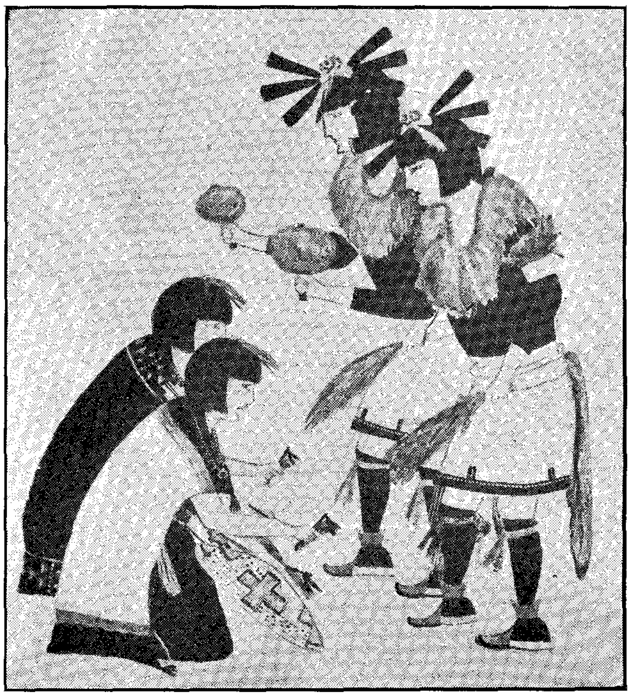
Each cake in a metal soap box
Informative leaflet, giving the proper shampoo method and other valuable suggestions, is packed with each cake.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

example of primitive art, and it was natural that Dr. Coomarasway should appreciate this quality, so closely allied to the pure contours of East Indian or Persian drawings. We both wanted the water-colors, and we both tried to be gracious; but I finally persuaded him to take them, and asked Mrs. Abbott to tell the artist to make me some others and bring them to Santa Fé.



THE BASKET DANCE, BY AWA-TSIREH

It was a week later that the sorrel pony was halted at the gate, and the youth in the pink serape announced that he had some pictures to show her. The writer continues:

These, when unrolled from a neat cotton cloth, proved to be another deer dance, and eagle dance, and two Indian ponies with tiny eagle feathers on their manes—the latter particularly with that alert vitality which only primitive artists, or the Orientals, seem able to give to the drawing of animals.

I thought, as I looked at the drawings, that they pointed a new direction; and, indeed, Alfonso's example proved to be the start for a genuine new development of Pueblo art. Other Pueblo artists, turning from the decoration of pottery, began to record their more realistic impressions of the life about them, and soon there was veritably a "new school" of aboriginal water-color artists, whose work was exhibited side by side with that of their white confrères in the Art Museum at Santa Fé.

These young artists of the Pueblos had simply, with a fine consistency, carried their distinctively Indian vision into a new field of expression. This new development, in fact, represented no "break," but was merely an extension of the centuries-old art tradition of the Pueblos. The transition, that is from the incised hieroglyphs and deer hunts, on the walls of the cliff-dwellings, through the symbolic pottery designs, to these more realistic but still highly conventionalized drawings of human forms was a purely natural progression and sequence.

What Awa-Tsireh did, by his example, among the Pueblos was simply to release a whole store of latent visual impressions not previously recorded in any purely visual way. One reason for this delayed development may have been the fact that it was, if not tabu, at least out of the usual order, to record the ceremonial dances in any non-ceremonial way. Or a deeper reason may be found in the curious and unexplained fact that primitive races are always slower to record human than animal forms.

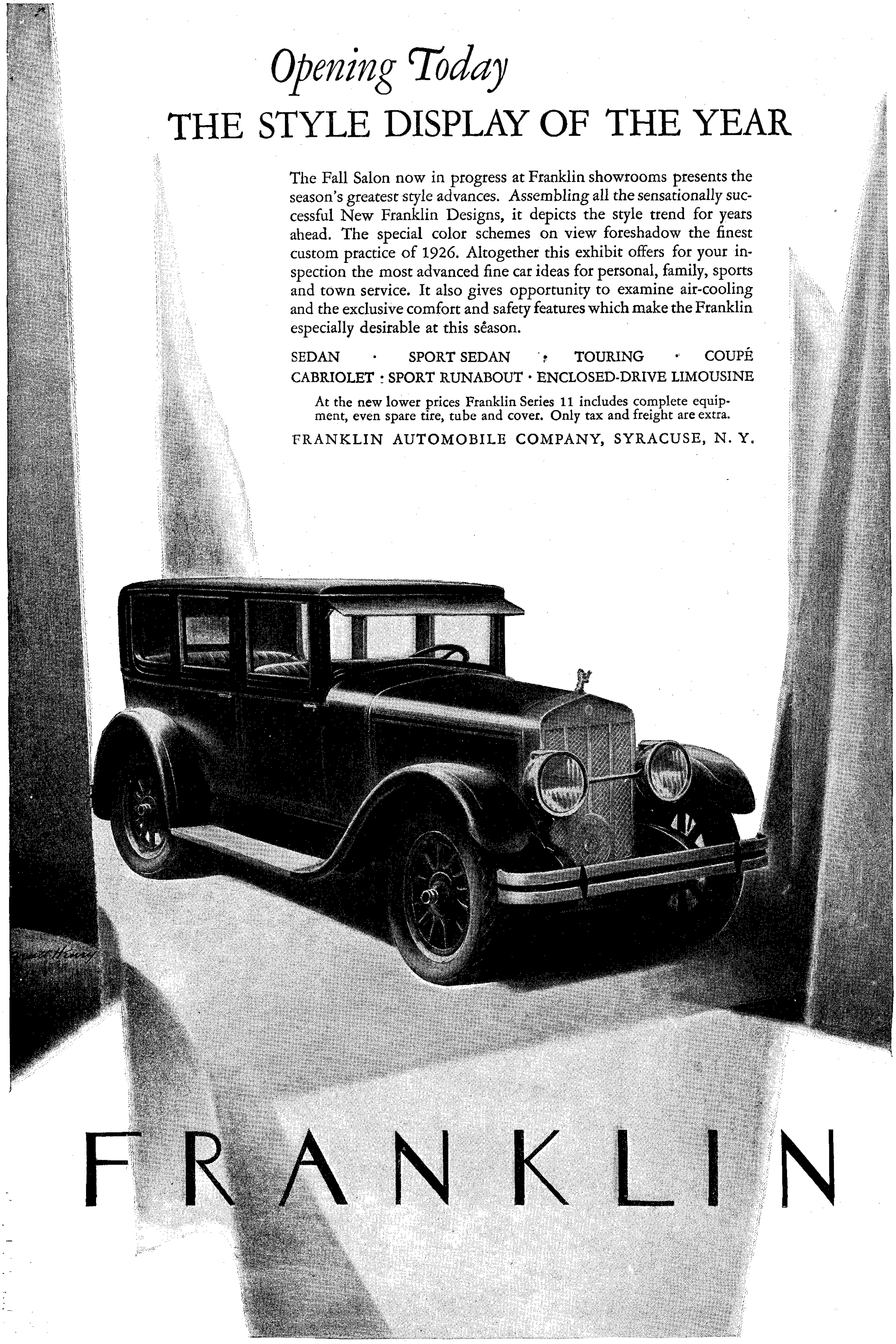
The disparity between the excellence of the animal drawings and the lumpy formlessness of the human figures of the Dordogne and Altamira paleolithic artists in Europe has been noted by the historians, but never, so far as I know, psychologically explained. There is the same difference to be noted in the drawings of our plains Indians, where the animals are perceived through lines of vital flesh and blood in action, but the men are mere combinations of sticks, such as one might make out of matches.

We are warned, in fact, that the work of these Pueblo artists must not be confused with that of the less highly civilized plains Indians; and even among the Pueblos "a distinction must be made between work that is genuinely the production of artists and that which is merely amateur—a distinction which some enthusiasts for the 'naive' in modern art may be inclined to overlook." We read further:

A New York art critic, fully appreciative of the water-colors of Awa-Tsireh and his associates, nevertheless spoke of the surprizing achievements of these naive, untrained artists in a completely new medium. The Pueblo Indians have been using water-colors for centuries—not water-colors neatly packed in a tin box, of course, but native earth, mineral or vegetable pigments mixed with water; and the training of the Pueblo artists is based upon a centuries-old tradition and technique—a technique so highly sophisticated that the word "naive" as used by this critic was a misnomer.

What is naive in the work of these artists is simply the unspoiled purity of their vision—the naïveté, that is, not of the amateur but of the genuine primitive, whose vision is still uncorrupted by any false canon of art, shop talk or commercial end.

Awa-Tsireh's drawings are, in their own field, as precise and sophisticated as a Persian miniature. He is a mature artist, able to compete in his own field with any other mature artist of his own or another race.



Opening Today

THE STYLE DISPLAY OF THE YEAR

The Fall Salon now in progress at Franklin showrooms presents the season's greatest style advances. Assembling all the sensationally successful New Franklin Designs, it depicts the style trend for years ahead. The special color schemes on view foreshadow the finest custom practice of 1926. Altogether this exhibit offers for your inspection the most advanced fine car ideas for personal, family, sports and town service. It also gives opportunity to examine air-cooling and the exclusive comfort and safety features which make the Franklin especially desirable at this season.

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At the new lower prices Franklin Series 11 includes complete equipment, even spare tire, tube and cover. Only tax and freight are extra.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

FRANKLIN

DON'T MONKEY WITH THE MICROPHONE

YOU'LL "LOSE THE AIR" if you take any liberties with broadcasting rules and customs, according to a radio authority, and there seems to be something peculiarly absurd and humiliating in that penalty—for the ignorant offender goes on addressing a "dead" microphone, unaware that his voice is no longer reaching the multitudinous audience that he pictures in his confiding mind. For there is nothing to warn him. His amputation from the world of listeners has been performed with the silence of the grave by a person whom he has not seen. The hidden executioner has prest a button, and the culprit is "shut off the air," even tho he may continue to orate with persuasive fervor at the unresponsive but fascinating mechanism in front of him. The case is instanced of a "well-known scientist" who was shut off not long ago. His offense was the sudden abandonment of his scientific theme, and the launching into "a tirade on a political question." As we read:

"The monitor simply cut him off; and, so far as the public knew, his speech ended right then. Nobody outside of these two rooms heard the rest of it."

Under the title, "Behind the Scenes at WOR," Alan Harding tells us of a "famous woman" who was cut off in the same way, and the simple explanation, as related in *The American Magazine*, was that the radio people had arranged for her to talk on one subject, "but she calmly switched to another, which the public would have resented."

Mr. Harding quotes Mr. McCosker, the skipper of the microphone, as saying that he liked to get advance copies of the addresses to be made, and to edit them and jack them up, so to speak, in the direction of ease and informality. But he confessed to another motive, and explained:

"Some people would grab the chance to put over something which we can not stand for. They might try to advertise themselves, their business, or some other business, which they want to promote. They might try to boost their side of some controversy; or talk on some subject which would be objectionable to our audience. They might even attack some individual in a libelous way."

"But suppose they *change* their talk when they get in front of the microphone," I said. "Do they ever try that?"

"Yes; occasionally some one does. But perhaps you noticed the radio instrument in the outer office. Every word that is spoken into the microphone in this room is received instantly on that instrument in the next room, altho it reaches there by way of Newark. During our broadcasting, a 'monitor' is constantly on duty out in that room. If the person who is talking in here starts to say anything which is contrary to the ethics of broadcasting, the monitor simply presses a button which shuts the speaker off the air. He doesn't know this, so he goes right on talking.

"If the monitor finds that it was a false alarm, and that the person is not saying what he shouldn't, the circuit is opened again. The audience may have missed a sentence or two, but they don't lose enough to spoil the talk.

"We sometimes give our people talks about public matters on which there is a difference of opinion. But we always have two speakers, so that we can present both sides of the question.

"Everybody is curious to hear famous people over the radio, no matter what these people talk about. But the only way most celebrities can be persuaded to gratify this public curiosity is by having them talk on what they themselves are interested in.

"Sometimes even that doesn't work. The hardest people I ever succeeded in getting were Charlie Chaplin and a certain famous foreign artist who visited this country last winter. I almost had to give up on them.

"I had met Chaplin a number of times; so during one of his visits to New York I went over to his hotel and tried to induce him to broadcast from our Newark station. We hadn't a New York studio at that time.

"I knew he never had talked over the radio. And I also knew that while he wants publicity, as every actor does, he absolutely will not personally exploit himself. So I wasn't surprized when he said that he hated to refuse me, but that he simply couldn't do it.

"Nevertheless, I did finally get him because I thought up a whimsical idea that appealed to him. I wrote out what he was to say—and it was mighty little. He began by telling how people, who saw him in the pictures, thought of him only as an actor; and that it probably would be a surprize to them to know that he could play on practically every known musical instrument. To show how accomplished he was he would first render a piano solo.

"We had a good pianist there who played a difficult selection. Then Chaplin said he hoped his audience had enjoyed his performance on the piano, and that he would next show them his mastery of the violin. Of course, we had a violinist present to play that piece. And so we went on with half a dozen other instruments.

"Then Chaplin announced that it had been such a pleasure to him to play the instruments separately that he would now play all of them at once! Whereupon, the orchestra, which we had provided, played a number; and everybody—I hope—had a good laugh.

"Chaplin was willing to do this because it struck his sense of humor; but he dreaded it worse than the greenest amateur does. In the car, going over to Newark, he read and reread the few lines he had to speak. At the studio, while he was waiting to go on, he was so nervous that he kept pacing up and down the floor. He would shake his fist at the microphone; jokingly, to be sure; but his nervousness was perfectly genuine."

McCosker confessed to having had even greater difficulty in securing the eminent painter already spoken of. This obdurate celebrity absolutely refused to flirt with "the air," until McCosker caught him with a ruse. He related:

"I happened to know one of his compatriots in this country, a man who held a diplomatic office here; and fortunately this official was under some obligation to me.

"I explained what I wanted, and wrote out a cablegram which I asked him to have sent to him from no less a personage than the King of his country—which, of course, was also the artist's country. In this message, the King said he was looking forward with pleasure to the experience of hearing, from across the ocean, the voice of one of his most distinguished subjects.

"Well, the artist could refuse me, but he couldn't refuse his King! However, he wouldn't come to the studio; so we ran a private wire into the galleries where he was exhibiting his paintings, and he broadcasted from there.

"He was even more nervous than Chaplin. His surroundings were familiar, and there were only two persons present besides himself. Yet, when he took his place at the microphone, he insisted on having a screen set up around him! And he told me emphatically that he would rather paint twenty pictures than give that little radio talk.

"Doctor Lorenz, the famous Austrian surgeon, reacted quite differently. He didn't object to being broadcasted, but he seemed to think it was either a foolish American notion, or some sort of joke.

"He had barely finished his talk, when we began to receive telephone messages for him. Before he had left the studio, several telegrams came. They were sent by his friends in various parts of the country who had been listening in. You never saw a more astonished man than he was."

"How soon do you begin to receive these messages?" I asked.

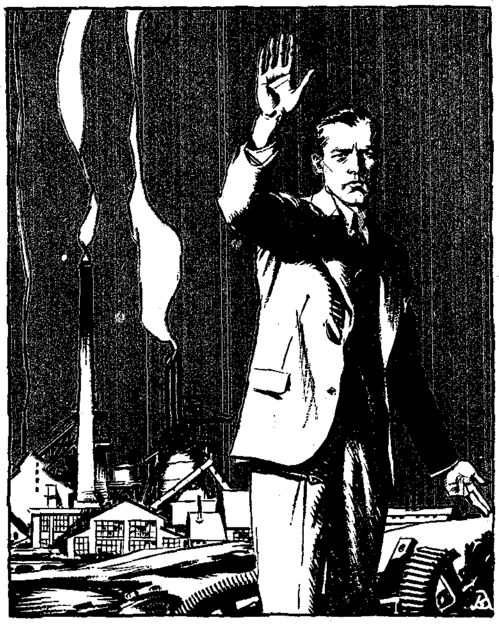
"Telephone calls may start coming as soon as the number is over," replied Mr. McCosker; "and the telegraph messages begin about five or six minutes later. Of course, they are telephoned to us from the telegraph office.

"Some interesting things have happened in that connection. Dick Barthelmess, the motion-picture star, broadcasted from our studio one evening. When he finished, he received a long-distance call from an old schoolmate whom he hadn't seen or heard of for years. That sort of thing has happened several times. People who have entirely lost track of each other get in touch again by means of the radio."

A new American aristocracy, consisting of persons who have broadcasted, is suggested in Mr. McCosker's statement that most people "get a big kick" out of that experience. And Mr. Harding continues:

"Yes," I said; "and they talk about it for weeks and months afterward. Several of my acquaintances have broadcasted; just once apiece, that was all. But they are always referring to it. No matter what the subject of conversation may be, they find some opportunity for saying, 'When I talked over the radio.' To be perfectly honest," I laughed, "I probably would do the very same thing."

"You probably would!" he agreed. "And you would be justified in feeling proud. Don't get the idea that it is easy for a person to be accepted for a radio program. Big as New York is, we comb it very carefully to find people who can do something



Cut down waste

A warning and a promise

At this writing, there are 235 national bodies—manufacturing, industrial, technical and Governmental—working to reduce various wastes in American Industry.

Never before has War on Waste gained such impetus. Here is a movement that carries both a warning and a promise to every plant executive.

Wastes cut sharply into your margin of profit. When you accept a dependable means of reducing waste you protect your present margin and give it a chance to grow.

No phase of waste reduction is more far-reaching than the correct lubrication of plant machinery.

Correct lubrication is perhaps the most important single factor in keeping machinery running at maximum efficiency and in prolonging its life.

Correct lubrication is a scientific problem. It demands not only wide experience with machines and changing operating conditions; it demands wide knowledge of the range of oils available — their characteristics and fitness for many purposes.

Only thorough study of lubrication can equip anyone to solve the lubrication problems of all industry.

The Vacuum Oil Company, the world's leading authorities on lubrication, stands ready to put its experience and its correct lubricating oils at your service.

With the cooperation of your plant personnel we will gladly assume the full responsibility of prescribing correct lubrication throughout your plant.

Upon request to our nearest branch office, we will send an experienced representative to discuss this further. No obligation is entailed.

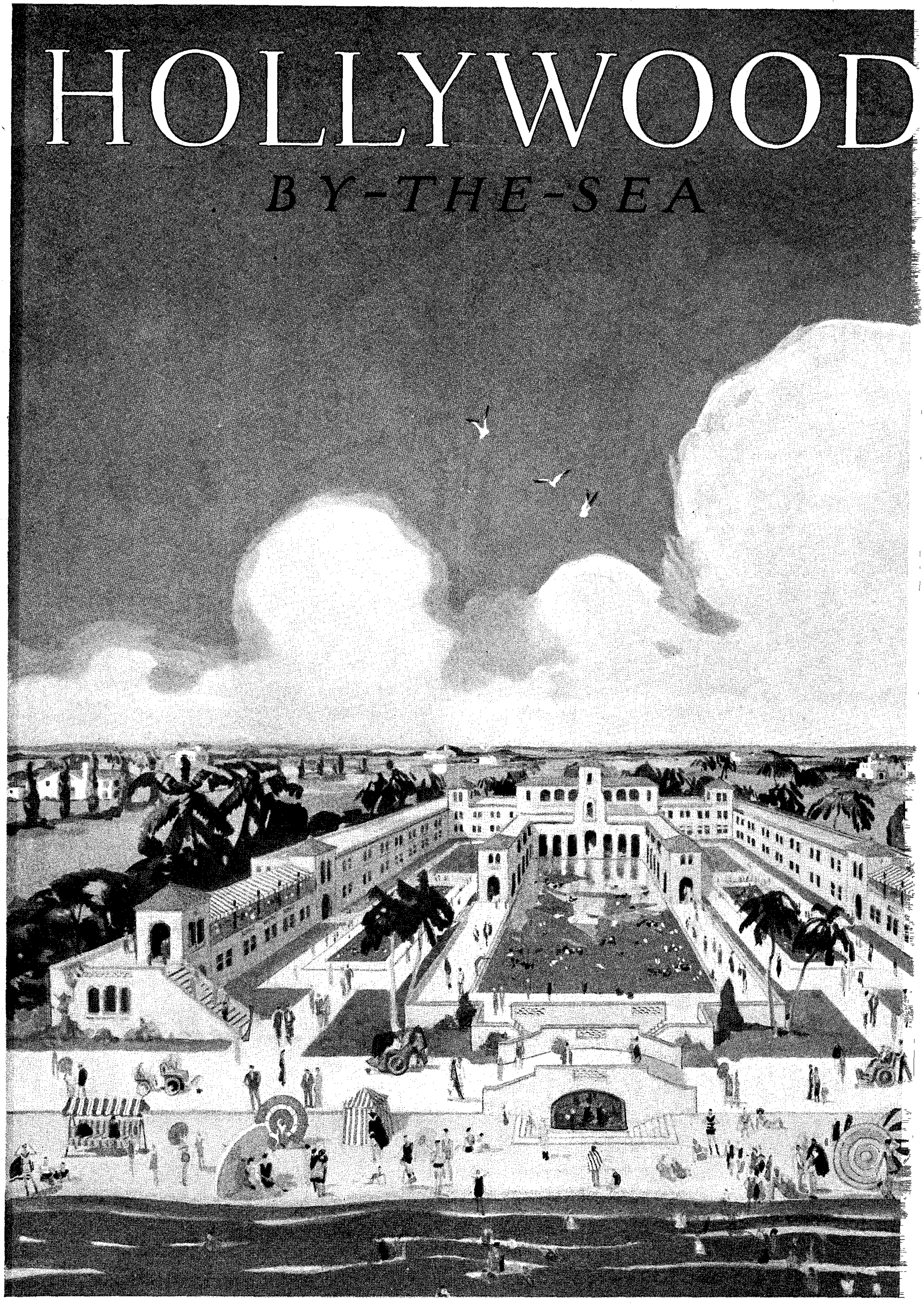
New York (*Main Office*), Albany, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Dallas, Des Moines, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Haven, Oklahoma City, Peoria, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., Rochester, St. Louis, Springfield, Mass.

GARGOYLE

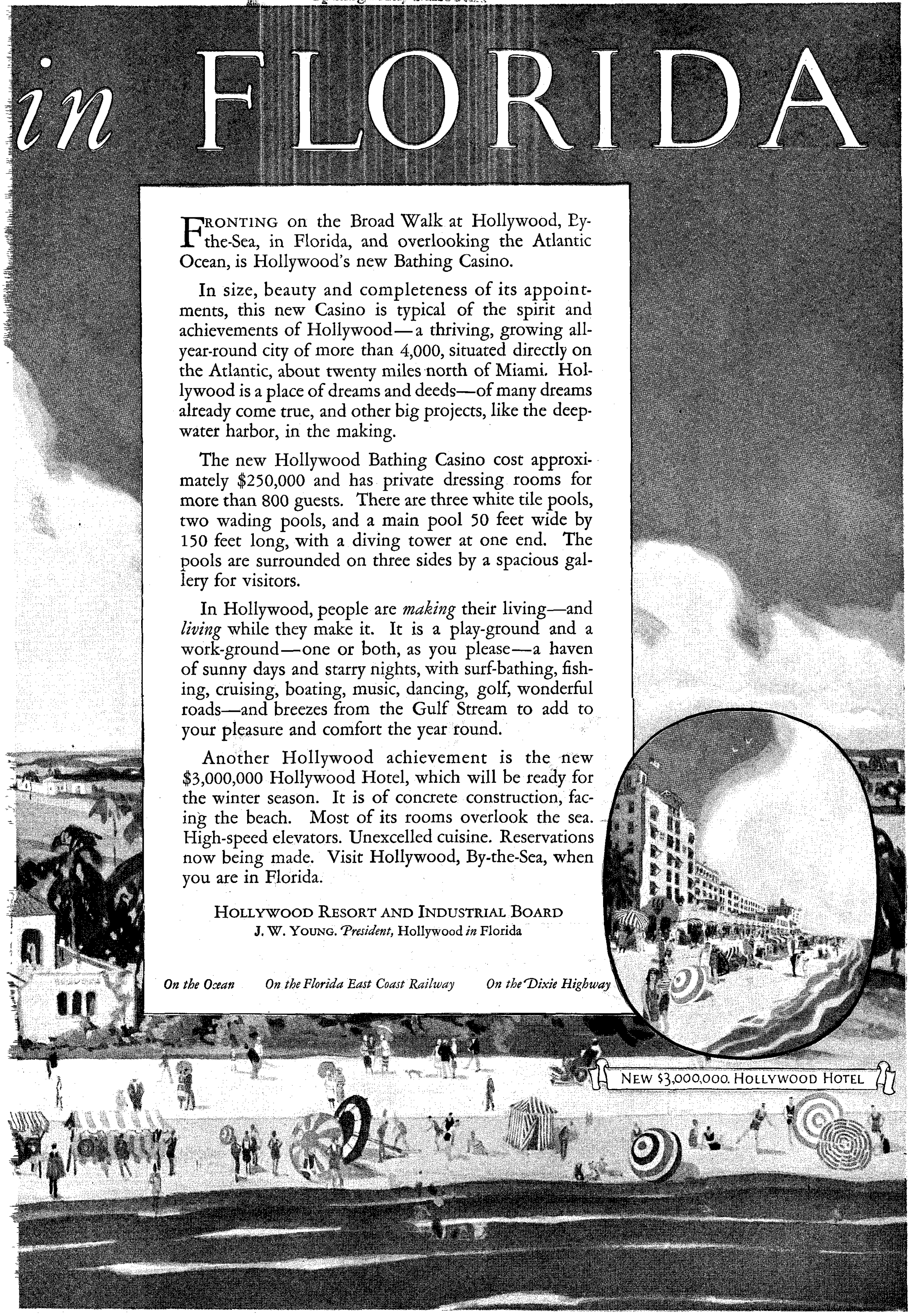
Lubricating Oils
for
Plant Lubrication

IF the Vacuum Oil Company lubricates your plant, you use an organization which has specialized in lubrication for 59 years, whose engineers and field men visit over 200,000 plants yearly, whose treatises are recognized engineering text books. Gargoyle Lubricating Oils are approved specifically by 225 foremost machinery builders, and lubricate industries the world over.

Vacuum Oil Company
NEW YORK


HOLLYWOOD
BY-THE-SEA

Drury College Library
Springfield, Missouri



in FLORIDA

FRONTING on the Broad Walk at Hollywood, By-the-Sea, in Florida, and overlooking the Atlantic Ocean, is Hollywood's new Bathing Casino.

In size, beauty and completeness of its appointments, this new Casino is typical of the spirit and achievements of Hollywood—a thriving, growing all-year-round city of more than 4,000, situated directly on the Atlantic, about twenty miles north of Miami. Hollywood is a place of dreams and deeds—of many dreams already come true, and other big projects, like the deep-water harbor, in the making.

The new Hollywood Bathing Casino cost approximately $250,000 and has private dressing rooms for more than 800 guests. There are three white tile pools, two wading pools, and a main pool 50 feet wide by 150 feet long, with a diving tower at one end. The pools are surrounded on three sides by a spacious gallery for visitors.

In Hollywood, people are *making* their living—and *living* while they make it. It is a play-ground and a work-ground—one or both, as you please—a haven of sunny days and starry nights, with surf-bathing, fishing, cruising, boating, music, dancing, golf, wonderful roads—and breezes from the Gulf Stream to add to your pleasure and comfort the year round.

Another Hollywood achievement is the new $3,000,000 Hollywood Hotel, which will be ready for the winter season. It is of concrete construction, facing the beach. Most of its rooms overlook the sea. High-speed elevators. Unexcelled cuisine. Reservations now being made. Visit Hollywood, By-the-Sea, when you are in Florida.

HOLLYWOOD RESORT AND INDUSTRIAL BOARD
J. W. YOUNG. *President,* Hollywood *in* Florida

On the Ocean *On the Florida East Coast Railway* *On the Dixie Highway*

NEW $3,000,000. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

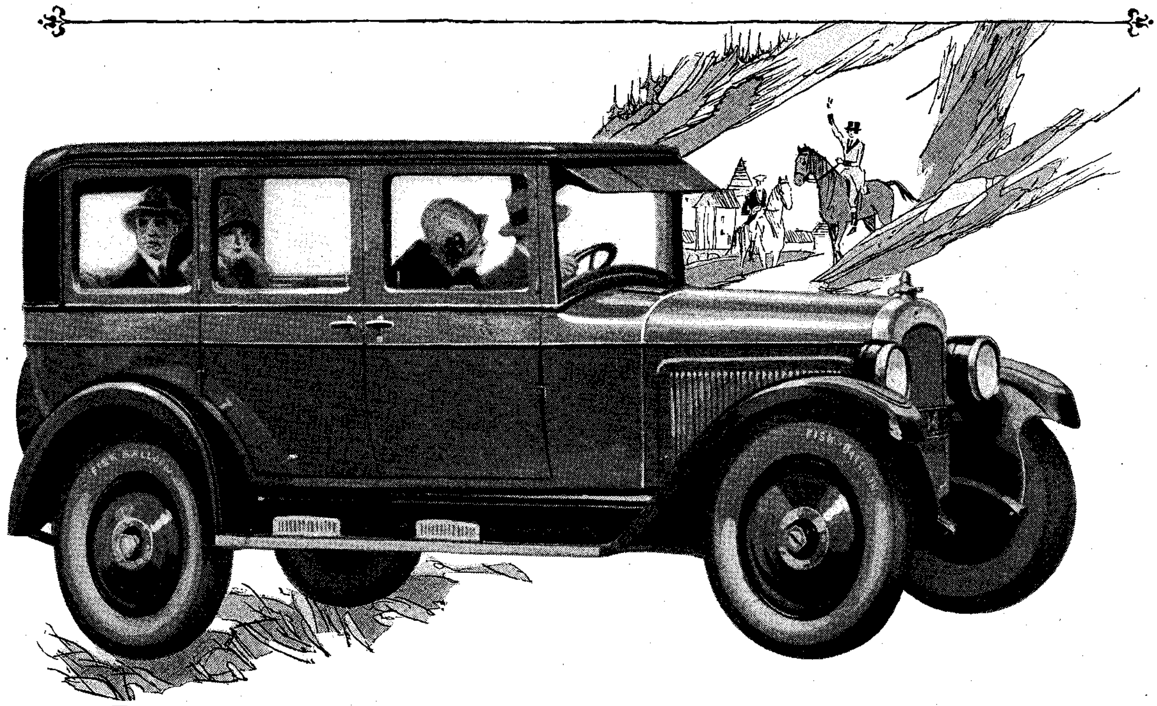
In size ❧ beauty ❧ luxury ❧ power ❧ price ❧ in sheer excellence at low cost ❧ *this fine six easily leads its field*

From any viewpoint you may regard it, this fine new Overland Six is a remarkable motor car ❧ ❧ characterful in style, delightful in performance ❧ ❧ richly finished, masterfully engineered ❧ ❧ handling at all speeds with an ease restful to men and a joy to women.

Within many, many dollars of its price, there is nothing that can compare with this automobile, *for quality* ❧ ❧ a 38-horsepower engine ❧ ❧ 112¾-inch wheelbase ❧ ❧ Larger main bearing surface ❧ ❧ Pressure feed lubricating system ❧ ❧ Oil-tight universal joints ❧ ❧ Heavier crown fenders ❧ ❧ Two-tone polished lacquer finish ❧ ❧ Genuine carpet floor coverings ❧ ❧ Very latest finger-type spark and throttle levers ❧ ❧ Unusual room and comfort.

See this fine, powerful Overland Six ❧ ❧ a car you will delight to drive ❧ ❧ a car that you and yours will be proud to go about in. Easy terms. A small amount down. 52 weeks or longer for the balance. Your present car will be applied as part payment.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio - Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada



OVERLAND SIX

Standard Sedan $895 *DeLuxe Sedan* $1095

Prices f.o.b. Toledo

WILLYS · OVERLAND · FINE · MOTOR · CARS

Springfield, Missouri

really well, or who have thoroughly mastered some subject in which the listening public will be interested.

"If they have 'news value,' so much the better. I used to be a newspaper man myself; and in picking our feature numbers, I employ that 'sixth sense' which all journalists are supposed to have.

"For instance, I read in the paper one day about a woman over in Brooklyn, who was playing the piano in a motion-picture theater and who suddenly fell heir to two million dollars! I asked her to tell, over the radio, how it feels to become unexpectedly a great heiress. We all have dreamed of something like that happening to ourselves. Here was a case where the dream had come true.

"I watch the daily papers and get a good many 'tips' from them. When the Russian grand duke, Boris, was in the limelight last winter, I got him for a short talk on his 'Impressions of America.'

"Our programs are made up two weeks in advance, but these 'feature numbers' are crowded in as soon as we get them. You see, if we can be the first station to present something new and of special interest, it is a 'scoop' for us.

"Important people are almost always hard to get. In the first place, they don't need publicity. Many prominent persons, like big business and professional men, or women of social position, are not really in public life, and they are not seeking publicity. But the greatest difficulty is that they are so busy."

"I wish you would tell me just what is done when a person is going to broadcast for the first time," I said. "Begin at the beginning and describe the whole proceeding."

"All right," he agreed. "First, we decide to ask John Smith, for example, to give a short radio talk. We select him because he is an authority on some subject which will interest people. If he consents, we arrange the date and the hour.

"If possible, I have a little talk with Mr. Smith in advance about what he is going to say. However, that isn't necessary if he has definite ideas in regard to it. I tell him that his talk must not last more than twelve minutes; for the announcer uses up the rest of the fifteen minutes allotted to that number. Six pages of ordinary double-spaced typewriting represent twelve minutes of talking. I tell him this as a guide to length. When he comes to the studio on the appointed day, he is almost certain to be nervous. Women are nervous, too, but they are not so frank about admitting it. That's one time when men are more talkative than women.

"The first thing to do is to put the person at his ease. In some studios, everything is so formal and dignified, you'd think you had strayed into an undertaking parlor. From the moment you enter the outer door, there is an atmosphere of hushed solemnity.

"Of course, being human, I think my way is better. I greet people informally, cheerfully, and try to make them feel at home. Some of them act as if they were just about to be put on the operating table. I can't help saying to them: 'Don't worry! It's entirely painless.'

"While John Smith is waiting for his turn, he sits in the outer office, so as not to disturb the person who is already broadcasting here in the studio. When he does come in, he is placed in front of the microphone. The one on the standard is adjustable; it can be raised, or lowered, to suit the height of a singer, a violinist, or any one who stands. But if John Smith is going to talk, he is seated at the table and uses that microphone.

"The important thing, as I said before, is to get him to talk conversationally. Most people are not used to talking 'on their feet.' If they can do it at all, they are likely to become oratorical. But if they sit down and talk it suggests an informal conversation. So it is good psychology to put Mr. Smith in a chair. It helps to keep him from making a regular speech."

"What about his voice?" I asked. "Can anybody talk over the radio?"

"Why—yes; but unless a voice has resonance, it won't broadcast well. The essential thing is not to talk too loud. The first question people ask is: 'How loud shall I speak?'

"In the next room there is a dial, with a pointer which indicates the force or volume of the speaker's voice. A man sits there throughout the program, watching this dial. If the voice is not loud enough, this man can 'step it up'—make it stronger by amplifying it. But if it is too loud, he can't 'step it down.' And then the listeners-in get raucous noises, like those you hear when a person shouts at you over the telephone."

"Some people talk very rapidly," I said. "Does this interfere in broadcasting?"

"You can speak pretty fast without causing trouble, provided you articulate clearly. But when people are nervous, they have a tendency to gallop through their speech. So we have a card, on which 'SLOW' is printed; and if a person gets to doing a verbal sprint, I hold this card up in front of him. Or I may say, 'Slower!' not out loud, of course, for the radio audience would hear me if I did.

"That's one thing the beginners often forget. They will turn to me and ask if they are doing all right; or they will make some side remark, not realizing that people will hear it perhaps halfway around the world.

"For instance, every radio fan must have heard speakers wind up their talk with, 'Well, thank heaven, that's over!' You'd be surprized to know how many of them say something like that; and they say it the minute they finish their speech, without even turning away from the microphone.

"When Chaplin had spoken his last line, he exclaimed: 'Whew! I'll bet I've lost nine pounds in fifteen minutes!' If his audience heard him, and I don't see how they could have missed it, they may have thought it was part of his talk, put in for fun. But it wasn't. Like most people, he seemed to think the radio stopt the minute his speech did."

It takes most beginners to about the middle of the second page of their talk to overcome this nervousness, we are told. They really get into their stride then; and "by the time their twelve minutes are up, they are going strong." And many of them "would like to keep on going," according to McCosker. Another writer on radio, Corley W. Kirby, tells us in *The Detroiter* that advertising is now hailed as the solution of the question, "who shall pay for broadcasting?" He continues:

In the early days of radio it was thought that the manufacturers, distributors and dealers in radio receiving-sets might provide this service, but the scope and expense of keeping powerful stations "on the air" for hours at a time exceeded this possibility. Suggestions that receiving-sets be metered, that "fans" contribute a certain sum monthly or annually toward the upkeep of broadcasting stations, and many others, were all found to be unworkable. Now the sale of advertising time in the bigger stations has gone far toward the solution of that problem, working on the principle that it is much easier to tax the public indirectly than directly.

Station WJR, operated by the Jewett Radio & Phonograph Company, with headquarters at Pontiac, and a studio atop of the Book-Cadillac Hotel, Detroit, has but recently been placed in service. This station, one of the most powerful in the country, "covers" the United States and includes in its circle of activity all of Canada. Its estimated audiences embrace 3,000,000 receiving-set owners in the United States and Canada. Advertising time, or radio publicity, is being handled by it on a large scale.

Publicity is handled in the same fashion as WEAF, the big American Telephone & Telegraph Company's station in New York City. This station started sixteen months ago with one advertising account—that of the National Carbon Company, which sponsored a program known as the "Eveready Hour." Since that time the advertising business has grown to amazing proportions. Three accounts with WEAF, the National Carbon Company, the Goodrich Company and the Atwater Kent Manufacturing Company, now spend $200,000 a year for advertising in that station.

When radio publicity is mentioned to some advertising men, they immediately begin to think in terms of how many people would hear a hosiery-sale announcement that they would like to get on the air, or how they could tell a long technical story about the great advantages their company's products have over those of a competitor.

Naturally, all of this can be broadcast. It could be broadcast seven days a week so far as government regulations are concerned, but it is one thing to broadcast a direct advertising message and another thing to get some one to listen to it. There is no Better Business Bureau to keep a check on the enthusiastic advertiser, but if the station doing the broadcasting expects to have an audience to listen to its broadcasting, it must limit this enthusiast to "name" publicity.

These direct advertising methods have been attempted and proved worthless, while the name publicity method has proved highly satisfactory. It is a publicity message carried in a new and effective way to the consumer. It completes the advertising cycle.

The attitude on radio publicity has changed considerably in recent months. At first the audience thought their good-nature was being disregarded and a new form of commercialism coming in from all angles. The audience now realizes that through the medium of publicity programs sponsored by large manufacturers, entertainment of much higher character can be given them by broadcasting stations.

The idea that they were getting something new was an erroneous one in the first place, because the motive behind every broadcasting station in the United States to-day is publicity. If the name of the owner of the station could not be broadcast along with the call letters, the number of stations would shrivel

Drink it through Stone's Sanitary Straws

Of course, she keeps them handy!

Hostesses the country over, keep Stone's Straws on hand. Dainty, delicate, golden-tinted, they add to the charm and good taste of every cold drink. They are used in the best homes everywhere.

Even the best drink tastes better through a straw. Always use Stone's Straws in serving milk to children. They prevent gulping, thereby aiding digestion. Made and packed entirely by machinery, they are absolutely sanitary. Also be sure to use them at the Soda Fountain and with bottled drinks.

Get a convenient Home Package—several weeks' supply—at your druggist's, 10c. If your druggist cannot supply you, send us his name and address and 10c. and we will see that you are supplied at once.

The Stone Straw Co
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS
GENERAL OFFICES—WASHINGTON, D. C.
FACTORIES:
WASHINGTON, D. C. BALTIMORE, MD.

STONE'S SANITARY STRAWS

Get the Home Package at your Druggist's 10¢

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

up to two digits within a month. So, after all, radio publicity has been with us since the advent of broadcasting.

A great deal of pioneering has been done in the past twelve months in radio publicity. It requires a special technique, just as other forms of publicity require special technique. Every program must be built to meet the requirements of the client. It would be folly to build a light popular presentation for one concern and expect it to fit the needs of any other. It would not, in exactly the same degree that a certain type of display advertising will not meet requirements of many business houses.

Radio publicity has a definite place in the merchandising plans of manufacturers, and it will be granted this place before many months. It will get the name and product before the public in a new and novel way. It will create a feeling of friendly familiarity toward products mentioned in carefully prepared radio presentations.

Broadcasting is a natural monopoly. There are only a certain number of wavelengths available for broadcasting purposes, so it is only natural that the facilities of well-established stations should be made available to those manufacturers who require them. The student of radio publicity makes just one claim—it builds good-will.

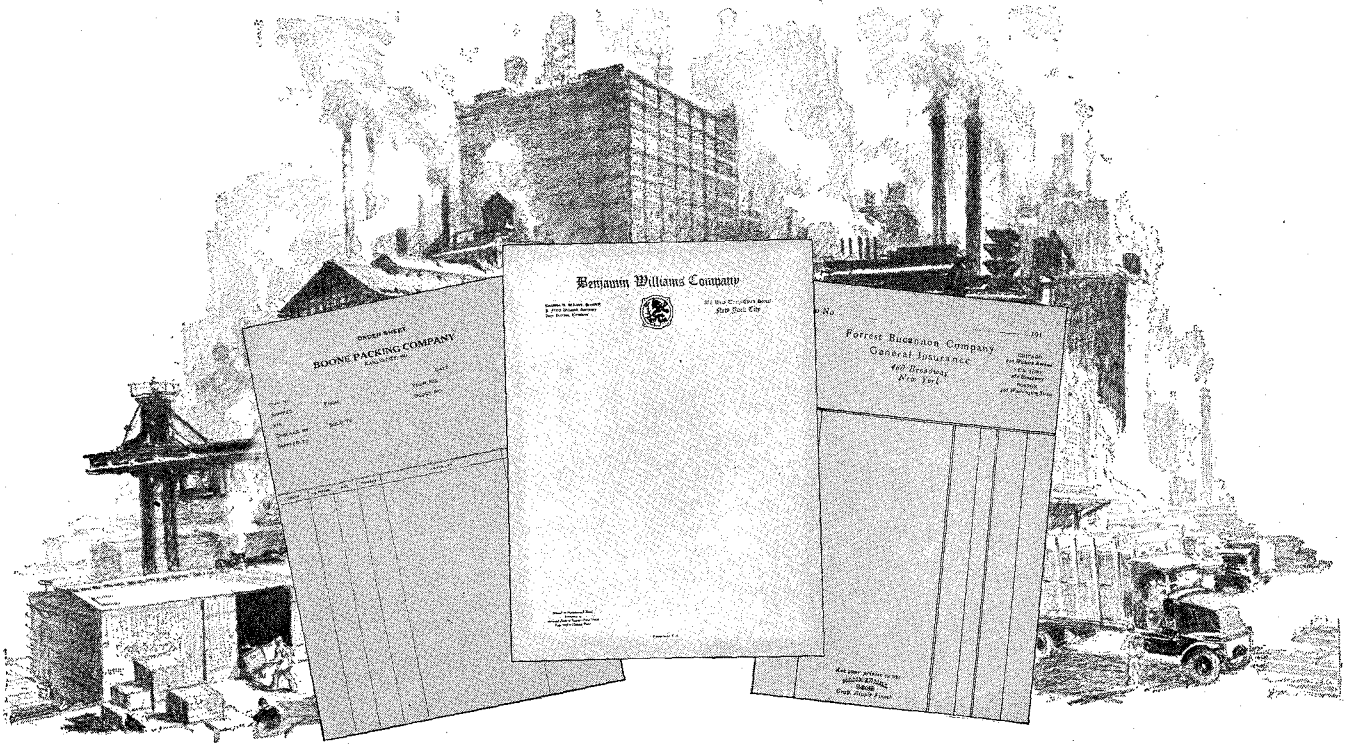
BIRDS' ORCHESTRA LACKS ONLY A SAXOPHONE

BELLS and bagpipes, kettledrums and castanets—these are among the instruments evolved by the bird family, long before the human family developed the beginnings of a jazz band, according to naturalists who have been investigating the subject. We are told that many birds "can so imitate the sounds made by various musical instruments as quite to baffle the person who hears them for the first time." Writing in the initial number of *Music and Youth* (Boston), described as "the first musical magazine for young people in America," L. R. Brightwell remarks that the effect is "as tho the bird plays an invisible drum, or performs upon a hidden set of bells." And he continues:

> Two birds of our fens and marsh-lands, the rare bittern and the common snipe, have from very early times been famous as drummers. In medieval times, when the bittern was far more plentiful in England, the country people called him "Meer drum" and "Bull of the Frogs." His deep booming tones must have sounded very uncanny out on the lonely marshes, especially as the heron-like bird that made them usually kept well out of sight.
>
> Quite as strange is the "drumming" of the snipe. He is a small bird, and during the hunting season you may see him in some of the markets, when you may find out for yourself how he "drums." If you take the large "flight" feathers out of his wings and fit them in a row on to a piece of cane, and then wave your feathery wand swiftly through the air, you will get quite a fair idea of the "drum" or "bleat" of a snipe. It is caused by the curiously shaped flight feathers cutting through the air as the snipe descends from an immense height in a graceful "spiral." The bittern's boom is made by the throat—as is the emu's thunderous sound and the ostrich's roar, which has often been mistaken for that of a lion.
>
> There is yet another way some birds have of "drumming." Several kinds of grouse and turkeys have a trick of spreading their wings and drawing the tips of the large quills over the ground. The feathers are so formed that they act as sounding-boards, with the result that the rustling sound of the dragged quills is magnified till it is more like a roll on a miniature kettledrum.
>
> An instrument of the same family as the drum—the castanet—is played by several different birds. Storks play the castanets, or "bones," by clattering their bills. They make the sound by opening and shutting their mouths over and over again so quickly that their beaks look just a blur. The woodpecker plays his castanets by repeatedly tapping the bark of a tree so quickly that it sounds like a stick being drawn across a row of palings. It is true he taps the tree with the object of driving out the insects on which he feeds, but his "castanet" tappings are only indulged in occasionally, and are intended for music. He only makes them during the nesting season, and they correspond (as do most performances of "bird music") to our own love songs.

Another bird that can play an instrument similar to the castanets is the night-jar, or whippoorwill. As we read:

> You may hear his strange cry on a warm summer evening. The vibrations become faster and faster, until at last it is just like the whirring of a big wooden rattle, such as is sometimes used for scaring birds off the crops.
>
> The largest modern orchestras have bells, and some of Nature's bell-ringers may be seen in the small bird-house at the Zoo. The famous bell-bird of Brazil would look much like a large white thrush were it not for the three curious tubes which spring from his beak, and these tubes are chiefly responsible for his wonderful voice. It is just like the tolling of a bell, and on a quiet night can be heard a mile or more from the Zoo. There are many kinds of bell-birds. Some live and "chime" in flocks, others answer each other's toll from a distance.
>
> The umbrella-bird (also from Brazil) is Nature's flute-player. His "flute" is attached to his windpipe, and hangs from his breast like a long black feather-covered tassel.
>
> This is strange enough, but it is outdone by a native grouse, who carries a huge wind-bag on each side of his head. These twin bags help the grouse to give a perfect imitation of the "drone" of a bagpipe. A cousin of this bagpiper gives variety to his voice by crowing with his beak close to a stone, a way of singing popular with one of our rarest feathered visitors—the hoopoe.
>
> The "humming" of the little humming-birds, of which we have all heard, is caused by the rapid winnowing of their tiny wings, so that the bird seems to stand still in the air, when the humming is like that of a top.
>
> These are but a few of the bird musicians, and as the great scientists who have studied the subject say, we still know very little about the matter; you see that there is here a field of discovery in which every one of us may work, at home or abroad, in the country or in town.



"LET'S GO" "DO IT NOW" "DON'T FORGET"

The speed and efficiency of modern business are made possible by Printed Forms

A THING stated on paper has more urgency than the spoken word. It is more formal, more deliberate, more clear. And it stays right there looking one in the face until the thing called for is done.

Printed forms get things done in business and done on time. You can scarcely conceive modern business without order blanks, office memos, invoices, letterheads, requisitions. They are not just slips of paper, but the thoughts of busy men made visible and permanent.

You will find that printed forms are specially efficient when you use Hammermill Bond, and this is so for several reasons:

Colors are important for identifying different branches or divisions, and Hammermill Bond comes in twelve standard colors as well as white.

The surface is right for printing, writing, typewriting and for carbon copies. And records made on Hammermill are enduring, for this noted utility bond is tough and lasting.

Finally, and of utmost importance, you can get Hammermill Bond through your printer without delay. If you have forgotten to re-order some form, a last-minute telephone call means not an emergency substitute but the same reliable Hammermill you always use.

The price makes Hammermill Bond economical; the standardized qualities make it indispensable. You can always tell Hammermill Bond by the watermark.

Write us on your business letterhead so we can tell the nature of your business and we shall be glad to send you, without charge or obligation, the Hammermill Bond Working Kit—a portfolio of forms, letterheads and sample sheets.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.

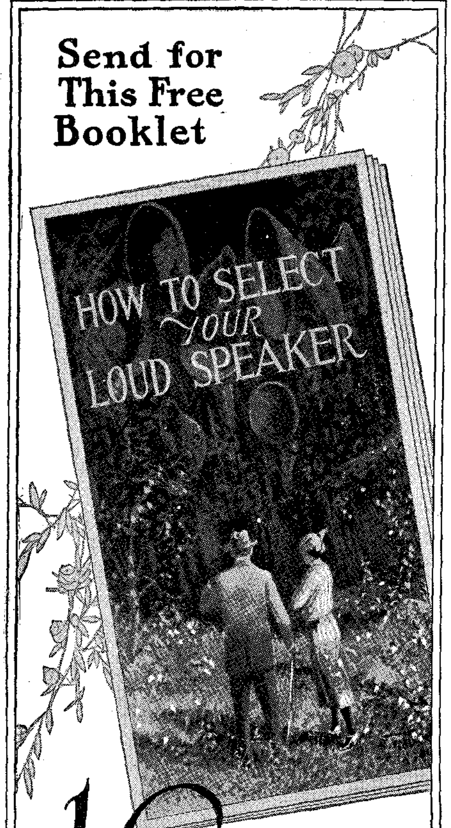
Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL
BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.

Send for This Free Booklet


HOW TO SELECT YOUR LOUD SPEAKER

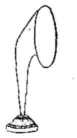
16 Pages of Valuable Information

A plain description of the important working parts of loud speakers in general and the Bristol in particular.

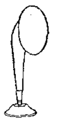
It explains just why Bristol Loud Speakers give purer tone quality and why the new Super Unit with diaphragm of broad pitch range reproduces the low or high notes with equal truthfulness—the things you are most particular about in a loud speaker.

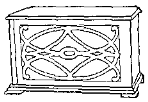
It tells you how to look for and find tone quality.

Send for Free Booklet "A"


Model S $25

Model J $20


Baby Grand $15


Cabinet Model C $30

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MILLION-DOLLAR BROADWAY FARM YIELDS FINE CROP

City corn, grown in the shadow of huge apartment-houses on land that is valued at the foot instead of the acre, is described as rich and succulent by those who have partaken of it. But whether it tastes any better than honest-to-goodness country corn, that never saw a sky-scraper, is open to question. However, the fact that farming is still carried on in the City of New York is news to most people—even to many residents of that city itself—and Ruth Brownlow's account of metropolitan agriculture in the New York *Evening Telegram* gives a singular picture of "the country in the city." She writes:

> Up where the houses on Broadway are numbered in the four thousands, an occasional tree and a vacant lot or two are all that are left to proclaim that until a few years ago this was farm land. The city has reached out to and beyond 196th Street, and the same trolley-cars, the same automobiles, the same paved streets and the same apartment-houses that make 96th Street a typical section of New York have swallowed up the country and are making 196th Street just another typical section of the city.
>
> But a few traces of bygone days still remain, and right on Broadway, if you look closely, you will see, completely surrounded by tall apartment-houses and paved streets, a farm.
>
> It's Al's farm. He's been there for thirty-five years, and he expects to stay until every inch of his little four acres is dug up to form basements for the oncoming buildings.
>
> Al Zerrenner was born thirty-eight years ago on a farm at 88th Street and Central Park West. But a few years later the city chased his parents up to 196th Street—into the real country, where there wouldn't be any danger of buildings encroaching upon the farm land.
>
> And there Al has lived and worked ever since, raising corn on land that is valued at a million dollars, and selling it from his little stand to all comers, whether they rattle up in a second-hand Ford or glide up in a luxurious Rolls-Royce.
>
> He can remember the time when Broadway was a dirt road and the rains made deep ditches on the hill that is still a part of the street. In those days it was a long trip down to 125th Street to go boating in the Harlem, and the city was too far away to visit more than once in a long while.
>
> Al's father didn't realize that his small farm would one day be worth a fortune, so he didn't buy the land. But Al has no regrets.
>
> "Sometimes I wish I owned this land, but at other times I am just as glad that I don't. Money isn't everything. I'm happy and I have a happy, healthy family. So what more could I wish?"
>
> Mr. Zerrenner is able to hold on to his farm without paying an enormous rent because as long as he tills the soil the owners pay low taxes, since it is assessed as farm land.
>
> Al does all the work himself, and sometimes that means working from fifteen to twenty hours a day growing the corn and selling it to the people.
>
> "I don't have to announce my opening," he said. "The people know when it is time to buy corn here. They watch from their apartment windows and see me picking the corn.
>
> "Last Sunday I picked four thousand ears and it was all sold before night. Sometimes I get as much as a dollar a dozen for my corn and for some of it I have received as much as a dollar an ear. Some of my customers tell me I should put up a sign, 'Come in and be done,' but I give them something for their money. They get the tenderest and sweetest corn here that can be grown and they are willing to pay for it."

Photograph copyrighted by Keystone View Company

THE BROADWAY FARMER AND HIS CROP

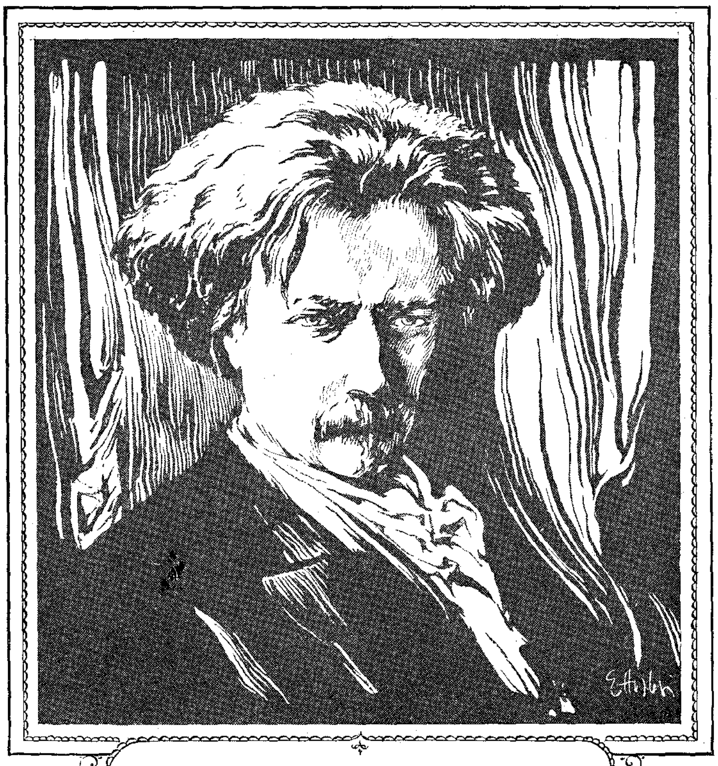
Miss Brownlow remarks that perhaps the fact that the corn is grown on ground worth a million dollars makes it sweet and tender, and she continues:

> But we have a suspicion that it is Al's sl knowledge and his work that makes it so After he had been telling about putting phosphate of soda beside each hill of cor so that the rains would wash it down an feed it to the corn, and about pulling o

Old STEINWAY HALL

For half a century, old Steinway Hall was one of the musical centers of New York. Hundreds of celebrities in the world of music have been welcomed at old Steinway Hall, both as artists and as friends of the Steinway family.

You need never buy another piano



Ignace Paderewski
uses the Steinway exclusively

Particularly welcome at the establishment of any Steinway dealer are those who are interested in the facts about the Steinway piano; who seek an explanation of its miraculous singing tone; who wish to know the reasons for its durability, its beauty, and its long established record of superiority.

For the bare recital of the truth about the Steinway is utterly convincing. You will find, for instance, that all the major improvements marking the progress of the piano were originated, and were brought to perfection, in the Steinway workshops. You will discover that five years and eleven months of painstaking preparation and workmanship is required to build a Steinway piano. You will find that literally scores of the most famous pianists in the musical world not only use the Steinway on the concert stage, but in their homes; subjecting them, day after day and year after year, to the most strenuous practice. Practice so trying that the hardest usage of children and amateurs seems insignificant by comparison.

And afterward, when you are seated at one of the many Steinway models in an utterly silent showroom . . . try the beautiful liquid treble, crystal clear . . . sense the rolling sonority of the bass . . . touch the middle section and set the singing, golden mezzo-tones floating. . . . . .

Then, if you are a really careful and logical buyer, you become the owner of a Steinway. And the purchase of a piano is transformed into an investment in the skill, knowledge and integrity of four generations of the Steinway family.

It is not unnatural for people to think that this piano of the masters of music is too costly to own.

This is not true.

The Steinway has always been sold, as a matter of principle, at the lowest possible price and upon the most convenient terms. Some one of the models designed to fit the acoustics of every home may be yours, easily and at once. And then begins the unfailing return made by each Steinway to its owner—a new appreciation of music and a deeper insight into its significance, year after year of satisfaction, and a tonal beauty that will be an everlasting joy to you, to your children, and even to your children's children. You need never buy another piano.

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There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. *Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

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STEINWAY

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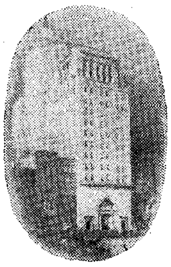
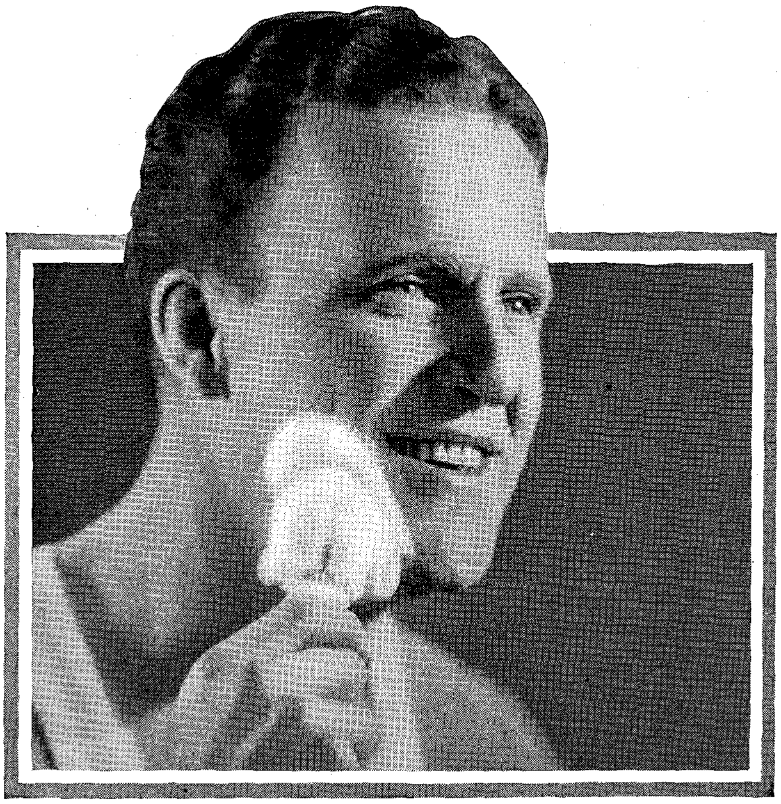


New STEINWAY HALL

New Steinway Hall is one of the handsomest buildings on a street noted for finely designed business structures. As a center of music, it will extend the Steinway tradition to the new generations of music lovers.



Test this lather *FREE*

It stays wet 2 to 3 minutes longer!

Williams Shaving Cream actually gives a lather that stays wet and full 2 to 3 minutes longer than any other lather we know of.

Test it yourself—free. Tell us to send you a trial tube. It costs you nothing. You get enough Williams for a full week of better shaves. Try it.

By the end of three shaves you'll know you've found the shaving cream that you'll stick to:

—Williams piles up lather that is lather. Quickly—a bulk of lather that keeps its bulk.

—This lather drives the oil-film from each hair. What happens? As the oil-film is loosened, the busy moisture in the lather soaks into each hair, softening it thoroughly for easy cutting.

—Your shave with Williams leaves your face cool, glove-smooth, as refreshed as after a massage.

Thousands of men know these reasons for Williams ever-growing popularity. Williams is *shaving* lather. The result of three generations of specializing. It is a pure, white cream, absolutely free from coloring matter.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

the small shoots to give strength to the big stalks, we asked Mr. Zerrenner if he read scientific books about farming. His answer was convincing.

"No, I never read a book on farming in my life. All I know about it was pounded into my head with a hoe. I had to learn these things when I was a youngster, and it's easy to apply such knowledge now. I come from a farming family, you see. My grandparents had a dairy farm at 41st Street and Ninth Avenue."

The ceiling of Al's stand is hung with different varieties of corn, drying for seed. One ear weighed three pounds when it was picked—and if you will just weigh an ordinary-sized ear of corn you can get some idea of how much three pounds is in an ear of corn. Some of them are black—the tenderest of all, Al says. And some of them are a mixture of black and white, Al's own blend.

It is in the winter that Mr. Zerrenner makes up for those twenty-hour days of the summer-time. Then is when he does what he really likes to do. He goes off into the hills to hunt and fish.

And some day, when his farm is only a memory, Al expects to move on out into the real country and take up hunting and trapping as a profession.

"I wouldn't want another farm," he said. "I've been at it long enough to want a change. But I'll stay here until I'm run off by a steam shovel."

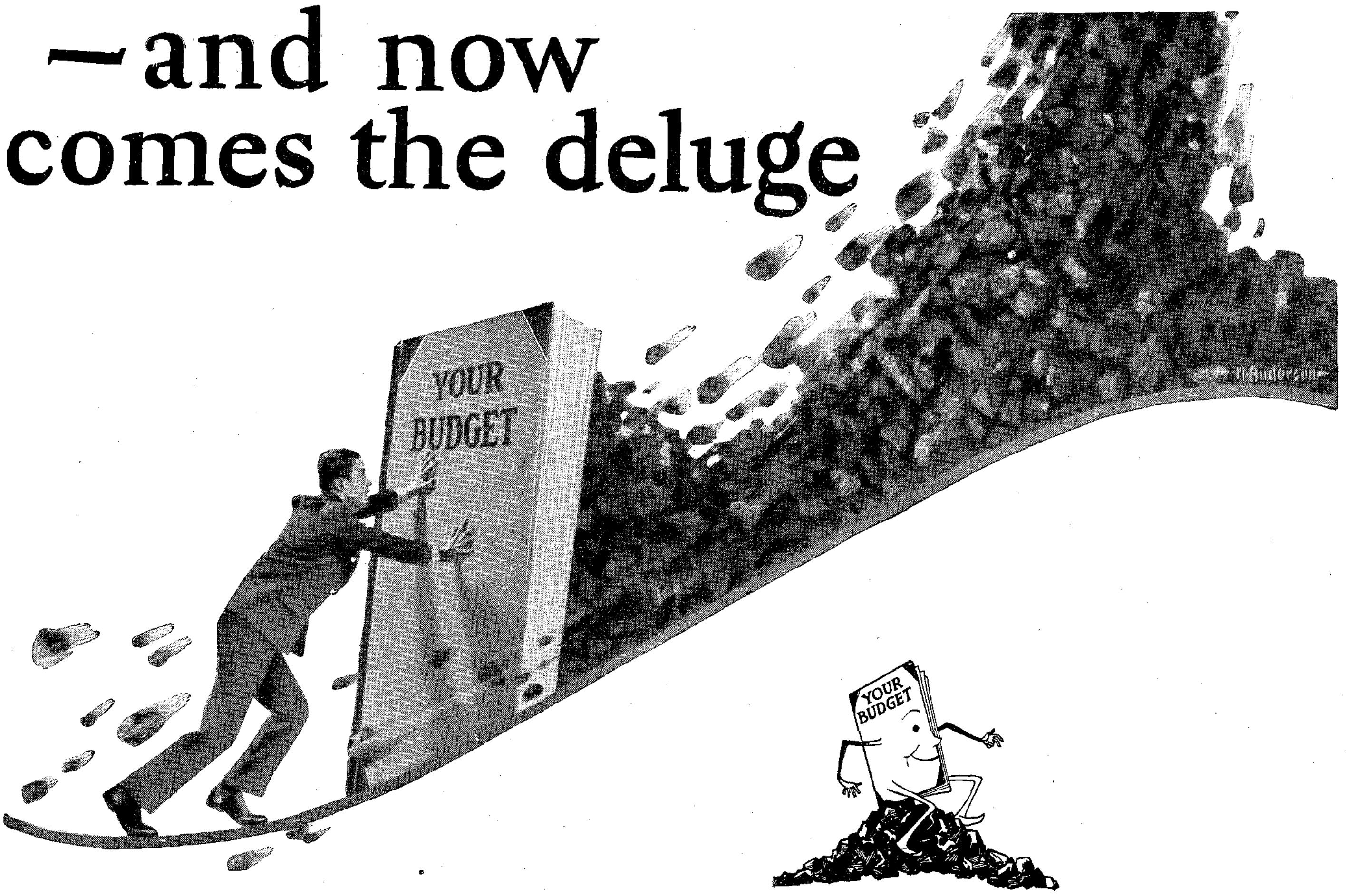
THE WATCH BY THE *S-51*

A GRAPHIC picture of the earliest efforts to detect and save any life that might be left in the sunken submarine *S-51* is contributed to the Boston *Transcript* by W. A. Macdonald, under a New London date-line. He introduces us to the divers as "two tawny slugs with large globular heads" clinging to two ladders on the low side of the diving-boat. They are hanging there, "waiting for the air-pressure to be reduced within their helmets," having just come up through 125 feet of water from the hull of the wrecked submarine. And we read on:

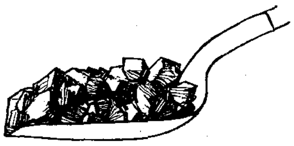
These figures and the gray Navy ships anchored fourteen miles outside of Block Island were the signs that thirty-three men lay at the bottom of the sea. The sea itself moved endlessly in the high sun of Sunday noon. To the rim of the world it moved like a black plain whipt by fine wires of gold. Merciless, unfeeling altogether, it moved in the sunshine, and there were men beneath it that might be living in an air-scrimped penthouse. What had those divers been doing was what the men on the gray ships wanted to know. They had been walking the bottom of the sea, stamping with weighted feet on the steel hull of the submarine, feeling with their hands for the vibration of rapped response, seeking means to adjust the tackle that might lift the ship and lift the men from fathoms deep up to the light that sparkled on the sea.

Anchored over the sunken ship was her sister ship, the *S-50*. Anchored over her and moored to her, too. There she lay with water washing through beneath her

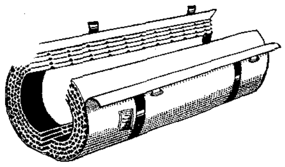
—and now comes the deluge



Your budget will come out on top if you can save two or three tons of coal. And you can. Consider this:

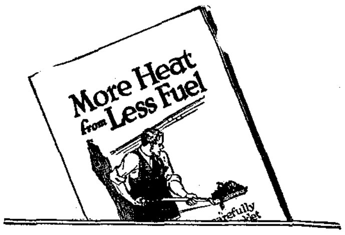


This much coal costs ***seven*** cents.



This three-foot section of Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel pipe insulation should save 70 cents worth of coal in one winter.

If all pipes and heater are insulated, this means from one to several tons, depending upon climate and size of house; so Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel usually pays for itself in a short time.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Free!—a book that tells how to get the most heat out of every shovel of coal you put in your furnace.

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JUST beyond the end of each busy day—nights of twinkling stars—new worlds of social gayety—life, laughter and relaxation—yours to seek, to find and to enjoy—*anywhere!* Such is the miracle of the modern *motor car* in its conquest of time and distance—its utter comfort—and the supreme ease and convenience of each detail of its operation.

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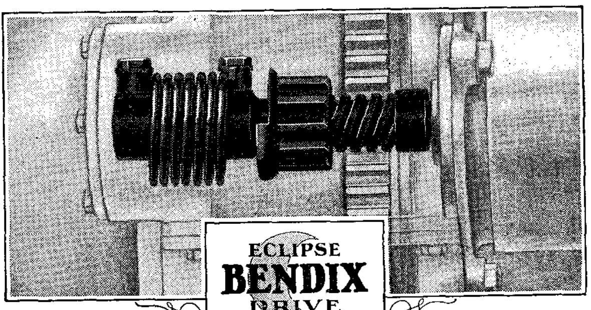


"THE MECHANICAL HAND THAT CRANKS YOUR CAR"

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

false deck as is the way with submarines, and a few hundred yards away lay another similar craft. While the divers struck against the *S-51* hoping for response, every listening device of these submarines was manned. But this work was all concealed from those who waited. There was no rush of men, no dash of ships upon the surface. The submarine mother ship, the *Camden*, lay stedfastly at anchor. The smaller gray ships swung at their cables. A great crane buffed heavily against the chop as a tug moved her nearer to lifting vantage. The divers were nearly ready with the strap by which the derrick was to lift.

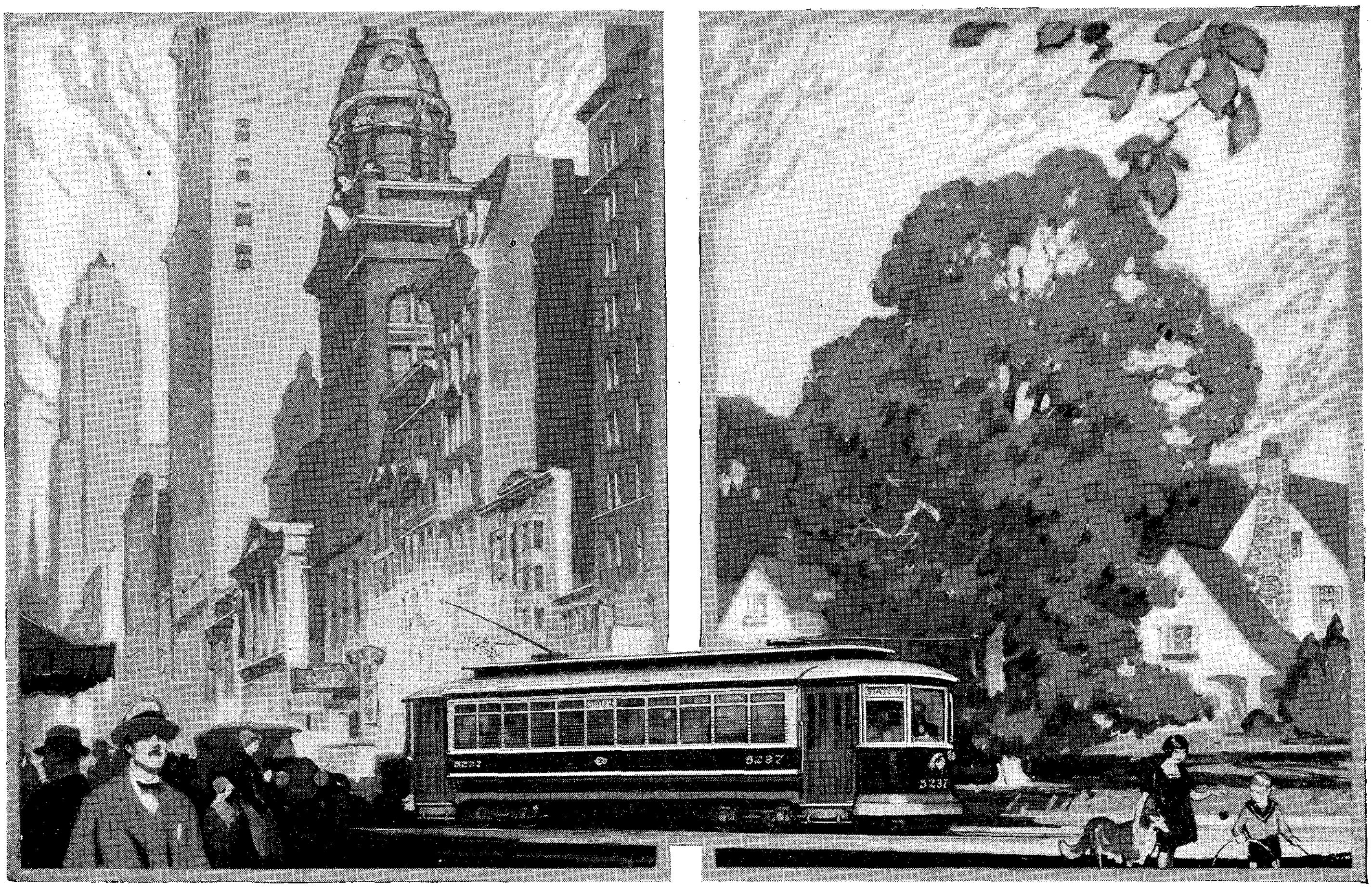
Overhead a seaplane throbbed the steady song of some new kind of butterfly of bronze and gold. Some said it was a rum-runner's scout. A small, fast craft on the surface lay idly watching the scene; some said this was a rum-runner himself, but empty. The coast guard patrol boats carrying newspaper men wheeled and rolled their red bottoms out of water as the wind rose. From Navy ship to Navy ship the motor sailers and an occasional launch wove to and fro beneath the tutelage of pitching youngsters whose faces were wet with spray. But for most of the men there was nothing to do but watch the diving boat and the slow movements of the crane being shoved into position for the moment for which they all waited.

On the deck of the submarine farthest away not a figure moved; only the deck-line and the black silhouette of the deck-gun showed in the afternoon. On the *S-50* above the sunken wreck, men stood idly, some leaning against the low rail, here a man smoking a pipe, there two men talking together. Then from the signal bridge of the big *Camden* a marine, trimly straight in his dark tunic and his lighter trousers, his white-topped hat held down by the strap beneath his chin, semaphored with red and yellow flags. From the bridge of the *S-50* a bluejacket made angular motions back. The jacky was against the sun so that he was merely a thin silhouette of black, his flags as black as he. From the deck of the crane another signal flickered. They were talking, talking, talking, ship to ship, by means of these winking bits of bunting. And the wind freshened and the sun still whipt the long black plain with brushes of wire and gold.

In the sea marking the square of operations black logs hung heavily, sousing in the swells. For most of the men who watched there was nothing else to do.

By way of contrast we learn that "from the stern of the *Camden* men fished with lines weighted with bolts." From the stern of a tug youngsters did likewise, and Mr. MacDonald continues:

On the steady deck of the *Camden*, forward, officers lounged, except the officer of the deck, who was busy with his arriving and departing launches, and the communications officer, who moved with business-like speed from point to point. Above, in his quarters, Admiral Christy received the news men who sought to ask him questions. There was no hurry here. The admiral was serious, but not perturbed, to the inquiring eye. He sat where the sun came in a window and cast an arrow of gold across the clear red of his skin. He could only say that everything was being



The city moves to the country

To the electric railways of America the General Electric Company contributes engineering skill and manufacturing efficiency. It builds motors that last a generation in service and controlling devices that make electric transportation one of the safest means of travel in the world.

ELECTRICITY builds cities. Without electric elevators, pumps and fans, the tall buildings would be lifeless piles of steel. Without electric cars, city streets could not accommodate the crowds.

But now, having made the modern city, electricity is making the country. Wherever electric lines lead out from the city, you find suburban property values enhanced, suburban life made comfortable, and waste land blossoming into homes.

The automobile helps. The motor bus helps more. But the trolley and interurban cars are more important still. *Sixteen billion* Americans rode on electric lines last year—145 rides per capita of our entire population!

This is an impressive record for a utility that is still young. The first complete electric railway system in the United States was installed in Richmond, Virginia, in 1888. It was a quaint, almost an experimental car-line. But it introduced a new economy in transportation, a new epoch in the art of making homes.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

He'd take his hat off to

MENNEN

Garbed in strange clothes, mumbling mystic words, the alchemists sought to change lead into gold. But the secret for the transmutation of metals eluded them.

In ultra-modern laboratories our chemists sought a method of changing spiky, stiff whiskers into softest down. They found the secret for the dermutation of beards.

Now millions of men perform a modern miracle in their bathrooms every morning. A tiny sliver of Mennen Shaving Cream billows into mountainous, moist lather. Belligerent bristles take the count. The razor whisks the whiskers away. Faces are blissfully unconscious that anything is going on.

Grouches are transformed into grins. Yegg-man appearance fades into gentlemanly grooming in an incredibly short time.

These results are automatic. No fussing with towels, no fuming with finger-rubbing. Even if the water is granite hard and cold as a banker's eye, Mennen's will perform perfectly. All this costs only 50 cents.

And treat yourself to a tin of Mennen Talcum for Men. Use all you want—it won't show. 25c buys it.

The Winning Name

It's down to a dozen. They're all so good it's a crime not to use all twelve.

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(Mennen Salesman)

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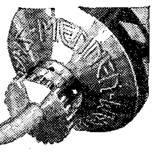
Regular type tube with threaded cap

YOUR CHOICE OF TUBES 50c



New-style tube with non-removable top

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

done that could be done. He could only say that he still had hope. For answers to technical questions his aides came into the conversation with quick, definite statements.

But the surface of that great moving plain, the sea, said nothing. Only as the watcher on a patrol boat rolled about did the glints of the sun suddenly take a new aspect near the black logs about the sunken ship. Suddenly the wire-whipt water ran in a pathway that held fewer lights. The glints that elsewhere were myriad past all comprehension became fewer, larger.

Oil slick!

That was oil from the submarine at the bottom of the sea. It had been coming up since the *S-51* was sunk in collision with the steamer *City of Rome*. It might continue to come up for weeks unless the submarine was raised. But the hours of waiting still provided only a few of those who watched with work to do. The pale blue sky floated hardly a feather of cloud. The patrol boats of the Coast Guard circled slowly, waiting for passengers from the *Camden*. One of them gave passengers to another, surging bow to quarter while men waited for a chance to jump. Once the boats came together with a dull grind of timber as one fell inward upon a sinking wave as the other rose toward it. They sheered away with rail plates bent and circled to try again. As they swung broadside to the sea their red underhulls rolled upward wetly to the sun.

A coast guardsman just missed getting his legs crusht between the hulls. They tried again, and men sprang from deck to deck and were clasped by waiting hands. A motor sailer made another transfer. A whaleboat went adrift and was picked up by a patrol boat and towed by a launch through seas that whirled green and silver and foam about it. And a patrol boat maneuvered to the companionway of the *Camden* to take aboard half a dozen news men, and missed the first attempt and came again, and as she swept upward toward them they jumped and landed safely in every attitude except that of perfect balance.

The unseen work had reached a vital stage. The divers had adjusted their tackle; the crane was ready to lift. The sun was down now in the west to clouds it had found at last. It had fallen through thickening bands through which it burned in a blurred and shapeless fire of orange. Opposite and high the thumbed wafer of the moon brightened into living silver. The crane was ready; the tackle was firm; the engine turned. It turned and the floating derrick tipt. There were no fishermen now at the sterns of vessels. There was no gossip on the decks. In the twilight on the dark plain of the sea the tackle tightened while all men watched. Down went the decks of the derrick ship, and the water poured upward.

But the *S-51* did not come upward. The crane had not the weight, not the power. The thirty-three men were at the bottom of the sea shut up inside their hull of steel. The sun was put out and clouds were reaching for the moon. The wind raised its voice spitefully across the decks, and the smaller craft ran with water from stem to stern and the men aboard them were whipt with salty spray. The black plain of the merciless sea, the entirely unfeeling sea moved ceaselessly under the cold glimmer of the obscuring moon.

YES, THE "ROYAL NORTHWESTS" ALWAYS GET HIM

THE news was a year old, we are told. An American ethnologist and a young Canadian explorer had been killed at Bathurst Inlet. And Ottawa said, "On Patrol!" Walter W. Ligget tells this tale of the activities of the most famous mounted police force in the world. "How Heroes Do Their Stuff" is his title in *Collier's*. He mentions that two Catholic missionaries had previously been murdered by the same tribe. And we picture Ottawa, official Ottawa, shrugging its shoulders as it mutters:

"Two hundred policemen for a tidy fraction of the hemisphere, but this has got to stop. Patrol and police everywhere short of the North Pole, if you must."

The Royal Northwest Mounted Police saluted and set about obedience.

But—Bathurst Inlet!

Two narrow, icebound straits cut off the approach by water. The only practicable route was overland from Hudson Bay through a rocky, barren country, a country so forbidding as to be shunned by Eskimo hunters and French-Canadian trappers. There were no real maps of this region.

H. V. Radford and T. G. Street were killed in 1912; the news came to Fort Fullerton in 1913. The European War was to begin a year later and last for four years—less time than would be required to finish this job at the North.

It took two years to establish a base of supplies at Baker Lake.

In the winter of 1915-16 two attempts were made to reach Bathurst Inlet from this base. Both failed, because game had temporarily deserted the region that had to be traversed, and there was no way of carrying sufficient food for men and dogs.

The murders were four years old and there was by this time some evidence that the murdered men had given the Eskimos grave provocation. Fifty thousand dollars—including the purchase price of a vessel to equip the base at Baker Lake—had been spent in an unavailing effort to investigate. The European War was dragging at every dollar and every man. But—

"On patrol," Ottawa had said; and the order had never been rescinded.

Inspector French, son of the first commander of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, was put on the job.

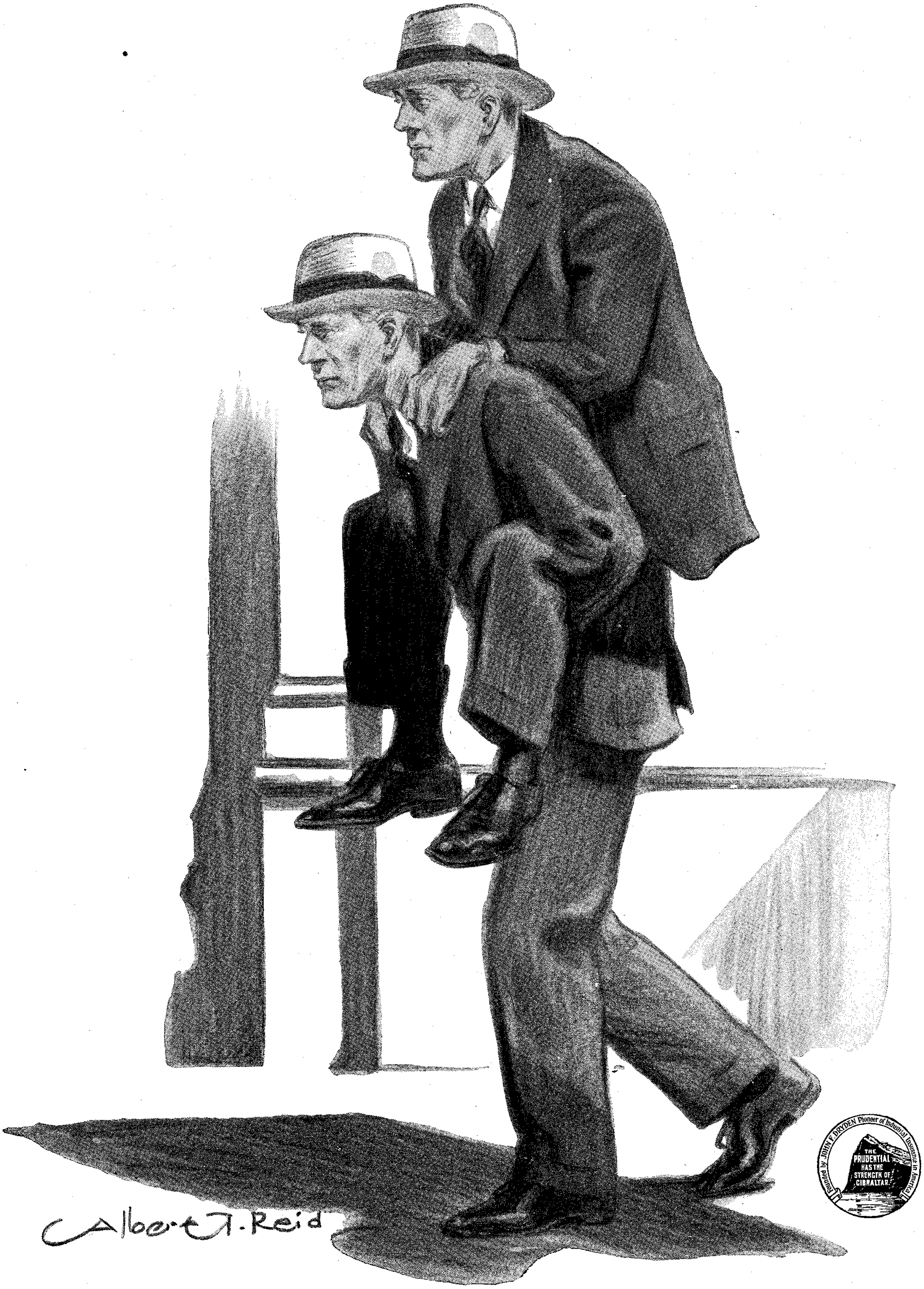
He spent a summer and autumn packing fresh supplies to Baker Lake. And on March 21, 1917, he left his base, accompanied by Sergt.-Maj. T. B. Caulkin.

They had three native dog drivers and a native woman to mend their footgear. There were twenty-five dogs, three sleds, two canoes, in case it should be necessary to cross open water, and food for four weeks.

The lives of all of them depended on killing enough game for food after that.

In a temperature often forty below zero they plodded through deep snow, breaking trail for their heavily laden dogs. At night the Eskimos made igloos, or snow-houses. Frostbite was in every day's work, and from the start all the members of the party suffered from snow-blindness.

They had been gone three days from Baker Lake when timber wolves attacked their camp. There was a wild mêlée of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THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

*Are you going to carry yourself at sixty
or have The Prudential Insurance Company do it?*

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President,* HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

The Health Towel of a hundred uses!

ScotTissue Towels
Scott Paper
Thirsty Fibre
Really DRIES
ND FOREIGN COUNTRIES

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150 towels in a dust-proof carton, 40c. In Rocky Mountain Zone and Canada, 50c. (Postage paid by us.)
24.6 cents per carton when bought by the case (25 cartons—3750 towels). Price per case $6.15 F. O. B. Factory. Weight 60 lbs. Even lower prices on orders of 5, 10 and 25 cases.
Ask your dealer, or send us your order.
SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
Chester, Pa.
Also makers of ScotTissue and Waldorf Toilet Papers

YOUR health lies in your own hands. Literally it is so. For, unclean hands often are sources of infection. To protect your health, washing your hands with soap and water is not enough. For *absolute* protection, dry them upon a clean, never-before-used towel. For just a few cents a day you can enjoy the comfort, convenience and safety of ScotTissue Towels.

for
Kitchen Bathroom Automobile Office Factory

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

wolves and dogs, until the wolves were driven off.

Two days later the wolves raided again and were not driven off until several had been killed. For two weeks these wolves followed the patrol, keeping out of rifle-range by day and making very necessary a sentinel at night.

None of the three Eskimos had been through this country, and the maps—such as they were—proved to be worthless. Inspector French did the best he could with a pocket compass; but the necessity of circling through the valleys and avoiding the bare, snow-swept hills, where the dogs could not pull the sleds made the keeping of direction a complicated affair.

Sometimes they were plain lost in thick fogs.

On April 10, just as provisions were running out, the patrol had the good fortune to meet a party of Eskimos. It was the first of several providences. As we read:

One of the Eskimos knew a passable route to the Arctic Ocean, but objected to serving as guide to the patrol, declaring that the path led through "a land of hardship and starvation." The promise of a rifle tempted him to guide them, so that after being storm-bound for two weeks the patrol covered 200 miles in eleven days, emerging on the shores of the Arctic Sea on May 7.

They were still several hundred miles from their objective. Progress was retarded by having to stop and kill deer and seals for food. But their coal-oil was gone. There is no timber in this country, and they could not cook their meat. The Eskimos thrived on the raw meat, but Inspector French and Caulkin became ill. There was nothing to do but go on.

Now the ice was rotten and the danger of breaking through was constant. The weather had turned warm and as the patrol worked its way along the coast, water often covered the ice fifteen inches deep. Wading in ice-water for hours together made feet so sore that every step was agony; for of course the sharp ice quickly cut boots to ribbons.

One man had to walk ahead with a pole to test the ice; nevertheless Caulkin and two natives broke through and were rescued with difficulty.

One day it would be warm, the next blinding blizzards would send them shivering to their sodden bedding.

"The hardest trip I ever made," Inspector French wrote in his diary on May 10. "We suffer much from cold and exposure. All the more since our supplies ran out and our deer clothing has got the worse for wear and the hair has started falling out and the winds pierce through the seams and holes."

They were having two meals a day of raw deer-meat and were finding it "not agreeable to keep on the go fourteen or sixteen hours between meals."

But on May 14 they did reach a large settlement of Eskimos, some of whom had never seen a white man before, most of whom were armed with rifles obtained from neighboring tribes. But they were the very crowd Inspector French wanted to have a word with.

For a time trouble seemed a dead

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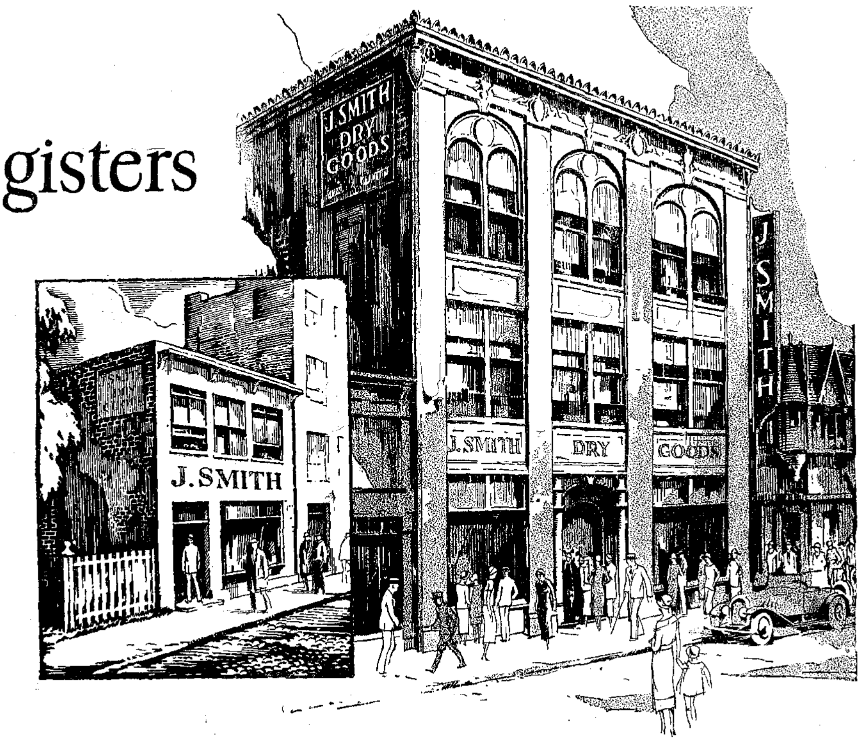

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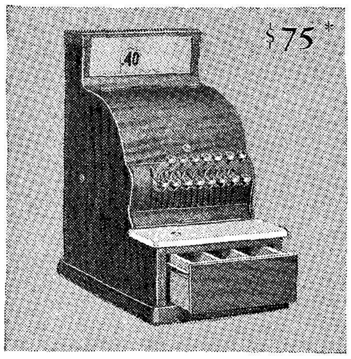

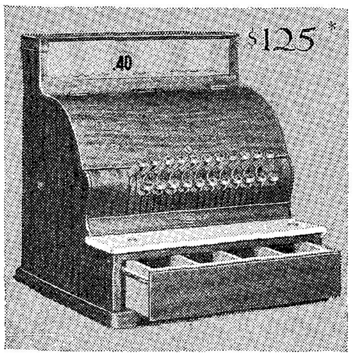

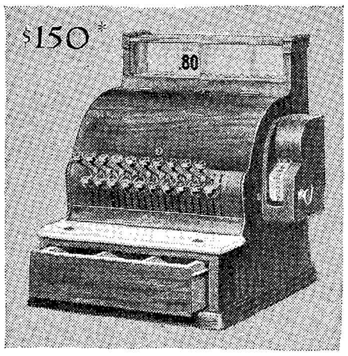

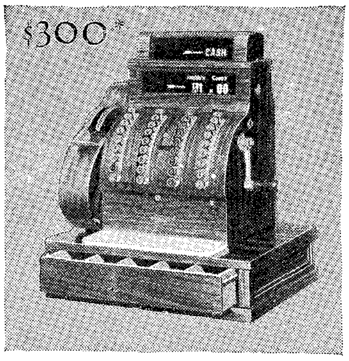

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

certainty as the Eskimos crowded around the policemen. Kinsmen of these natives had killed Radford and Street. Some of the younger men were strong for killing French and Caulkin at once.

Inspector French, having traveled so far, did not purpose to be hurried.

He made a sort of speech or series of speeches composed of short remarks telling who he was, why he had come, and what he wanted to know. He also explained who would come after him, if he were interfered with.

Did any of his hearers know aught of the deaths of Radford and Street? Yes.

French then proceeded to take depositions from a number of the Eskimos; and these sworn to and witnessed, he called the whole tribe together and spoke some more.

The Eskimos heard that there was a white man's law touching on murder and stealing. Murder and theft meant that the white men would appear. Those who had killed or stolen would be taken away and would never return.

French noted, we are told, that the audience seemed deeply imprest. Of course, what really made the impression was, aside from French himself, the warning that one who killed or stole would be taken away and would never come back. The Eskimos were appalled by the thought. Mr. Ligget continues:

It was clear to French from the account of eye-witnesses that no jury would convict the men who had killed Radford and Street. The testimony was unanimous that Radford had provoked the fight by striking a native and threatening to throw him through a crack in the ice. The Eskimos had stabbed Radford to death because they were certain he was about to kill their companion; and Street was struck down as he ran to seize a rifle. There was no evidence to combat a plea of self-defense and French made no attempt to arrest the actual slayers. His instructions were to get the evidence, weigh it carefully and decide. In his decision he was to consider not only the ends of justice in this particular crime but the attitude to be inspired in these tribes. He must show good faith to exact good faith.

These instructions French carried out. But now how was he to get home?

Here was the patrol in one of the least accessible spots on earth. It had taken them fifty-four days to reach it. Their food was entirely gone. They did not even have enough ammunition for the return trip. That is, assuming they found game to shoot for food.

The natives said that three ships had been wintering in the ice 300 miles to the westward. French reached the ships after nine days' hard travel, only to find that they could not spare him supplies.

The patrol pushed on fifty miles further to an isolated Hudson's Bay Company post at Bernard Harbor, arriving June 11.

By this time the rivers were flooding the coast line, the ice was breaking, and further travel was impossible.

The patrol settled down for the summer. On October 28 they started back to Baker Lake. It required thirteen days to cover the first 150 miles.

The Eskimos, experienced travelers, were

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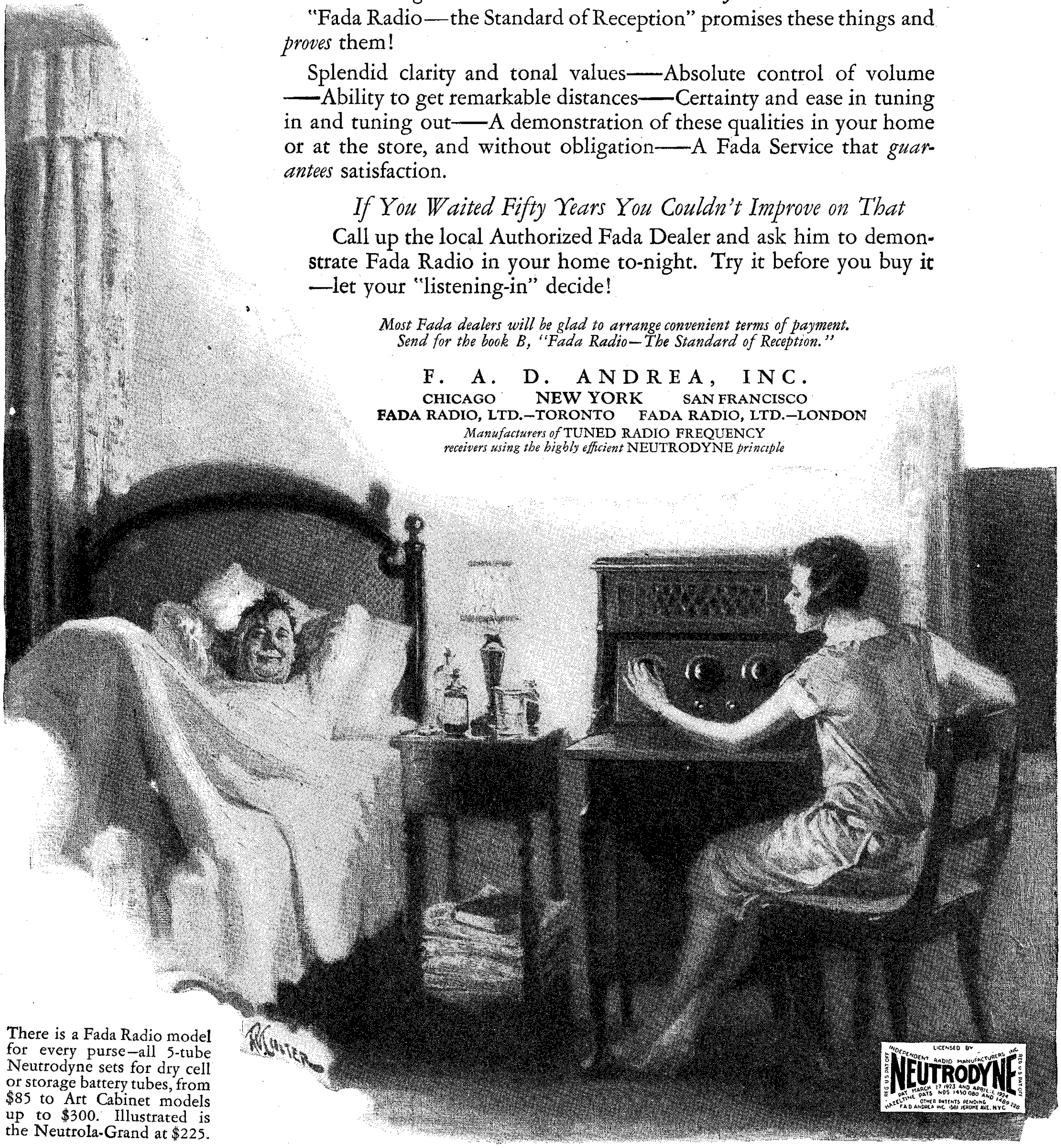

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

astonished when the white men reappeared at Bathurst Inlet. And here Inspector French left the Eskimo seamstress with relatives, for, as he put down in his diary, "we do not know what is ahead of us and have a long way to go."

Again all supplies were close to exhaustion. Seals could not be hunted on the thin ice and hunger soon forced the patrol to strike off overland in the hope of finding deer.

No live deer, but the natives had been hunting in this region and the patrol found dozens of frozen deer carcasses, torn by wolves and semi-putrid. But for several days they had only this fare.

Again wolves hung on their flanks, "the biggest specimens of timber wolves I have ever seen," noted French. The camp was attacked and one sled-dog was killed. The wolves kept near enough to scare off any game and their presence made the dogs unruly.

Short rations; ragged clothing; no coal-oil to cook with; no timber to burn. The cold cycle was back upon them. The temperature ranged from ten to thirty below zero.

On December 13 the last of the putrid deer-meat was fed to the dogs in small portions, and after that the dogs went hungry.

Matters were desperate. The only hope lay in an attempt to reach a cache of food left two years before, 110 miles away on the Thelon River. Could they get there before hunger, illness, cold and exhaustion overcame them?

One sled was abandoned; the dogs were too weak to haul it. On December 17, after the dogs had gone four days without food, five dogs were killed and fed to the others. The next day the dogs, still ravenous, stole and ate a much-needed bag of skin clothing.

On December 22, we read, five of the more exhausted dogs were shot and fed to the survivors. The men still had fifteen pounds of frozen deer-meat. And the story continues:

> In the clear weather large herds of deer could be seen ahead of them, but the crunching snow warned the animals, and the herds would start up and dash away before the patrol could crawl within rifle-shot.
>
> This last refinement of cruelty to be endured by them while they were starving almost broke their spirit.
>
> The two white men became too sick to travel. A snow-house was constructed for them and French sent the three Eskimos out in a last desperate search for game.
>
> By a great providence the Eskimos came upon a heard of musk-ox and shot twenty.
>
> The dogs were driven to the carcasses and allowed to sate themselves, after which they were able to draw a load of the meat back to the snow-house.
>
> Christmas dinner.
>
> After eight days at the snow-house they had strength to push on; but on reaching the cache on the Thelon River they found that wolves had been before them and they were able to salvage only a few pounds of flour and some tobacco.
>
> But their sleds were piled with the frozen musk-ox meat, and the chance of reaching Baker Lake looked good.
>
> January 15. Temperature 60 below

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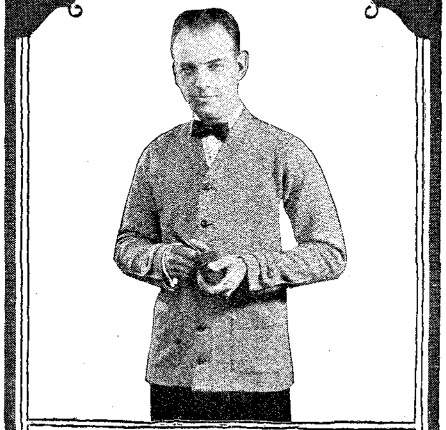

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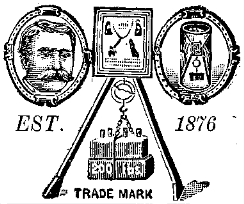

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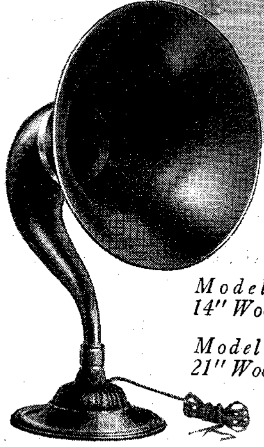

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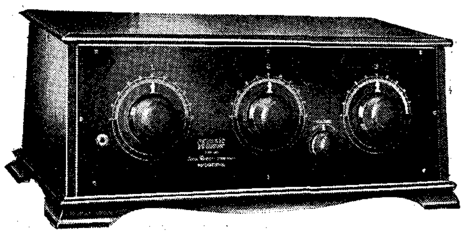

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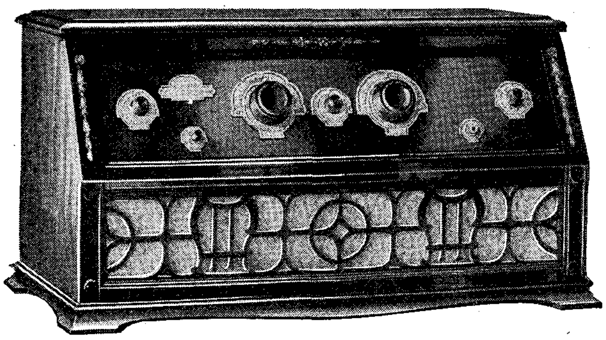

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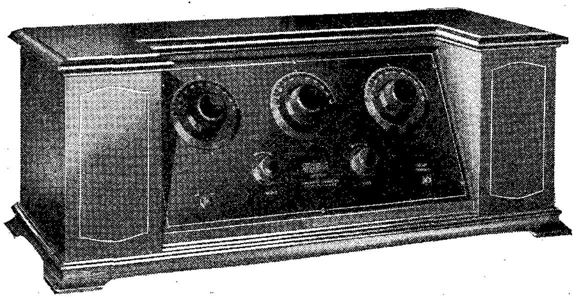

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AUTOMOBILES	S-W Auto Enamel	S-W Auto Enamel Clear		S-W Auto Enamel
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing			
BRICK	SWP House Paint S-W Concrete Wall Finish			Old Dutch Enamel
CEILINGS, Interior	Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish	S-W Handcraft Stain Floorlac	Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
CONCRETE	S-W Concrete Wall Finish			
DOORS, Interior	SWP House Paint	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	Floorlac S-W Handcraft Stain	Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
FENCES	SWP House Paint Metalastic S-W Roof and Bridge Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	S-W Inside Floor Paint
Concrete	S-W Concrete Floor Finish			S-W Concrete Floor Finish
Porch	S-W Porch and Deck Paint			
FURNITURE, Indoors	Enameloid	Scar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel
Porch	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Enameloid
HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
LINOLEUM	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish		S-W Inside Floor Paint
RADIATORS	Flat-Tone S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint			Enameloid
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	S-W Roof and Bridge Paint Metalastic Ebonol		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
SCREENS	S-W Screen Enamel			S-W Screen Enamel
TOYS	S-W Family Paint	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Enameloid
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	Flat-Tone SWP House Paint			Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
WICKER	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel
WOODWORK Interior	SWP House Paint Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	S-W Handcraft Stain S-W Oil Stain Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

zero. A sled had to be burned to keep them from freezing.

January 21. They came over a high hill and saw fifteen deer on a flat below them. "We shot ten after some smart maneuvering."

Four days later the worn men came to the Hudson's Bay Company post on Baker Lake. After two days to thaw out, they reached their own base with two more days' travel.

They had been gone 321 days but—they were Royal Northwest Mounted Police. After a fortnight they resumed regular duty on their thousand-mile beat.

WHEN JOHN FOX DANCED HIS LAST DANCE

THE sunset of the man who wrote "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" is sketched in vivid strokes by Bruce Crawford, who tells us that "during those last days it seemed that Fox wanted to live as a boy again, to be as fancy-free as a child at play." Tragedy seemed to stalk those days, "haunting his proud face even in moments of frivolity." Writing in the Dearborn *Independent*, Mr. Crawford remarks that this may be news to Fox's celebrated acquaintances, who saw him only in the East's atmosphere of culture and knew him principally as the author of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and other popular romances laid in the mountains of southwestern Virginia and eastern Kentucky. He adds, however:

> Others saw him in a vastly different setting at his home in Big Stone Gap, down in the picturesque hills of Virginia. They knew more of the tragic moments of this novelist who dreamed of writing a classic and who nearly achieved it in his novel, "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," and in his short story, "The Purple Rhododendron."
>
> It was in the early nineties that Fox, then a young Kentuckian just out of college, landed in Big Stone Gap, full of the spirit of adventure that was agog during the days of the "big boom." Eastern capital had undertaken the development of the vast coal-lands of the region, and Big Stone Gap sprang into a little city overnight. Fox helped to organize the Citizens' Police, which sought to maintain order among the polyglot population, as well as among those mountain people who regarded the newcomers as intruders. In those days murder was common, and romance and adventure beckoned at every turn. Naturally, when Fox turned to the writing of fiction, he set his stories in these mountains and selected his quaint characters from among the inhabitants. This followed his experience as a war correspondent with Jack London and Richard Harding Davis in the Russo-Japanese War.
>
> Here in these hills, like a lost tribe, he found a remnant of the true Anglo-Saxon stock, still preserving the customs and the vernacular of Revolutionary days.
>
> John Fox had discovered a literary gold-mine. He was to be a pioneer in a new field of literature. And the more he wrote of these mountains and their inhabitants, the

more deeply interested he became in them, and so he made his home here.

With the success of his novels came financial security. At the Gap he built an idyllic rustic bungalow, and to this he brought Fritzi Scheff, whom he had met at a ball in New York and married soon afterward.

Her departure, soon followed by a divorce, dated from the night when her husband's father lay a corpse in the Fox home.

After this adventure in matrimony, we read, John Fox went about like one lost. He made frequent trips to New York for social and business reasons. Mr. Crawford continues:

Part of the time he played golf near his home-place. Often was he seen with his neighbor, Bascom Slemp, recent secretary to President Coolidge. Fox hobnobbed with coal operators and lawyers and mining engineers. Once in a while he would go on a solitary ramble in the mountains to hear some homespun philosophy from a hill-billy, or study a wild-flower. And occasionally he would attend a local dance. Always was he a great friend of the ladies, who found him charming. Imperious tho he was, it was second nature for him to be kind and courteous, even at convivial moments when others lost their heads.

And the last time the public saw John Fox, we read, was the night when he danced with the Forty-nine girl, at the end of a week of Fourth of July celebrating. Mr. Crawford writes:

Gallantly danced John Fox with Beula, "queen of the Forty-nine," on that night which was his last of gaiety. How imperious he was as his sharp, aristocratic face, resembling an Indian chief's, moved through the maze of romping Forty-niners in the carnival dancing-tent.

Fox and several friends, all gay and looking for novelty, entered the Forty-nine, accompanied by a curious crowd. The tent must have made a good profit that night, for the famous John Fox was naturally an added attraction.

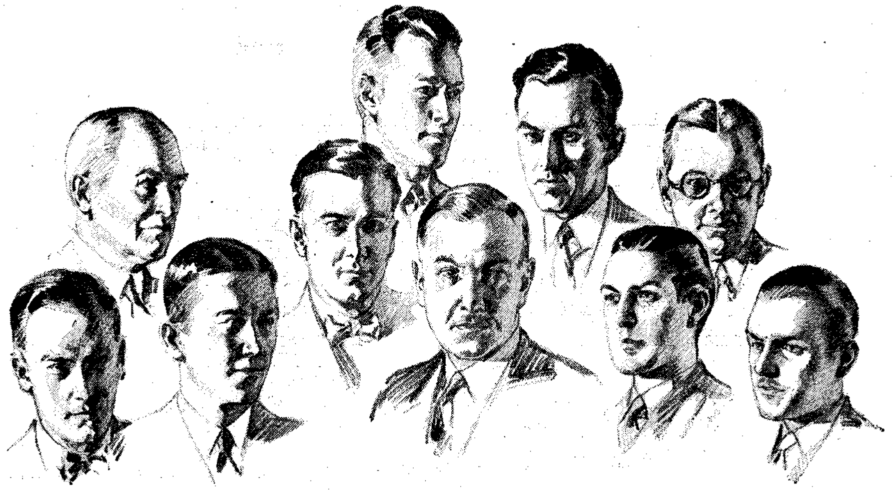
In the midst of this noisy animation appeared John Fox, eyes merrily lit in a face otherwise somber. Beula, queen of the carnival, approached him. Nor did she take him by the lapel, as the other girls did when they wanted a partner, but merely held out her hand.

"Will you dance?" she asked, pleasantly.

"Why certainly, my girl," said Fox, stepping upon the stage. They did not do the jazz stuff. They talked as gentleman and lady. Others leered, and yodeled inane songs, but Fox was courteous, gentlemanly. And surprizing to all was the girl's quiet recognition of the gentleman in her partner. His gallantry had brought to the surface unsuspected refinement in her. Again and again she returned to him after dancing with others.

Late that night Fox climbed heavily into a motor-car, dog-tired, spent. More, he was sick, it was later learned. To the home of a bachelor friend he went for the night, to awake next morning with double pneumonia. Carried to his home in the Gap, he died two days later, "Erskine Dale" unfinished and his dream of a classic forever unrealized. It was to have been a book largely historical, calling for greater compilation of material than any of his earlier books.

Thus John Fox quit life with a dance.



We Want Men
with tough, wiry beards to challenge this

Let us send you free a 10-day tube of this unique shaving cream which softens the toughest beard in one minute!

MEN CLAIM that Palmolive Shaving Cream will soften the toughest beard in one minute. No finger rubbing—hot water or cold, hard water or soft.

That's a broad statement, we'll agree. You may doubt it. But, if true, you want that kind of shaving.

Let us give you a 10-day tube free. Find out for yourself. We believe we'll win you, no matter how firmly you are wedded to a rival preparation.

New Principles

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a newcomer in its field . . . yet, today the leader. Millions of men have quit old ways and adopted this new shaving joy.

Probably 80% of its users were boosters for other makes of cream.

All were won over by the test we now offer you. "Don't buy—yet," we urge you. Put the proof burden on us.

* * *

60 years of soap study stand behind this creation . . . made by the makers of Palmolive Soap. 130 formulas were discarded before we found the right one.

1000 men told us their supreme desires in a shaving cream. Only by great effort did we meet them. New principles were required. New laboratory methods and experiments.

Palmolive Shaving Cream thus is different from any other you have known.

5 New Delights

These you'll find—these new shaving joys, these comforts unknown before.

1 **Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.**
2 **Softens the beard in one minute.**
3 **Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.**
4 **Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.**
5 **Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oil content.**

10 Shaves Free

Now in fairness to us, and in justice to yourself, clip the coupon before you forget. Find out whether the whole world is wise in changing to a new way in beard softening.

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM

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10 SHAVES FREE and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1081, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

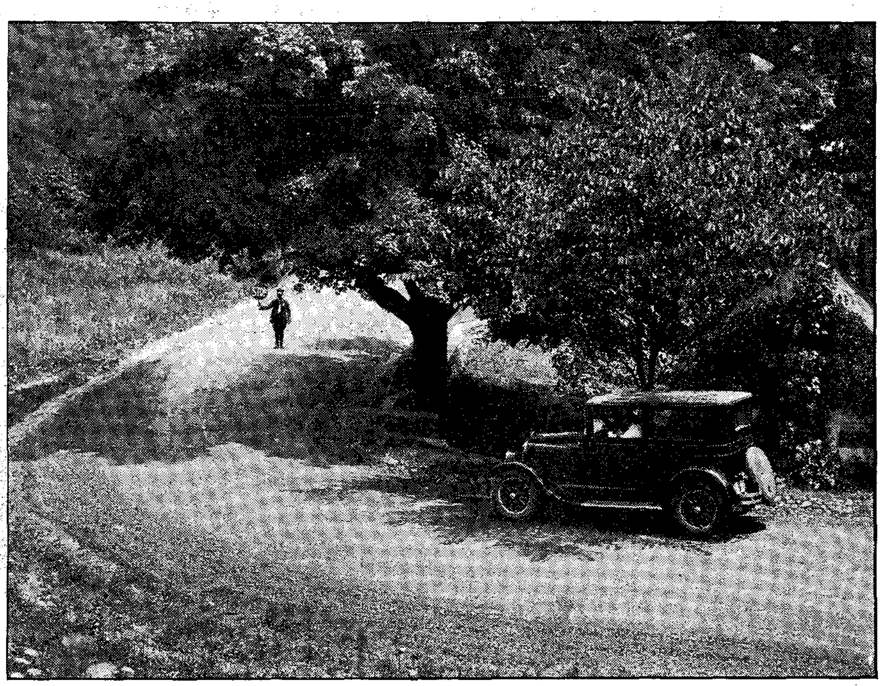
Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

....

MOTORING AND AVIATION

WHEN UNCLE SAM TURNS TRAFFIC COP

"NO VEHICLE SHALL BE OPERATED at a speed such that it can not be stopt within the assured clear course ahead." This is a simplification, we are told, of the new "traffic regulation for countrywide use" proposed by experts of the national Government. And it is pronounced by one writer "the best medicine for motoring evils which recognized authority has compounded since the days when Hector was a pup." We are assured that an arbitrary speed law is a failure—"a veritable flat tire"—because it does not recognize the vagaries of climate and season which may in a few hours completely change the ordinary safety factor of the same improved thoroughfare. "For instance," writes George H. Dacy, "let us suppose that the speed limit on a certain road is thirty-five miles an hour. All well and good. When that road is in spick and span condition and dry as a drug-store sponge, it is perfectly safe as a pathway for traffic that travels at a high speed. Old Mister Weatherman then may step to the stage front. He confers with Jupiter Pluvius. A gulley-washing rain ensues. The pavement which when dry was safe for thirty-five-miles-an-hour drivers is converted into a zone of hazard for motorists who travel faster than one mile in three minutes." Writing in the Washington *Star*, he continues:



Photograph by courtesy of *The Sunday Star* (Washington, D. C.)

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

Unwary motorist falling into a speed trap on a toboggan-like curve in Rock Creek Park, Washington.

> Jack Frost may get busy immediately after the downpour and congeal the little drops of water into a crust of sleet. The public highway becomes as slippery as a skating rink. Without skid chains, the ordinary automobile can not pass that way.
>
> An arbitrary speed, which is safe and sane on the straightaway, is as dangerous as Satan's hellfire when it comes to a matter of rounding curves. Our mounting record of annual automobile accidents is good evidence of the ineffectiveness of prevalent speed laws. Last year 19,000 funerals and 450,000 hospital cases were credited to the score of motoring accidents. Report is to the effect that in these United States a soul speeds toward eternity every twenty-eight minutes because of the advent of the horseless carriage and its domination of our main-traveled roads. Present records show that there are 20,000,000 motor-vehicles now in use in this country. One of every five and one-half of our people sits behind a steering wheel some time during each day.

And now Uncle Sam, through his workers in the Bureau of Standards, comes forward and "recommends the abolition of arbitrary speed laws and the countrywide adoption of the 'Clear Course Ahead' system of driving." And Mr. Dacy, anticipating such adoption, forecasts the following traffic incident:

> The year, some time in the future—the place, a dangerous curve in Rock Creek Park—the actors in the novel sketch, a motor-cycle policeman, a safety dummy and a District motorist who has just violated Washington's newest traffic regulation by stepping too hard on his accelerator.
>
> With the motor purring rhythmically, with tires singing a staccato song and with the breeze whizzing through the windshield aperture, the onrushing car and its exhilarated driver speed toward a blind and baffling curve. The driver, figuring that he will take a chance for the sheer joy of trying something thrilling, does not abate his speed as his car lurches around the curve. He might just as well be a blind man attempting to pilot a high-power gasoline vehicle. The curve is abrupt and long. He can not see what is ahead. Notwithstanding, the speed demon continues on his wild course.
>
> Then, with the unexpectedness which commonly characterizes untoward accidents, the driver sees a strange stop signal thrust into the highway directly in his path. Not so strange, however, is the olive-drab clad figure which manipulated the curious signal.
>
> "My gosh, he's a speed cop!" the motorist says to himself. "I can't stop before I pass his signal. I'm in for a stiff fine. Thank the star, that dummy isn't a pedestrian. I'd kill him sure! No more speeding on curves for me! This is a lesson and I've learned it well!"
>
> The driver is unable to stop his car before he skids past the policeman's stop signal. The officer is grave and stern. The motorist offers no excuses. The policeman records the license number of the machine, the driver's name and address. After examining the operator's permit of this owner he orders him to drive slowly to the down-town traffic court. There, expeditiously, the judge hears the evidence. The driver offers no defense. He pays his fine and departs, vowing that never again will he risk his life and those of other motorists or pedestrians by driving recklessly on curves.
>
> Yes, actual cases like this will be the progeny of potentiality if the new system of driving recommended by the automotive engineers of the Bureau of Standards, under the leadership of S. W. Sparrow and H. C. Dickinson, is adopted as more satisfactory than arbitrary speed laws by the various States and the District. The new system reduces the speed of your car in dangerous places and increases it greatly above prevalent limits over other stretches.
>
> Please note the simplicity of the driving rule. It is free of frills, qualifying phrases and sidedoor escapes. Any one who can read can understand it. You don't have to employ legal advice to interpret it. It is designed to be one and the same for each and every one of the forty-eight States and the District.
>
> Just for your information, let us go on a tour of verbal exploration and, piecemeal fashion, dissect this new-born proposal which promises to reduce automobile accidents and to add greater safety to vehicular and pedestrian traffic on our highways and byways. "No vehicle shall be operated at a speed such that it can not be stopt within the assured clear course ahead." Course is that space into which the oncoming driver intends to proceed. That part of the course which is certain to be free of any

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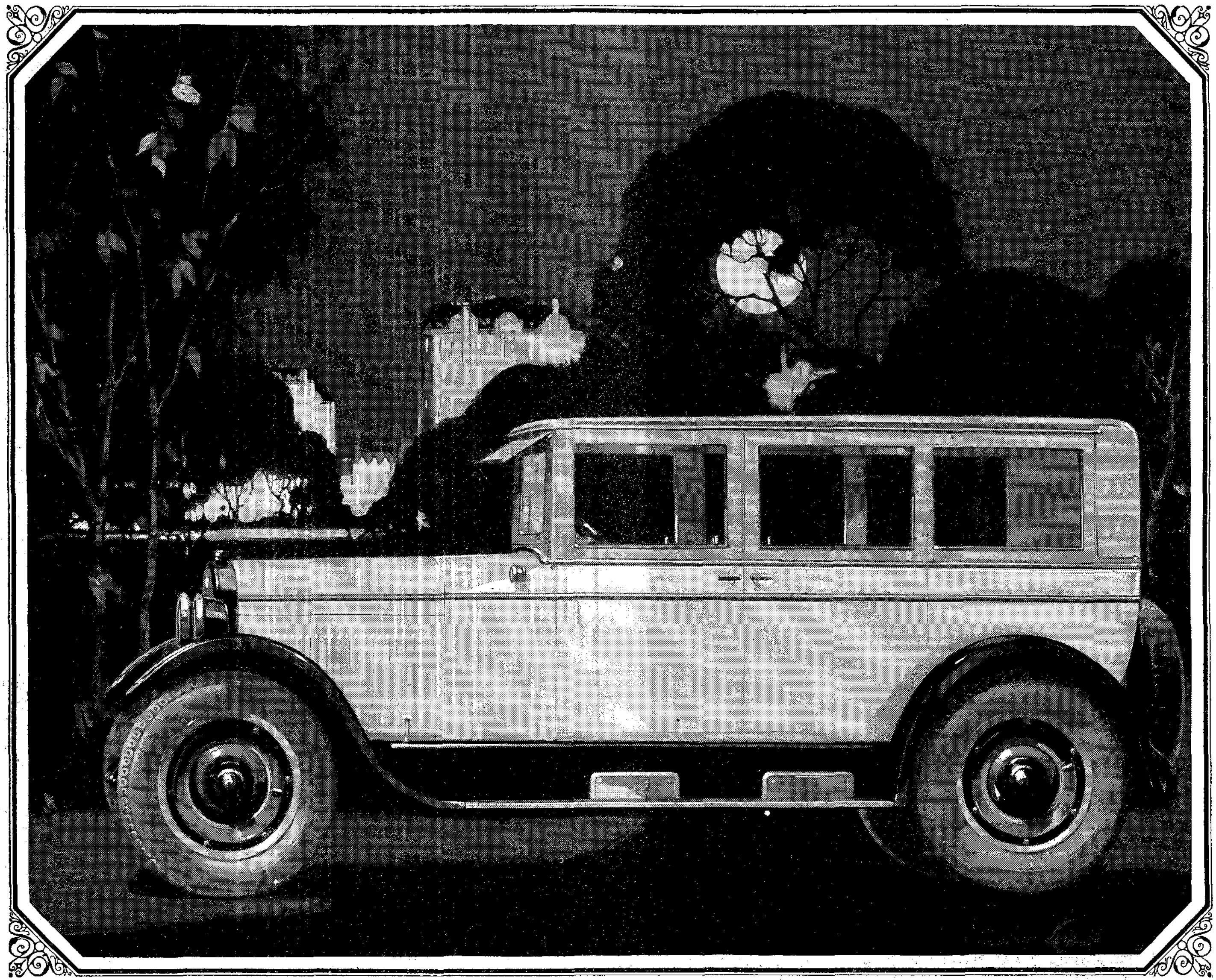

REO SEDAN—$1565 AT LANSING PLUS TAX

CREATING A NEW "GOLD STANDARD OF VALUES"

The modes of the minute are presented in a body design of extreme grace and dignity. Lines are long, low and cleanly flowing from end to end.

Outstanding smartness results from a two-tone finish, accentuated by a broad belt below the windows.

There are generous body dimensions to comfortably seat five adult passengers; the convenience of four wide doors; and the restfulness of wide, deep cushions with rich upholstery.

The cluster assembly of instruments on a nickeled oval panel, located on a walnut-finished instrument board, typifies Reo front compartment neatness.

Long springs of gentle buoyancy and four genuine full size balloon tires provide marked riding ease.

Underneath is the standard 120-inch Reo double frame chassis, with the 6-cylinder, 50 horse-power engine, 13-plate clutch, rugged rear axle and other mechanical features that maintain Reo's 21-year reputation for chassis reliability.

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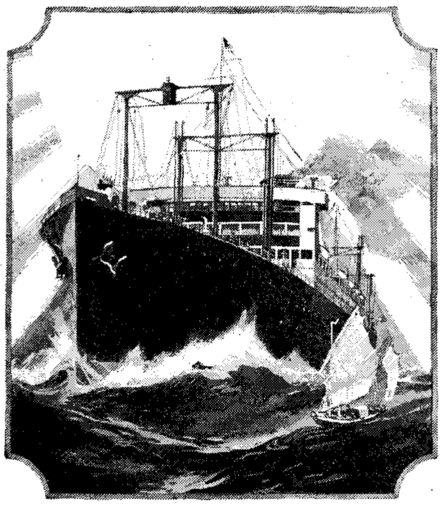

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ENJOY the tour supreme to the Far East—picturesque harbors of old Japan, brown-skinned boatmen in quaint sampans—far famed Manila Bay and our own Philippine Islands, "pearls of the Orient." Book your passage on a big swift Government vessel of the American Oriental Mail Line—this year world travelers are seeing the Orient.

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Sailings every twelve days from Seattle via Victoria, B. C., over the Short Route to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila. These modern oil-burning vessels (21,000 tons displacement) make the fastest time between the United States and the Orient, and offer exceptional service.

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

obstruction at the time when he reaches it is "assured clear." The new regulation is based on a fundamental law of physics which says that "two bodies can not occupy the same space at the same time." Collisions will be eliminated because the "clear coast forward" scheme provides an unobstructed pathway.

Our existent speed laws "dovetail about as uniformly as the patterns in a crazy quilt," Mr. Dacy complains. And he goes on:

> Dependent on what State you are operating your automobile in, it is a kind of a free-for-all scramble to see who can go the fastest. Some States have no orthodox speed limit. Their statutes require that motorists travel at reasonable speed. Other sections of the country have speed limits as low as eight to ten miles an hour. They are nothing more than legal jokes, for no one pays any attention to the ordinances. Other States place the speed limit at 20, 25, 30 or 35 miles or more per hour. Maryland divides her highways into three speed zones, the range being from 15 to 35 miles an hour.
>
> Motor experts, no matter who they be, admit generally that authority must put a fear of the road ahead into the heart of every car user if he is to be converted from a driving fool into a motoring wise man. By this, your writer means that a real fear of the highway menaces or policemen ahead will put a curb on rash, reckless and the devil-take-the-hindermost style of automobile operation, which now is rife wherever machines are driven.
>
> One of the purposes of the proposed "clear course ahead" law for American motorists is to keep the fear of accidents constantly in the mind of the car driver. The enforcement of this law would be efficient, but not particularly spectacular. Officers with special dummies or other signal devices would be stationed at dangerous points along our principal thoroughfares where travel was maximum. For example, the officer might be stationed in the bushes that abut some highly dangerous curve. The dummy used by this guardian of the law may be a special flag, banner or manual stop sign. Decision as to its shape, size, use and character would rest entirely with the officials in the State, city or locality in which the plan was practised. The policeman would be empowered to thrust this signal into the highway at any point where an automobile or a pedestrian legally might be. Unless the approaching automobile was stopt safely before it reached the signal, it would be an evidence of reckless and illegal driving. The driver would be ushered before the proper authority and fined or lectured severely, according to the complexion of the case.
>
> The "clear view ahead" plan of motorcar operation has been followed by some drivers for several years successfully. They have driven their cars with care and caution, the guiding guardians that have kept them out of trouble. They have never taken the trouble to diagnose their methods and to define accurately for the benefit of the many million other car operators what they did and how and why they did it. Any driver of an automobile who operates his machine in close accord to the safety factor is following this system when he

Summer Smiles this Winter in Hawaii

Come this winter and live among these laughing Hawaiians, true children of the sun.

Here within easy reach lies Eden—for all folk who want rest, warmth and new diversions in a romantic land.

Book through your nearest railway, steamship or travel agency direct to Honolulu. Travel on stately liners 5 to 6 days direct from Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver or Victoria, B. C.

Surrounded by modern conveniences and comforts, and with moderate living costs, you'll want to enjoy several weeks or months in this smiling territory of the U. S. A. Or make round trip from the Coast in 3 to 4 weeks for $300 to $400, including all travel and incidental cost, a week or two in the Islands and a side trip to Hawaii National Park.

Good golf, tennis, motoring, swimming, deep-sea fishing, mountain hiking and ample first-class hotels on all islands. Inter-island cruising. If you are thinking of visiting Hawaii this winter and wish descriptive, colored brochure and detailed information, write now—

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can stop his car quickly without skidding in the path of the unobscured forward stretch of highway.

At which point the writer pauses to remark that such drivers will escape the fate of the mythical motorist whose fame is embalmed in the well-known epitaph:

> Here lies the body of Edwin Gray,
> Who died maintaining his right of way;
> He was right, dead right, as he sped along,
> But he's just as dead as though he'd been wrong.

He tells us that the Society of Automotive Engineers is backing the "clear course ahead" plan, and "all Uncle Sam asks is that the system be given a fair trial." The article continues:

> Under prevalent speed law systems, drivers court accident and injury by looking behind and scanning the stretch they have just covered for pursuing policemen on motor-cycles. The proposed system fosters safety and well-being to car drivers because it demands that they keep their eyes on the highway in front of them—the clear coast forward and haven of safety. At night this safe view ahead is regulated by the illumination range of the headlights on the car. In following another car the clear course is that distance which the vehicle in front must necessarily go before it can be stopt.

Here the requirements of the proposed rule threaten to become just a trifle complicated for the person at the wheel of "the car behind." Let every motorist give earnest thought to the subtle problems suggested in the following sentence:

> For the second driver to gage correctly the safety distance which should stand as a boundary between the two cars, he must allow an interval both for his perception time and his reaction time as well as those of the operator ahead. At one point the clear course may be a distance of but fifty feet, while at the next intersection or curve it may be 200 feet.
>
> One splendid suggestion which the Bureau of Standards makes is that diagonal lines should be drawn across the sidewalk and roadway at dangerous intersections to aid the peripheral vision of the average driver. As he approaches such a hazardous point, the driver looks to the left and then gazes intently to the right to make sure that no other car is speeding toward him. The high building or construction may obscure his view. His peripheral vision is limited to an angle of approximately forty-five degrees. If a diagonal mark is painted on the curbside and roadway to inform him exactly when he reaches his angular position, he will understand that he is in the danger zone and will interpret it as a mark of warning. He will be strictly on the lookout for intersection traffic.

We are told, moreover, that the Government has recently conducted experiments which suggest the idea of developing a standardized group of tests to measure the proficiency of the ordinary automobile driver. As we read:

> The purpose of these tests, made by H. H. Allen, is to enable the authorities to separate the seed from the weeds, the chaff from the wheat. The prospective

FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY

Time Payments
on General Motors cars

THE PURCHASE of a car out of income is a universally accepted practice. But there is a difference in time payment rates.

Six years ago General Motors organized the General Motors Acceptance Corporation (*GMAC*) to make credit available at the least possible cost to purchasers of General Motors cars. *GMAC* rates have always been low. Last August they were still further reduced. And the standard time sale price of any General Motors car is the cash delivered price, plus *only* the *GMAC* charge. Dealers will be glad to show you the official *GMAC* Rate Chart.

The important thing to the purchaser is the total cost of a car. The time payment charge is a part of the total cost when a car is bought out of income. These *GMAC* reductions therefore mean, in such instances, a substantially lowered total cost.

They are in accordance with General Motors' policy of passing on to the car buyer economies wherever effected—in financing as well as in engineering, manufacturing or selling operations.

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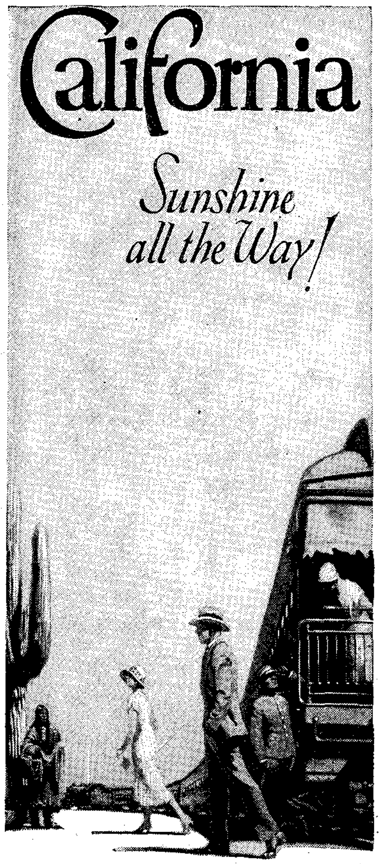

ENJOY the wonders of the Golden Southwest by choosing the "Open Window Route" to California. A journey filled with the irresistible beauty and romance of Louisiana, Texas, Arizona. You will revel in its marvelous scenery and balmy climate as well as in the luxurious comfort of the new

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Operated daily from New Orleans to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco. Convenient service for the 120 mile motor trip over the famous Apache Trail between Globe and Phoenix, Arizona. Also to San Diego via the marvelous Carriso Gorge in California. *For Information Address*

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

driver who passes these tests and is granted an operator's permit will be adept and skilful. Persons incompetent to drive automobiles will be caught among the driftwood and denied the privilege which they covet. The examination recommended by Uncle Sam features the customary performance test, driving and reversing the car, turning around, stopping on emergency signal and the like. Important questions about traffic regulations and the rules of the road are also asked. The eyesight and hearing of each candidate are examined. He is subjected to stringent auditory and visual tests. On all these replies, responses and reactions the man is scored on the basis of seventy as a passing mark.

Finally, he is requested to enter the driver's seat and to operate a special test car which will ascertain definitely his mental lag and his reaction to sudden emergencies. This particular car, of standard gear-shift type, is provided with two revolvers which are mounted securely underneath the running board. These pistols shoot bullets of red lead which leave a red imprint on the pavement whenever one of them is discharged. The control trigger of the first revolver terminates in a wire which extends to the observer's seat. The second firearm is connected directly with the brake pedal so that when the driver makes a move to apply his foot brake this pistol is discharged. The car is equipped with a special speed-registering device which is much more accurate than the average speedometer.

The driver is instructed to develop a speed of 10 miles an hour and to hold the car exactly at that speed until the observer discharges the first pistol. Then the driver as rapidly as possible is to go through the procedure of stopping the car. When he applies the brake the second revolver is discharged. The scientists then measure the distance between the two red spots on the pavement. The ratio of this distance to the velocity of the car in feet per second is known scientifically as the mental lag or reaction time of the driver. It is a measuring rule which accurately classifies his qualifications as a good, mediumly good or poor operator.

These experimental tests demonstrate the "slow and sure" driver more often than not is the one who flirts with extreme jeopardy in time of unexpected exigency. The old adage might preferably be scrambled about like an egg in order to visualize present circumstances in the motoring world. In revised form, it would run something like this, "Slow and unsure; quick and sure." The age factor up to about forty-four years is insignificant, but from forty-five to sixty-five it is a vital limiting factor. Under such conditions, as a rule, the older the driver, the greater his reaction time.

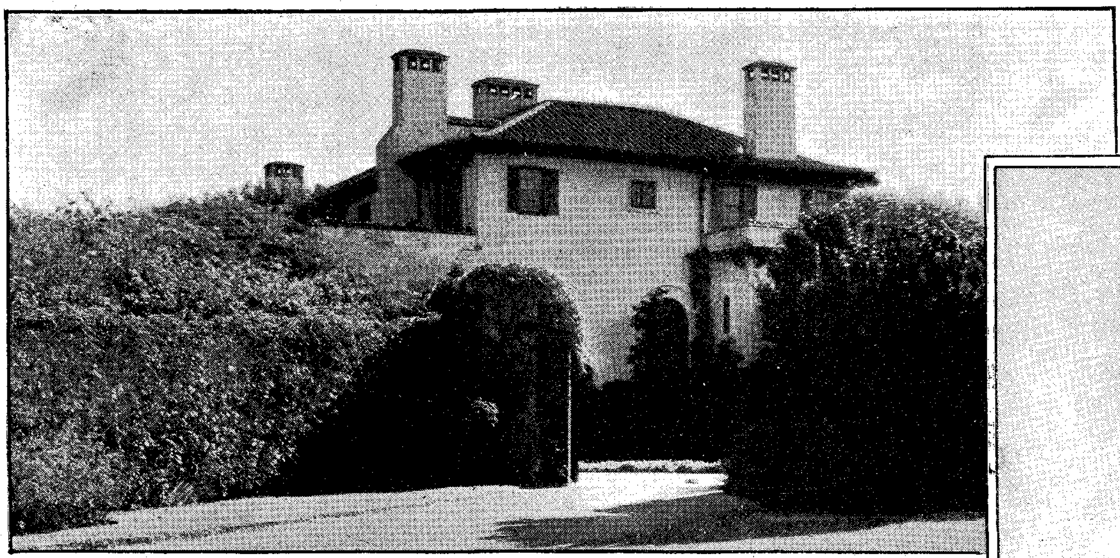
No decided variations due to sex or race have been appreciable in the tests thus far conducted. Several girl students from George Washington University made as good records as the male students. Colored students from Howard University did as well as the whites. Intelligence, however, is a most important factor in the determination of what a driver will do in a pinch and how quickly he will do it. The more intelligent the operator, the more rapidly his reaction to avert impending accident. Similarly, the greater the skill of the motorist the lower is his reaction time.

A FUNNY MAN ON MOTORING ETIQUETTE

"THERE is a soothing satisfaction, a lubricating sense of superiority, in feeling, even as your $4,250 sedan lies wrapt around a telegraph pole and your family in various stages of unconsciousness in the adjacent raspberry patch, that you are still a gentleman."

In these bland terms does a professional humorist direct our attention to the need of a manual of correct behavior for automobilists, their families and their guests. He remarks that a motorist should be known "by the invectives he keeps, not by the ones he distributes," and he proposes "a serious campaign to inculcate into the hearts and minds of the motorists a respect for the niceties of social intercourse, a regard for the feelings of others, and an instinctive tendency to show courtesy and graciousness both in the ditch and out of it." To which the writer here quoted—H. I. Phillips—adds sententiously, in *Collier's, The National Weekly*, "A kind word in the ditch, as the philosopher has so aptly said, is worth two on the paved road." Continuing in the same airy vein, Mr. Phillips announces:

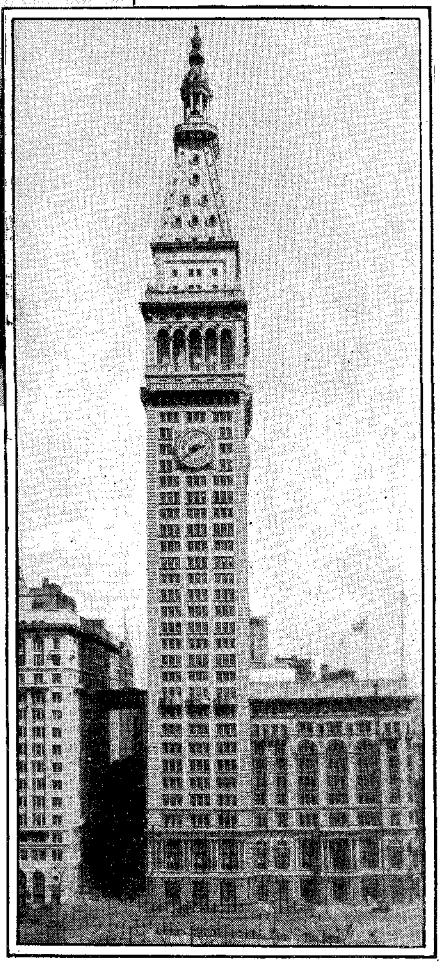
> With the object of assisting the automobile owner to do the right thing at the right time and in the hope of making life on the various turnpikes more livable, the following Guide to Behavior in Vehicles Operated by Internal Combustion Engines is placed before the motoring public:
>
> 1. Planning the Auto Trip. If the owner of the car is married and living at home, this is a matter that should be discust with the wife and kiddies. The owner should not arrange a trip arbitrarily, even if only looking for an argument or a chance to use the car to take a bunch of the boys on a fishing trip. The better course is for the husband to say, "Well, Agatha, a run over the Ojibway Trail would be nice for to-morrow, no?" and then allow ten minutes for the negative side. If no member of the family is even lukewarm for the Ojibway Trail, it is advisable to shift to new territory, but if the suggestion meets with a yes and no attitude, custom countenances further argument in its favor, with ten minutes for rebuttal by the wife and five minutes by the children.
>
> 2. What to Take. This depends entirely upon the purpose and duration of the journey. If it is only for a day, no provisions are necessary other than buttered popcorn for the baby and a few apples and cigars for the grown-ups.
>
> Plenty of places will be found along the road for such other calories as are needed. No trip should be made for any distance, however small, without the following objects:
>
> 1 tire jack with handle missing.
> 1 tire pump, out of order.
> 1 well-rusted Stillson wrench.
> 1 bent screw driver.
> 1 registration card and license.
> 2 or 3 addresses of professional bondsmen.
> 1 book of tours (year 1914).
> 1 silk handkerchief for removing specks from wife's eye.
> 1 bottle spirits of ammonia in case of fainting spells.
> 1 crank handle fitting another type of car.
> 1 banner with inscription "Excuse my Dust."



This home of Col. H. H. Rogers, of Southampton, L. I., is equipped with modern oil-burning heating apparatus. The fire danger has been minimized by an installation of automatic Foamite *Equipment.*

Two modern triumphs of comfort and safety

The new method of heating homes and commercial buildings with oil-burners calls for this new method of fire protection



The famous home office building of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. in New York—one of hundreds of modern buildings where Foamite *Protection has been chosen on its record as the surest known method of safeguarding against the fire hazard of oil-burning furnaces.*

IN comfort and convenience, oil has again greatly contributed to progress by making possible the oil-burning heater for homes and buildings of all types.

And at the same time, fire-safety has taken a big step ahead with the *Foamite* method of fire protection.

Ordinary furnaces have always required some form of fire safeguard—but oil-burners demand special, scientific protection. Some of the very qualities which make oil a superior fuel, also make it a fire hazard that water and ordinary chemicals cannot control.

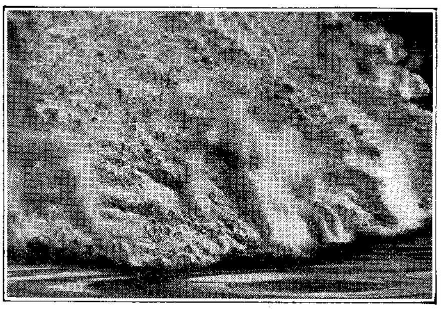
Foamite Protection has proved the only adequate method of extinguishing oil fires—and the one sure way to kill *any kind* of fire—instantly—with minimum damage.

The great oil companies themselves safeguard their storage tanks, refineries, and filling stations with *Foamite* equipment. Most of the big oil-burning ocean liners also have this unfailing protection. Over six hundred American fire departments—and many more abroad—have adopted it.

How Firefoam smothers any fire

Every *Foamite* Extinguisher generates millions of tough, adhesive bubbles (Firefoam) that are shot out in a powerful stream. These bubbles form an air-tight, fire-smothering blanket over any burning surface.

Firefoam floats on oil or other liquids—clings to walls and ceilings—can be directed into the most remote corners. Heat does not break it down—strong drafts will not blow it away. *It puts fire out and keeps it out.*



Firefoam from Foamite *equipment literally smothers the fiercest flames in an instant—by blanketing the burning surface, liquid or solid, under a mass of tough, heat-resisting Firefoam bubbles that shut out the oxygen fire feeds on.*

And after the fire, Firefoam dries up and may be brushed or washed away. No damage from soaking or dripping!

* * *

Our illustrated booklet, "Self-Protection Against Fire," describes in detail the different applications of *Foamite* equipment. Write for your free copy today—before fire catches you unprepared. Our representative will gladly *demonstrate* this remarkable fire-fighting method at your convenience.

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A complete inspection, installation and maintenance service, including all types of standard first-aid fire-fighting appliances, supplied only through our direct factory representatives in the leading cities.

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You can have your Castle in Spain=now

IN THE only tropical section of America, in this land colonized by Spain and governed by Spain for more than two hundred years—here waits your Castle. It may be a charmingly small castle with a flower-filled patio glowing under the superb curve of a coconut palm. Or it may be a stately home with a great arching entrance that takes you to its heart. . . . But it's here, your Castle, the place you never really thought to see—at Coral Gables, Miami's most beautiful and impressive suburb.

THE architecture of every home, school, hotel or public building in Coral Gables must harmonize with the general plan, and must have the approval of a board of architects. There are no exceptions. The Spanish type and its Mediterranean variations, so perfectly suited to a tropical climate and landscape, are used throughout. The landscaping, the planting, the great vistas thrown open by the magnificently wide avenues and spacious plazas—all these serve to emphasize the beauty of the homes that are set like jewels in this great, brilliant garden-city.

Values are Steadily Increasing

If you do become an owner of Coral Gables property, one thing is certain—the permanent features, the restrictions and the fixed plan of the city itself will not only secure, but will enhance, its value. You may want to build your own home according to your own ideas. Or you may want to buy a home already completed. Or you may want to buy a plot now and hold it until you are ready to build. But no matter what form your investment in Coral Gables may take, you may be assured . . . that it will increase in beauty . . . that it will benefit by the improvements now being added . . . that it will share in the prosperity that has come to Miami to stay.

Greater Growth

All properties feel the stimulus of the tremendous growth of Miami. Many plots in Coral Gables have shown an increase *every year*. Building plots in Coral Gables may still be secured by a small investment. These plots are offered in a wide range of prices, which include all improvements such as streets, street lighting, electricity and water. Twenty-five per cent is required in cash, the balance will be distributed in convenient payments over a period of three years.

The Facts About Coral Gables

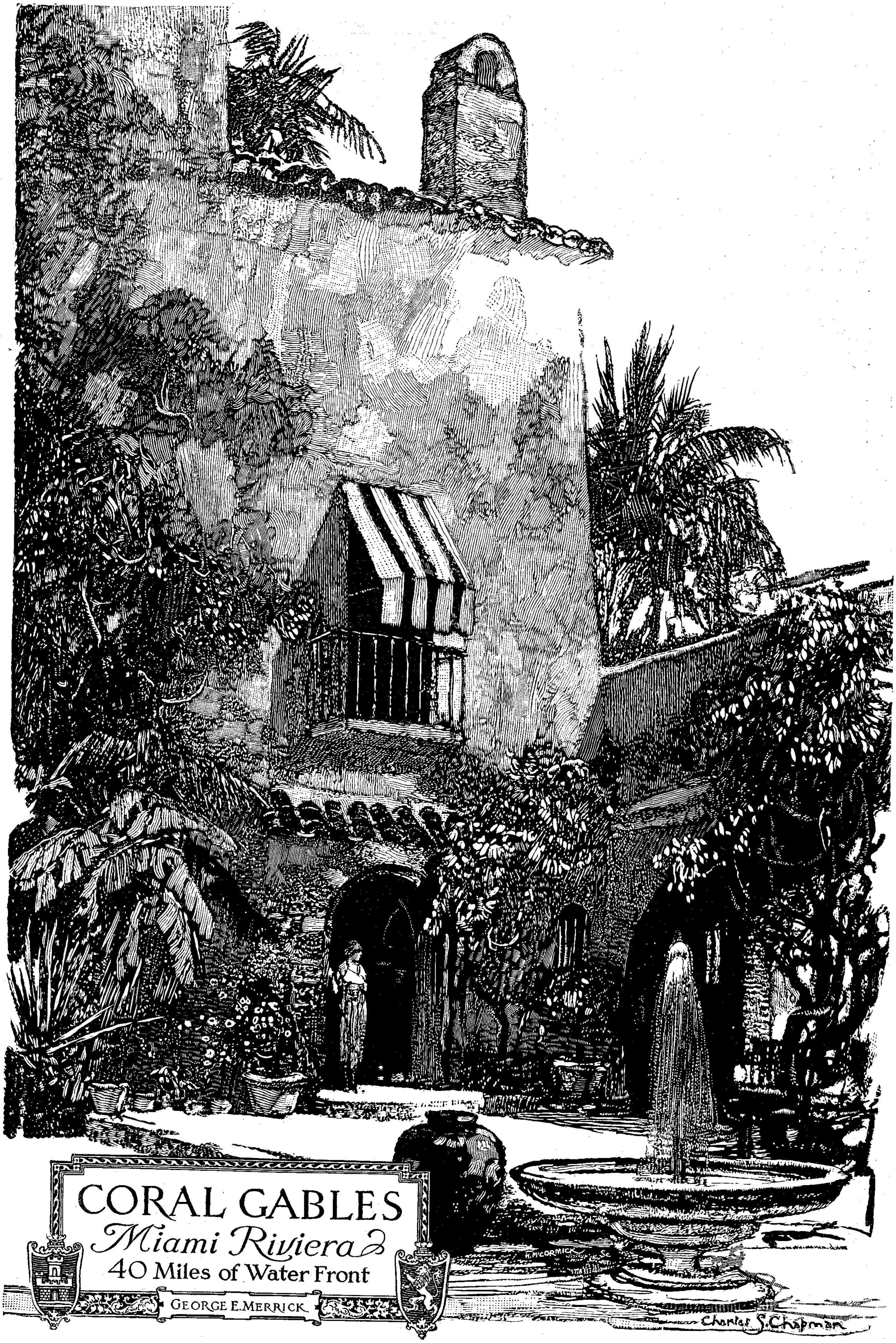
Coral Gables is a city, adjoining the city of Miami itself. It is incorporated, with a commission form of government. It is highly restricted. It occupies about 10,000 acres of high, well-drained land. It is four years old. It has 100 miles of wide paved streets and boulevards. It has six hotels completed or under construction. It has 45 miles of white-way lighting and 50 miles of intersectional street lighting. It has 6½ miles of beach frontage. Two golf courses are now completed, two more are building. Two country clubs are now in actual use. Nearly one thousand homes have already been erected, another thousand now under construction. Thirty million dollars have already been expended in development work. Additional plans call for at least twice that amount. Seventy-five million dollars worth of property has already been bought in Coral Gables.

Mr. John McEntee Bowman is now building the ten-million-dollar hotel, country club and bathing casino in Coral Gables to be known as the Miami-Biltmore Group. The Miami-Biltmore Hotel will be ready about January 1, 1926. Coral Gables will also contain the following buildings and improvements:

The $15,000,000 University of Miami, the $500,000 Mahi Temple of the Mystic Shrine, a $1,000,000 University High School, a $150,000 Railway Station, a Military Academy and Stadium, a Theatre, the College for Young Women of the Sisters of Saint Joseph, a magnificent Conservatory of Music, and other projects.

Rex Beach Writes Dramatic Story

Rex Beach has written a fascinating book upon the miracle of Coral Gables which will be sent to you upon request. · Coral Gables Corporation, No. 1 Administration Building, Coral Gables, Miami, Florida.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Rates $4 and up

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

1 picture of bathing girl to be stuck on windshield.

3. Etiquette of the Baffling Cross-roads. More homes were broken up during the years 1921 to 1924 inclusive by arguments at unposted cross-roads than by any other one cause, according to statistics issued by the Bureau of Mines at Washington (D. C.).

When the members of a family automobile party find themselves at an intersection of roads and with no positive convictions which is the right one to take, there should fly to the mind of each some such thought as: "Ah, this is to be a trying situation. It has the makings of a fine row. I will keep my trap shut."

The usual form is for the wife to say, "You turn off to the left here. I'm sure of it," merely because there is a bridge on it, and she has been told by a fortune-teller she would cross a body of water.

The husband usually replies: "I don't think so. We should go straight ahead."

The wife should answer: "That other car went to the left, proving conclusively that that must be the way to go."

After a few more remarks pro and con, the car should be turned to the left.

And here Mr. Phillips remarks ominously that if it takes the party to some point twenty miles off their course "an argument can be started that will make the previous one seem like a benediction." After which, under the heading, "Conduct at the Pumping-station," we read:

So elaborate has the pumping-station become that a host is frequently put to the embarrassment of having his guests climb out of the car under the impression they are at a country club and about to have dinner. To prevent such confusion it is well for the wife to ask, as the car is tooled into the station, "Why, Alex, what are we stopping here for?" To which he may reply in a loud voice, "Gas and oil!" This will immediately remove any idea that the party has stopt for steak and mushrooms.

The proprietor of the station should smile pleasantly from the doorway, voice a cheerful greeting, fix his pump so it will register five gallons to every three, and ask pleasantly, "How many?" The host should order at least ten gallons if he cares anything about first impressions. Five gallons may, however, be ordered without violating the proprieties, but no well-bred motorist ever says, "Oh, put in a gallon," or, "Lemme have a pint."

In making payment it is customary to use gold, but gilt-edged securities will be accepted at most stations.

5. Changing a Tire. It is of the utmost importance to know when to change a tire. Any time may be set, winter or summer, that the owner desires. The changing may be announced for morning, afternoon or evening, and invitations sent out a few days ahead, but it is customary to make no formal function of the event. Most motorists choose to wait until such time as they hear a loud report or a hissing sound followed by a "ker-flop-ker-flop-ker-flop" noise between the axle and the road-bed. In such an emergency the owner should apply his brakes gently, pilot the car to the side of the road, rise, tip his hat to the ladies present and say: "I knew that blankety-blank thing would blow out on me miles

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from a garage. Can any of you gals jack up a car?"

If any lady in the party has had any wide experience jacking up a car, she should volunteer to help. It is merely necessary to nod and say: "Why, yes, indeed, Mr. Wogg, I have jacked up thousands of cars, girl and woman. My first husband used to say I had a service-station complex."

The gentleman should then help the lady out of the car, hand her the necessary tools and enjoy a short smoke until the car has been elevated high enough for the tire to be changed. Informal clothes of a simple design and dark color should be worn while changing tires. People who have tried it in evening clothes or white flannels say it holds up the work tremendously.

6. Correct Behavior in a Collision, etc. A collision may occur any time at any place. It is almost impossible to arrange for collisions in advance without years of experience in such matters.

After a car has collided with you, the thing to do is to stand up and, with just the suggestion of a fleeting smile, say to the driver of the other car, "I have not had the pleasure of meeting you before."

The other driver, if he is a gentleman, will rise and introduce himself briefly, thus: "My name is Biggles, Elzevir X. . . . hardware supply business. . . ."

You will then say: "I'm Muffins, Alfred K. My card. Why the—— don't you look where you're going?"

The other driver should answer: "Glad to meet you. What's eating you, anyway? I was lookin' where I was goin'. The trouble with you is you ain't fit to have a license. You've been drinking too, what's more."

Common politeness demands that all other occupants of the two cars give close attention to what is being said, nodding now and then in agreement.

Presently a motor-cycle policeman will arrive, give everybody a hard look, examine both cars carefully, ask for registration cards, drivers' licenses, business letters, goiter, myopia, etc. He will make copious notes for three-quarters of an hour and then order both parties to "Gwan and beat it and stop holding up traffic!" The motor-cycle officer will then throw away the notes and go on to the next case.

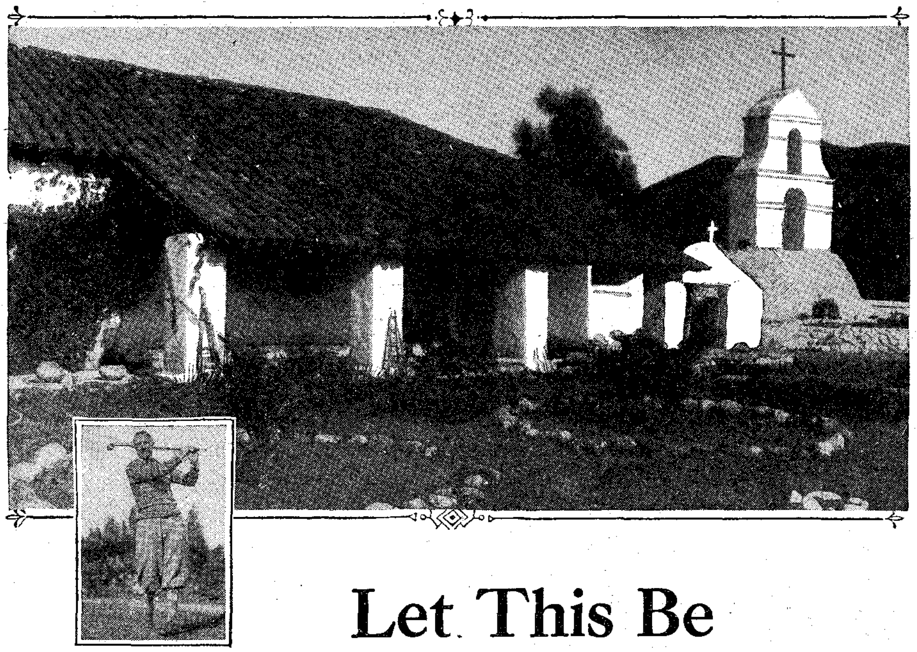
Mr. Phillips goes rather deeply into the psychology of the traffic policeman. As we read:

The traffic policeman, contrary to a widely voiced opinion, is only human. Underneath his cold exterior there beats a Number 12 heart. His is a hand-to-mouth existence, in which the whistle plays no small part, and it is inevitable that he should be in a state of continuous exasperation over the refusal of the motoring classes correctly to interpret what his wild waves are saying.

Whether or not you have ever been introduced, you must show him every respect under all circumstances, as he is a stickler for the conventions. Under no circumstances should the well-bred man pass him without a salute, and it is the better part of valor to hesitate and await recognition from him.

Should you attempt to snub him completely, he will demand summarily, "Hey! Are you blind or sumpin?" to which any number of replies would be proper, but the conventional one is: "No, your excellency, in fact since I adopted bifocal glasses I have had no eye trouble whatsoever. It all depends on the oculist. I can give you his name if you want it."

"Who do you think you are—the



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Harbor Imports (1924)	4,136,799 tons
Harbor Exports (1924)	18,131,622 tons
Total	22,268,421 tons
Oil Production (1924)	120,000,000 bbls.

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

President?" the traffic policeman will reply if he has been correctly reared.

"No," you should reply. "On the contrary, I have never even been a candidate."

"How'd you like to take a little trip to court?" he will then ask.

"If you're quite sure I won't be butting in," you should reply.

"Back over there to the curb!" is the customary rejoinder at this point. It is then proper for him to present what is known as a summons.

And here Mr. Phillips, emulating the society page authorities on invitations and the like, gives us what he gravely asserts is "the correct form for a summons," as follows:

> Mr. Michael Fitzroonan
> Traffic policeman at Gibbs Street
> and Geranium Avenue
> Respectfully requests the pleasure of Mr. Alfred K. Muffins in Traffic Court No. 12, Fifth Assembly District, Thursday morning at 10 A. M., to meet Judge Gahookus. No acknowledgment is required. Bring wallet.

The motorist should accept the summons, bid the officer good afternoon and say, "Thanks. You must come over to my place and see us some time too."

It is not necessary to shake hands when parting.

8. Collision with a Pedestrian (Uninsured). No motorist who has been brought up right will run into a pedestrian just for the zest of the thing. Care should be taken to make every instance of this kind an accident.

After hitting a pedestrian and knocking him for a series of loops, the driver should follow his flight carefully to ascertain where he lights. He should then speed to the spot, lift up the victim and say: "I am exceedingly sorry. Did you get my number?"

If the pedestrian replies in the negative, the driver should let him fall back, hop in his car and take it on the wing.

If the answer be in the affirmative, the driver should say: "My dear fellow, it distresses me to meet you under these circumstances. And, besides, you broke two of my front lamps and bent the bumper so it'll cost me three dollars to get it fixt."

By this time a crowd of several thousand will have gathered. Presently they will cry, "Lynch him!" and chase you up on the porch of the nearest dwelling.

You are then confronted with that most embarrassing question:

Should you invite them to the house?

9. Helping a Lady Out of a Wreck. Few situations offer so many opportunities for a *faux pas* as that presented by the necessity of helping a lady out of a wreck. The difficulty of doing the thing correctly and in accordance with the best traditions of society is aggravated by the fact that whatever is done must be done speedily. It must be borne in mind that there is no time for thought. To run circles about the lady in obvious bewilderment for fifteen or twenty minutes, finally stammering: "I'm awfully sorry, but for the life of me I can't think just what should be done under the circumstances. Will you mind remaining right where you are for a few more minutes while I go get my Book of

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Etiquette?" is the pinnacle of boorishness. It is a time for deeds, not words.

If the lady is lying in a fairly comfortable and thoroughly orthodox position, there should be little trouble rescuing her. All that is necessary is to advance to the wreckage, remove the coat and extend the hand with a polite "May I have the pleasure?"

GRAZING TRAGEDY WITH THE AIR MAIL

WHAT it means to be "lost" on the air mail route between New York and Chicago, and to participate in a forced landing that appears almost to have brushed the skirts of disaster, is narrated graphically by Burt M. McConnell, who was a passenger on that eventful flight. He tells us that he started with the aspiration to complete the cycle of "breakfast in New York, lunch in Cleveland, dinner in Chicago," which was, indeed, the official schedule of the trip. And it was not until the last leg of the race that the dinner end of the program was threatened with disarrangement. Lake Michigan had been sighted, and the Indiana sand dunes. Then "a city of smokestacks, foundries, and blast furnaces, which can be none other than Gary." Writing in the Dearborn *Independent*, Mr. McConnell continues:

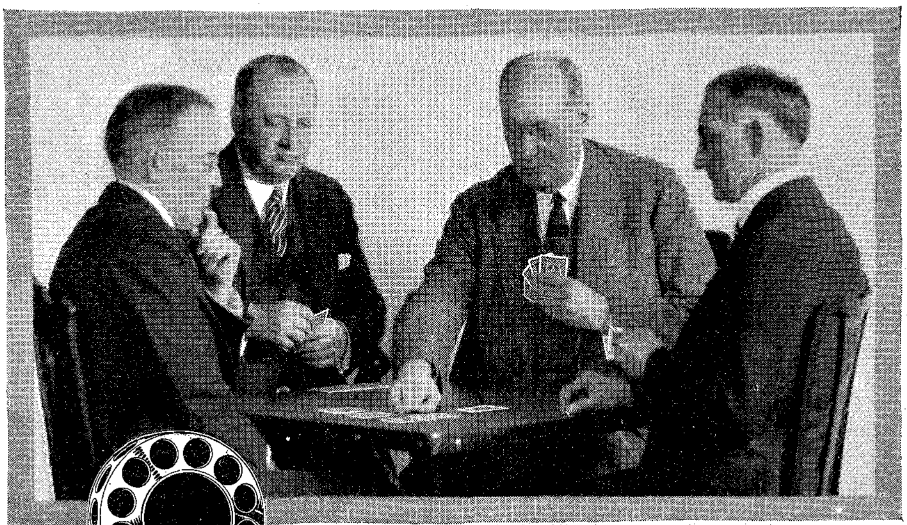
Here all the railroads in the world seem to converge. Ordinarily these bands of steel would point the way, but twilight is swiftly approaching and a murky pall of smoke virtually hides the railroads from view, altho we are flying at a dangerously low altitude. As we sweep over the city the street lights are switched on; darkness comes suddenly at this season.

For some inexplicable reason I feel, soon after we pass Gary, that Smith has lost the trail, altho the lakeshore is sometimes visible in the moonlight. Bearing to the left and almost skimming the telegraph poles, the pilot is able to discern the railroad beneath. But a light fog from the lake complicates matters; we most certainly are lost. At a point about twenty miles north of Gary, Smith circles about, peering down into the darkness in search of a landmark. The moon, breaking through a rift of clouds, saves us this time, and after another ten miles the lights of Chicago loom ahead. But these, instead of being our salvation, are our undoing; in the intricate network of streets and railroads, Smith is unable to locate Maywood Field, the terminus of the second relay on the transcontinental air mail route.

By this time it is barely light enough to distinguish the trees and telephone-poles that line the highways on the outskirts of the city. The lake is no longer to be seen. Both of us are praying that those at the air mail field, having been advised of our departure from Bryan, will light a flare for us. But no such welcoming signal appears, altho Smith circles about the vicinity of the air mail field for ten minutes before deciding to come down on a field a mile square, bordered with street lights and trees. Gliding to within fifty feet of the earth, the pilot wisely decides that this stretch of prairie is probably as good a landing spot as he can find in the darkness.

Circling back to his starting-point, we read that Smith swooped downward at

Bridge by Radio



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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

a sharp angle toward the bottomless black pit. And then—

We miss some telephone wires by a scant six feet, and crash through the limbs of a tree with our left wing-tip. Slithering through the damp atmosphere at eighty miles an hour, Smith cuts the switch of his motor, and our landing speed is reduced to sixty miles—the speed of an express train. The wires sing. I look out over the side; nothing but an inky black carpet sweeping beneath us. Suppose there are barbed-wire fences—

The street-lights, a hundred yards distant, whiz past. We settle rapidly. Bracing my feet against the compartment in front of me, hoping the machine will not flip over on its back, I wait for the crash. It does not come. A miracle! Here, in an entirely unfamiliar spot, so rough that later we frequently stumble as we walk about, this air mail pilot brings his ship down in total darkness without breaking a strut or bending an axle. It was not even a rough landing, in the accepted sense of the term.

Silently we unbuckle our safety-belts and slip over the side. I reach for Smith's hand. "I've landed lots harder than that on a field that cost half a million dollars," I blurt out.

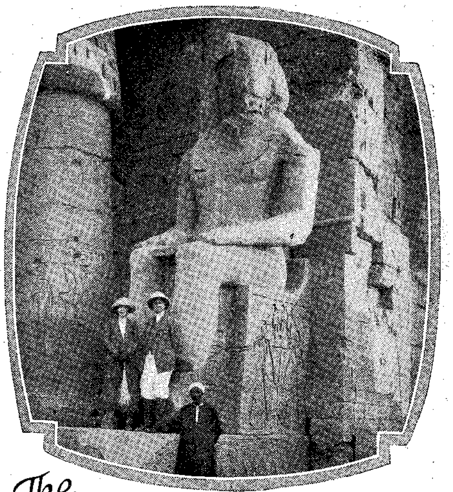
"Well, it might have been worse," Smith admits, taking off his helmet and mopping his forehead. "That would be a nice souvenir to take home with you," he adds, disentangling from a strut a tree limb about the thickness of the handle of a baseball bat.

Our watches tell us that we have been in the air eight hours and fifteen minutes. My dream—breakfast in New York, lunch in Cleveland, and dinner in Chicago—is to be realized, for "rescuers" who have seen the fiery trail of our exhaust, like a comet in the sky, now appear from all directions, and while two of them volunteer to guard the machine, others take us into their automobile. The driver's companion insists that I sit in the seat, while he maintains a precarious foothold on the running-board. Smith sits on my knees. In this fashion we arrive at Maywood Field, three miles from our landing-point. But we *might* have arrived in an ambulance.

The earlier stages of the trip were full of vivacity and color, from the embarkation "on a crisp October morning" at the air mail flying-field on Long Island. As we read:

At three minutes to eight "Slim," one of the air mail's most picturesque pilots, climbs into the rear cockpit of the Second-Assistant Postmaster-General's aerial limousine, glances quickly over the twelve indicators on the instrument board, tests the "flippers," and warms up the powerful Liberty motor until the ten-foot propeller is turning over at the rate of 1,500 revolutions a minute. "Slim" straps on his leather helmet, pulls down his goggles, and waves the Baron and me into the forward cockpit, roofed with some transparent material and luxuriously upholstered. It is just large enough to accommodate two persons, and fitted with all the conveniences of a Pullman smoking-compartment. There is even a writing-table.

At one minute to eight, after we have



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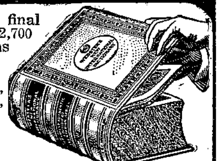

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strapt ourselves in, "Slim" abruptly "gives her the gun," as he expresses it, opening the throttle to its last notch, and at eight o'clock we are spiraling dizzily upward over the field. The weather report, sent by the air mail's wireless from our first scheduled stop, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, promises fair weather. My destination is Chicago, almost eight hundred miles away; the Baron is going to Detroit.

Off to our left is the south shore of Long Island, with its long, narrow sand-pits. Waves break lazily upon them, for it is calm. The sun, a dull red ball of fire, struggles feebly through the mist and turns the Hudson, half a mile below us, into a stream of molten copper. A toy train, puffing stertorously, crawls across one of the toy bridges that span the East River. Ferry-boats, like so many water-bugs in a mill pond, churn their way between the New Jersey shore and the metropolis. A thin, blue haze blankets Jersey City, but we can see the foot-hills of the Orange Mountains. The automobiles that creep along the highways, like so many beetles, are soon left behind. For we are traveling twice as fast as the speediest express train. Our Liberty motor, noisy but efficient, precludes all conversation, of course. The Baron and I write our messages on the little card-table fitted into the side of the fuselage.

Off to the left is a black pall of smoke, and beneath it is a silvery ribbon. For the sun is higher now, and powerful enough to dispel the mists which hang over Trenton and the Delaware River. Suddenly the machine begins to "porpoise," that is, to ascend sharply, and dive just as quickly to the original altitude. But there is nothing wrong with the steering-gear; this is merely "Slim's" way of drawing our attention. He points to the State capitol.

We fly above the low, rolling hills of eastern Pennsylvania at an altitude of 2,500 feet, but as we near the Alleghanies "Slim" points the nose of his ship slightly upward until the altimeter registers 3,200. More haze, but the peaks loom through it. We are about to enter the worst stretch of the entire transcontinental air mail route of 2,680 miles. There is but one landing-field in three hundred miles—and we have no parachutes. But we don't mind; we took our chances in the Army Air Service without parachutes during the war, and we agree that we can struggle along without the clumsy things in peace-time. Of course, if the engine were to stop—

As these disturbing thoughts flit through my mind, the wooded hills, with their bright autumn foliage, flow beneath us like a richly colored carpet. Here and there are dark gashes in the earth, through which coal-trains, long and sinuous, roll eastward. I lean over the side, looking down upon Sunbury, until "Slim" attracts my attention and points northward to the Susquehanna's placid surface and sharply defined banks. We are above the anthracite region, with culm banks to the left of us, collieries to the right of us. A treacherous section for flying. Yet we fly along, free from earthly cares; conquerors of the air. An amazing thing, flying.

Fortunately, the writer remarks, there was no fog, and he had an unimpaired view of "tree-covered hills and valleys, with the river flowing peacefully between." He goes on:

Eventually we find ourselves above the Bellefonte air-mail field, marked with a huge cross on the ground and nestling in the valley between the precipitous Alleghanies. A perfect "three-point" landing,

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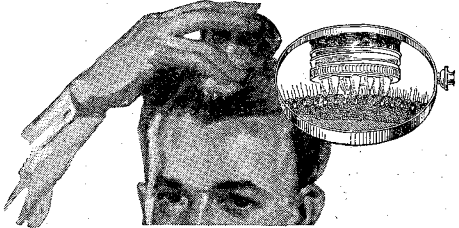

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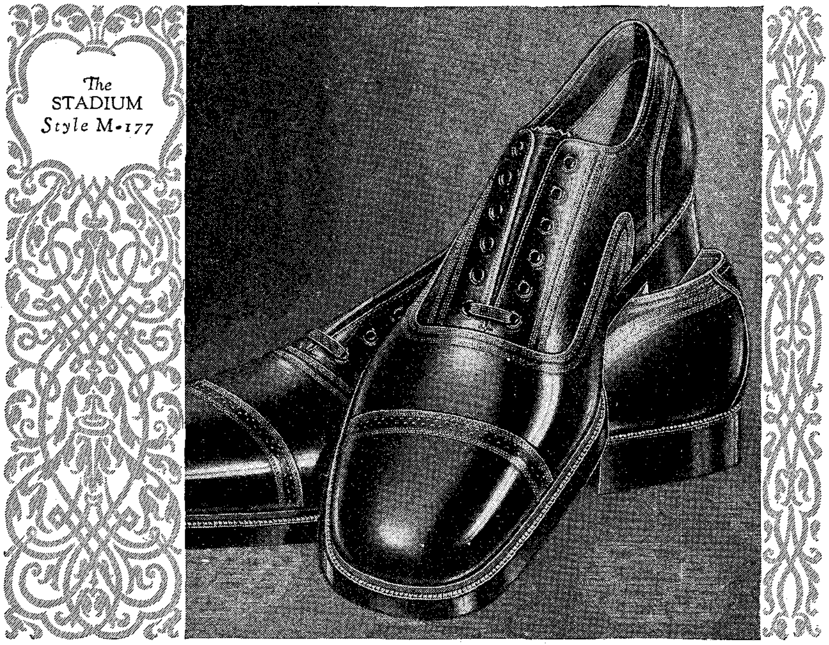

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

that is, a gradual and simultaneous settling of the two landing-wheels and the tail-skid as we glide earthward with the motor stopt, and we "taxi" up to the hangar. The wireless station has been advised of our coming, and a supply of fuel and oil is ready. We slide over the side of the sleek yellow air cruiser, glance at our watches, and find that we have flown 225 miles in exactly two hours and fifteen minutes.

We walk about the hangar for twenty minutes, stretching our muscles. An encouraging weather report from Cleveland, two and a half hours' distant, comes in. Then we are in the air again. "Slim" points the nose of his splendid ship upward at a rather steep angle; he is anxious to get out of the Bellefonte pocket as quickly as possible. Climbing steadily, we reach 3,000 feet, follow for a time the west branch of the Susquehanna, then "drop over" to the Alleghany River. It is "bumpy" at this altitude, despite Cleveland's favorable weather prediction.

Once on the other side of the mountains, and farms—rolling, fertile, Ohio farms—reveal themselves as small patches in a crazy-quilt. The sun, tho worsted in its perennial battle with the mountain mists, now shines down upon shocks of corn and stacks of golden grain. The tree-covered hills and valleys are safely behind us; the worst of the flight is over.

Directly ahead, perhaps thirty miles away, a light-blue haze indicates the location of a large manufacturing community. And off to the right, almost as far distant as Cleveland, is an ultramarine patch, over which hovers a blue-gray mist. My first view of one of the Great Lakes from the air! Below us are the Erie Railroad tracks, friendly ribbons of steel, but there is no need to follow them; the city lies directly ahead. A flying-field looms through the thin veil of smoke—the first of thirteen transfer points between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Here the Baron and I are initiated into the mysteries of the Air Mail Service. The 2,680-mile route, we are told, is divided into three zones—New York-Chicago, Chicago-Cheyenne, and Cheyenne-San Francisco. The postal rate is eight cents an ounce per zone or fraction thereof, and through the cooperation of the Railway Mail Service it is possible to send air mail letters and packages to points not on the transcontinental line without paying additional postage.

For more than five years the Air Mail Division has worked and planned for a transcontinental day-and-night Air Mail Service. As a result, every day, whatever the weather, two sturdy airplanes climb into the air above their respective flying-fields near New York and San Francisco, circle about like homing pigeons, and start across the continent, loaded with mail. At the next landing-field, pilots and machines are changed, just as the crew and the locomotive of the Limited are changed at each division point.

The field manager at Cleveland is enthusiastic over the air mail's achievements. On the way to lunch no opportunity to inform us of these performances is lost. We are told, for example, that the transportation of mail, day after day, in winter and summer, between the Goddess of Liberty and the Golden Gate, marks the first real development of aviation in the United States. The gain is relatively as great as that which the United States and Great Britain achieved when steamships took the place of sailing-vessels as mail carriers. A mail plane now flies farther in an hour than the pony express traveled in an entire day, sixty years ago. The Pacific coast, in terms of transportation, is no farther from New York to-day than Philadelphia was a hundred years ago.

A letter, says our host, is carried from New York to San Francisco in 34 hours 45 minutes, and the return trip is made in 32 hours 5 minutes. The service West to East is almost three hours shorter because of prevailing westerly winds, but the westbound air mail pilot has the advantage of three hours more of daylight, because he is flying with the sun.

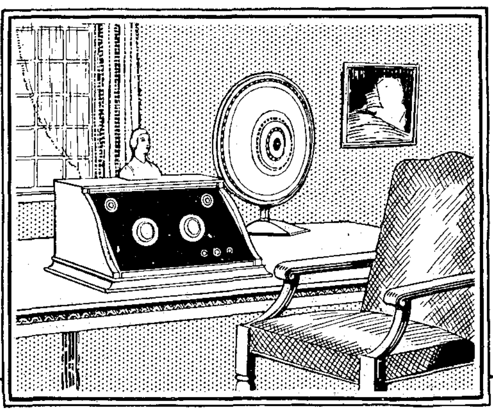
The Baron and I, after listening to this barrage of information, are permitted to enjoy our lunch. That is, D'Orcy is; the "bumpy" air above the Alleghanies, which buffeted our 4,200-pound machine about, combined with the long vacation from flying, has been too much for me. But how "Slim" can eat! Finally, however, he sits back with a sigh of content; he is ready to continue on to Detroit with Baron d'Orcy.

We part company here, and Wesley G. Smith, whose regular "run" is between Cleveland and New York, has a dilapidated De Haviland wheeled out on the field. Soon we are flying low over a level, monotonous country dotted by farms, orchards, and small towns, with numerous streams flowing northward into Lake Erie. A fog rolls in, and Smith drops to an altitude of a thousand feet, to keep within sight of familiar landmarks.

WHEN ACCIDENTS ARE NOT ACCIDENTAL

IS a predictable occurence an "accident"? We do not describe our daily sunrise and sunset as "accidental." No more should we apply this term to an automobile crash that could have been easily deduced from the driver's mentality and previous record. This view of the subject, which an editorial writer in the New York *Times* thinks ought to be understood and utilized by the officials who decide the giving out or the refusing of automobile licenses was well presented at a recent conference on the Science of Politics, by Dr. W. W. Bingham, director of the Personal Research Federation. To him most of the happenings that pass for "automobile accidents" are not accidents at all, but the easily predictable consequences of ascertainable peculiarities of one or another of the persons involved. We read:

> Their mental and physical reactions in suddenly arising emergencies, such as so frequently occur in the driving of motor-cars, are not sufficiently prompt or of the sort required for the efficient meeting of those emergencies, and the result is that they have one little accident after another until, finally and inevitably, they have a big accident in which they kill or maim themselves or somebody else.
>
> Hence is it that, in Dr. Bingham's opinion, "repeaters"—drivers who have been responsible for several collisions and like troubles—should have their licenses permanently revoked. They may be persons with the best intentions, who can claim



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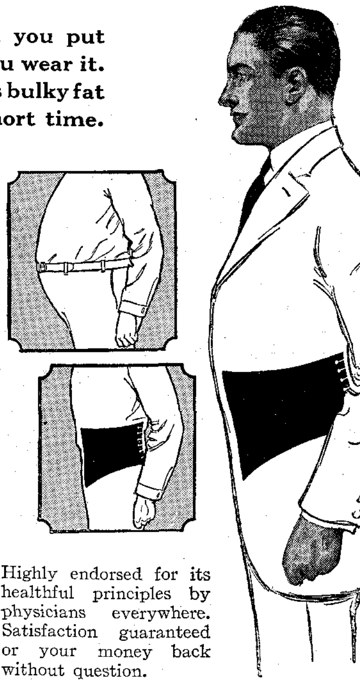

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

to be both careful and intelligent, but they are not, and never will be, trustworthy on the highways as the operators of machines capable of doing so much harm.

Just where the line should be drawn in these cases it would be a little difficult to decide, but that is no reason for not doing it, and officials properly trained and instructed, by taking action based on a proper record, soon could eliminate from the automobiling brotherhood and sisterhood those who are not fitted for membership.

From his investigation of automobile "accidents," Dr. Bingham has learned the curious and surprizing fact that the majority of the best drivers is not composed of people highly intelligent and well educated—professional men, doctors, lawyers, and the magnates of business and industry—but of those who would be put in a much lower category, according to most standards—delivery boys, truckmen, taxi drivers and laborers.

In searching for an explanation of this difference, on the surface so disadvantageous to intelligence and education, the first to occur is that it is the difference between amateur and professional—between those who devote a large part of their time to the driving of cars, and for whom it is a means of livelihood, and those who do it only occasionally, as an amusement or avocation.

And, of course, the hired drivers who are prone to having "accidents" soon are discharged as incompetent by employers and are driven from their class, while there is no such process of elimination from the other group. There would be, however, if ever the reason given by Dr. Bingham for the revocation of automobile licenses should receive official recognition.

DOZING AT THE WHEEL

ACCIDENTS caused by a motor-driver's falling asleep are not infrequent, asserts a writer in *The British Medical Journal* (London). The death of Mr. Hamilton Drummond, surgeon at the Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle, calls attention, he says, to a possible cause of some mysterious motor accidents. We read:

> Mr. Drummond died from injuries received through the overturning of the car he was driving. The car swerved suddenly to the left, and ran into a gate. At the coroner's inquest it was reported that before he died, Mr. Drummond said, "I dozed over, pulled in, could not recover. Have you ever had that experience? I have done this before, but once too often." Such an accident may easily occur with an overtired driver, soothed to greater somnolence by the rhythm of the engine and the monotonous grind of the gear. A doctor tells us that on one occasion while his new car was being driven to London by an employee of the manufacturers, he suddenly noticed that the driver was slipping down between the steering pillar and the seat. The man was asleep; he explained the occurrence by stating that he had been driving for three days and nights! Medical men who drive their own cars must be more liable than most people to the risk of falling asleep at the wheel, since they often have many long days of tiring work. Since Mr. Drummond's death other medical men have told us of their terrifying experiences in dozing while driving, and more than one has said that when he found the inclination to sleep overpowering, he pulled up in some safe place by the side of a road and took a short nap. It seems possible that many of the fatal accidents which, being unaccountable, have been attributed to a burst tire or to some derangement of the steering apparatus, may really have been due to the driver falling asleep; the evidence of its effect in causing accidents is sufficient to suggest that motorists who are very tired would be wise to refrain from driving on monotonous country roads.

AND NOW FOR MR. FORD'S "AIR LIZZIE"

"WE'LL put all the people into the air whenever they want to fly," said Henry Ford, in announcing that the long-expected "Ford of the air" would soon be ready. Specifically the news he had for the world was that the Ford laboratory at Dearborn had practically completed the development of an air-cooled eight-cylinder 200-horse-power motor for the "plain people's" air flivvers. And we read in the New York *Times* that quantity production of cheap light planes, "the kind the average man will fly," will soon be possible. Speaking of the new engine, the correspondent continues, in a dispatch from Detroit:

> Like its brother so popular on the ground, its parts will be accessible, interchangeable and cheap. Its first work will be driving the big Stout metal plane to be fitted with three of the new motors, Mr. Ford declared.
>
> This motor will be first "Ford of the air," about which so many prophecies have been made. It will weigh about two pounds to the horse-power, and will have all the economical characteristics of the Ford automobile motor.
>
> The motor as designed and in course of construction will be easily replaceable on any plane, the change requiring a surprizingly short time. Its parts are unusually accessible. There are no adjustments anywhere about it. If a part wears out, the owner will throw it away and get another. If one wears out at the laboratory, it is removed and melted into a new one.
>
> "They tell me a paper has quoted me as saying the first commercial airplane reliability tour proves the airplane to be reliable," said Mr. Ford. "Maybe I said that, but I doubt that the tour alone could prove such a thing. I'm a greenhorn at this aviation business, but I can see that it is going to be a great industry.
>
> "It's bigger in possibilities than anything else in the world—too big to be a one-man patent concern, too big to be any one man's contribution to the science. Patents are silly things when they are used to hinder any industry. No man has a right to profit from a patent only. That produces parasites, men who are willing to lay back on their oars and do nothing. If any reward is due the man whose brain has produced something new and good he should get it through profits from the manufacture and sale of that thing."

Mr. Ford said that he had no intention of making an airplane motor to sell separately. He had never sold car or tractor motors separately, and expected to use all the airplane motors he could manufacture. They would all go directly into planes.

OHIO'S "LITTLE WHITE CROSSES"

"APPALLING," we read, is the number of little white crosses—each one marking a spot on the highway where some person has met death in a motor mishap—that one encounters on a fifty-mile drive over any of the main State roads of Ohio. Whether drivers have been made more careful by the action of the State in erecting the now famous white crosses appears to be a moot question. There is no question, however, that those ghastly little reminders of the results of carelessness "get on the nerves" of passing motorists. *The Ohio State Journal* (Columbus) remarks in an editorial:

Many people do not like to see the grim reminders of tragedy and protest earnestly against their being there. Perhaps all these protests against the State's policy in this matter should rightly be regarded as indorsements of it, all these knocks as boosts. The white crosses evidently are challenging the attention of the driving public and giving rise to serious thoughts of dreadful possibilities, and that is the real purpose of them. Some one says that the highways have been turned into graveyards by the crosses, but if they serve to check the graveyard movement they are well worth while.

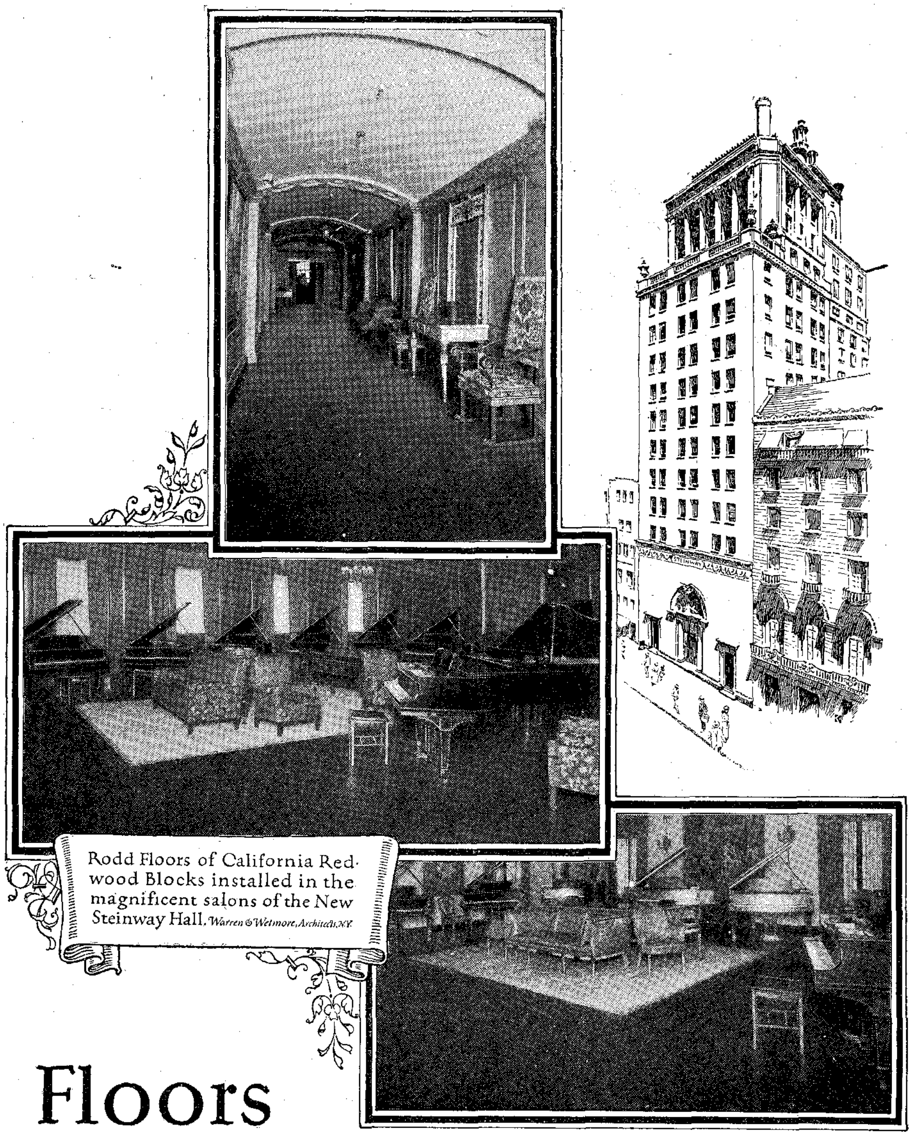
HOW SAFETY CAUSES ACCIDENTS

THE "safe" parts of highways are the ones where most accidents occur, according to the motor-vehicle authorities of Connecticut. Apparently, drivers are careful on curves and badly surfaced roads, and let themselves go on straight, smooth stretches. Says the Litchfield *Enquirer:*

Out of 20,781 motor-vehicle accidents officially reported during 1924, 10,666 occurred on straight-away stretches where the drivers of the colliding cars had a clear view of the objects with which they collided. Intersecting roads were the scenes of 7,395 of the accidents, most of them being due to the fact that one or both vehicles, in cases of collisions between two cars, approached the intersections at speeds too great to be checked upon perceiving the approach of the second car. There were 3,566 reports of failure to grant the right-of-way at street-crossings.

There were 940 accidents on curves, frequently caused by drivers of two vehicles going in opposite directions "hugging" the "inside" of the bend in the road to help them maintain high speed. The record shows 1,169 cases of "driving on wrong side of road" which resulted in accidents, and 117 of cutting corners, and 26 of passing on curves, with similar results. In 1,010 cases, the automobiles involved in accidents were going down-hill at the time of the accidents, and 770 were ascending hills which interrupted the sight line when accidents occurred.

Among the information required by the department in all reports of accidents, is a statement as to the condition of the road surface at the scene. Approximately 15,000 of the 20,781 accidents occurred on road surface that was reported by those involved and other witnesses as "good." In 593 accidents, the road surface was rough, in 3,196 it was wet, in 488 it was covered by snow, in 1,018 ice made it slippery, in 186 it was sandy, and 51, muddy.



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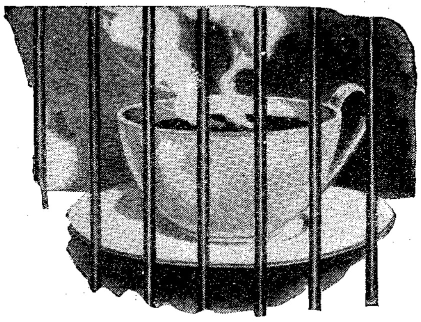

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

TO DIG UP ARMAGEDDON

ARMAGEDDON, the famous place of history, mystery, and prophecy, is to yield its buried secrets to an American expedition backed by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., we are told by Science Service, in its *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). To quote this source:

> Plans are being made at the Oriental Museum of the University of Chicago by Prof. James H. Breasted for excavations on a large scale, to begin in the near future. Over four hundred workmen will be employed, in addition to the regular staff of scientific experts. Profs. D. F. Higgins of the University of Chicago, and C. S. Fisher, formerly of the University of Pennsylvania, expect to go to Palestine to make preliminary surveys of the ground and select suitable camp-sites.
>
> Armageddon, where according to Scripture the last of the world's great wars will be decided, is a mountain district, a continuation to the southeastward of the Carmel highland, lying in central Palestine, just across the great plain of Esdraelon from the holy city of Nazareth. The town of Megiddo, from which the region takes its name, commands a pass that leads to the plain of Sharon on the seacoast, and has, therefore, been the scene of much fighting in ancient times between the great kingdoms of the Euphrates valley to the north and Egypt to the south, as well as the tribal battles of the Israelites with their neighbors. The part that Israel took in this fighting is recorded in two places in the Old Testament.
>
> The first of these is in the song of Deborah and Barak, after the discomfiture of their enemies: "The kings came and fought, then fought the kings of Canaan in Taanach by the waters of Megiddo." (Judges 5 : 19.) This triumph of the Israelitish champions (one of them a woman) over Sisera, leader of the army of their oppressors, is the record of a small and local war. In the second conflict recorded, Israel was an ally of Assyria against Egypt, and its king, Josiah, sacrificed his life at Armageddon in the effort to turn back the Egyptian invader: "In his days Pharaoh Nechoh, king of Egypt, went up against the king of Assyria to the river Euphrates; and King Josiah went against him; and he slew him at Megiddo when he had seen him. And his servants carried him in a chariot dead from Megiddo, and brought him to Jerusalem, and buried him in his own sepulcher. And the people of the land took Jehoahaz, the son of Josiah, and anointed him and made him king in his father's stead." (II Kings, 23 : 29, 30.)
>
> With this long tradition of bloody fighting, it is not to be wondered at that the terrible apocalyptical visions of final battle, slaughter and dissolution at the end of the world should have been localized by the seer of Revelation at Armageddon.
>
> How old the town of Megiddo is, no one knows, but archeologists agree that it is older than history; or rather that the series of cities on the same site, one built above the ruins of the other, present such a long succession.
>
> It will be the purpose of the present expedition to gather data to illuminate this point, and with it to gain much new

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light on the ancient civilizations that met and battled there.

The expedition has selected as the site of its first excavations the scene of the most recent of the many battles of Armageddon—a ridge which lies about ten miles from the city of Nazareth, where the British, under General Allenby, met and defeated the Turks during the Great War.

OUR LONGER LIVES

MAN is a longer-lived animal to-day than his great-grandfather—vastly more so than his remote ancestors. The evidence in favor of this view is briefly marshaled by a contributor to *Le Matin* (Paris), who says:

> It is generally believed that men do not live so long in our own day as formerly; this, however, is not true. The average of human life at Rome under the Cæsars was eighteen years. In France before 1789 it was 28 to 29 years; in 1800, 32 years; in 1850, 37 years; in 1880, 40 years. Just before the war, this average was estimated at 46 years.
>
> The crisis of 1914–18 dislocated all our statistics, all our averages—and for good reason. To get these averages the death-rate at all ages is taken into account. The mortality from birth to one year explains the low average of eighteen years in ancient Rome. But if we consider the duration of life according to age we shall get approximately the same results.
>
> It is only within about fifty years that we have had statistics of mortality by age, disease and profession. But there is a way of getting an idea of this, by taking the length of life of celebrated men; we thus arrive at a curve that is absolutely demonstrative.
>
> The average longevity increases very regularly from century to century, starting from 62½ years in the Middle Ages, 63½ in the sixteenth century, 64½ in the seventeenth, 67½ in the eighteenth, 68⅓ in the nineteenth, it reaches 71 in the twentieth. There must be more than mere coincidence in this.
>
> Another proof of this increase of length of life is found in the records of life-insurance companies. Finally, the French Government finds another proof in the congestion of its old-people's homes, where there are fewer deaths than formerly and where vacancies are becoming more and more rare.
>
> It is evident that all this is a consequence of greater conditions of comfort in life and of the introduction of hygienic measures into all sorts of environments.
>
> Literature brings its support to these figures. Molière gives the name of "old bearded man" to a man of forty years, and the noble fathers of medieval comedy or of the Spanish theater are depicted as being in general about forty-five years. Balzac tells us of the lamentations of a woman of thirty.
>
> These things have all changed since those times. Is it not so, ladies?

His Efforts Ignored.—The victim of a motor-car accident was being examined by the village magistrate.

"You say you didn't see his number?" the magistrate remarked. "Could you swear to the man?"

"Well," answered the countryman, "I did, but I don't think he heard me."—*Tatler.*

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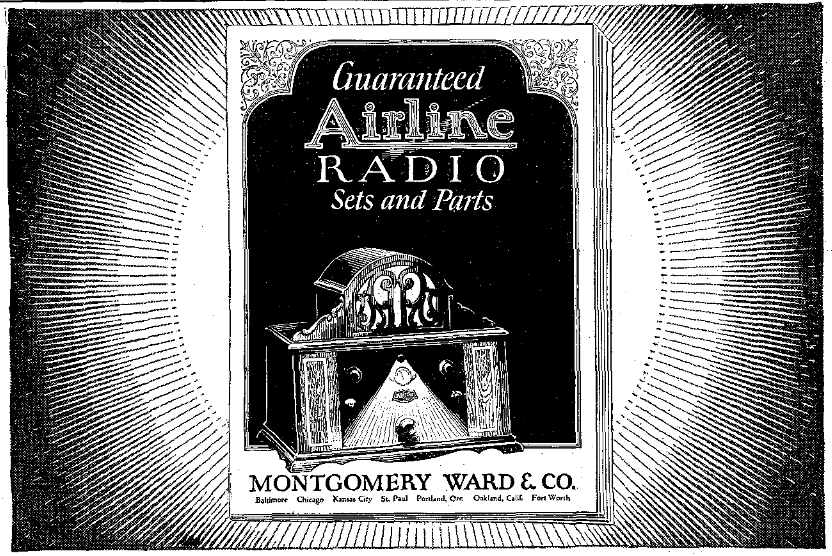
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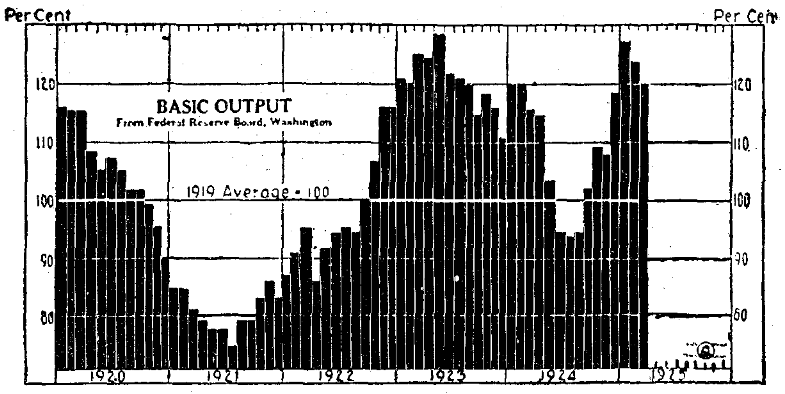
INVESTMENTS • AND • FINANCE

LABOR'S RISING WAGES AND OUTPUT

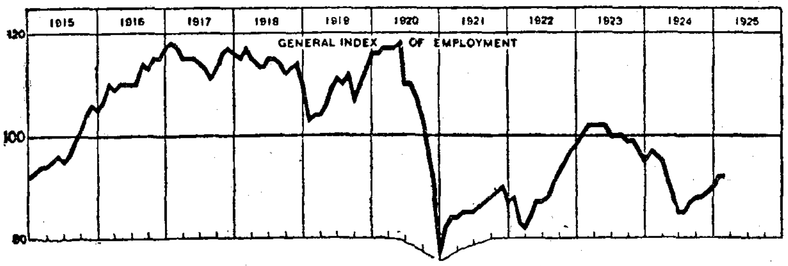
THE CASUAL OBSERVER OF A LABORER digging a trench is inclined to think that the latter is taking things pretty easily. But one such observer, a husky young man, asked permission to try the sledge-hammer wielded by an elderly worker in a ditch. After half a dozen strokes the experimenter turned the forty-five-pound sledge back "to the 'wop,' who proceeded at an even pace—swinging, smashing the sledge on the boulders, resting, swinging, striking again, resting, until boulder after boulder was cleared out of the trench." And the observer concluded that putting a sixteen-pound shot or playing match tennis eight hours a day "would be easy exercise as compared with swinging a forty-five-pound sledge, hour after hour, from eight till noon, from half-past twelve to four-thirty." Thus John Krasno in *The Survey* opens his discussion of the very general comment on the indolence of labor. In particular, when industry begins to slow down, "one hears much of high wages, short hours, the laziness of working-men." But one trade journal, *Industrial Management* (New York), refuses to get alarmed over the inefficiency of labor. It contends, so Mr. Krasno reports, that the "basic factor of prosperity is the output per dollar of wages, in other words, the industry and skill of the wage-workers." This journal compares a Federal Reserve Board chart (reproduced on this page), showing the production of twenty-two basic industries year by year from 1920 through the first quarter of 1925, with the general index of employment (which we also reproduce) for basic industries during the same period. As Mr. Krasno continues:



By courtesy of *Industrial Management* (New York).

LABOR'S INCREASING PRODUCTIVITY

Output of 22 basic industries for five years.



By courtesy of *Industrial Management*

MORE WORK, BUT FEWER WORKERS

General index of employment for ten years, showing the recent decrease in the number of men at work in our basic industries.

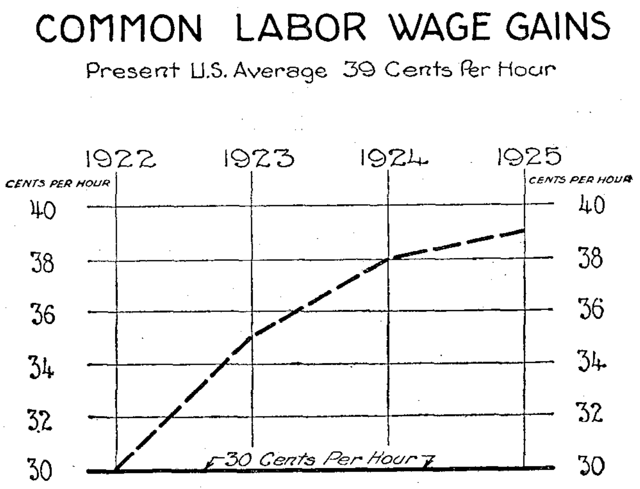
> This comparison reveals several surprizing facts: first, that the production of 1923, 1924, and the first quarter of 1925 exceeded what was generally regarded as the inflated production of the "boom" year 1920; and second, that the production of 1923, and more especially of 1924 and 1925, was accomplished with a working force very much smaller than that employed by the same industries in 1920. No evidence is adduced to show whether or not this greatly increased efficiency of the wage-workers was accomplished by a corresponding increase in wages. It is common knowledge that there was a reduction of hours in one of the greatest of the basic industries, steel—a change from the three-shift to the two-shift day. The assumption is that with the cutting off of immigration at a time of large labor demand, executives are not only introducing more labor-saving machinery but are also cultivating the good-will of their employees to a greater extent than ever before. But this is assumption only. A great many questions are raised and left unanswered by the figures and curves in these charts. But the question as to the diligence of working-men in American industry is answered unequivocally and emphatically.

Whether wages have increased is a question not answered in the above-quoted article. But it is interesting to find elsewhere the statement that common labor, which is a factor in almost all industry, has been making important wage gains in the last three years. We read in one of Ralph F. Couch's "Business Day by Day" dispatches from Washington:

> The wage of common labor so far this year has averaged 39 cents per hour, taking the United States as a whole. Last year at this time the wage for common labor was 38 cents. The 1923 average was 35 cents, and that of 1922 thirty cents.
>
> In some sections wage of labor of this class is higher than in others. The top wage is above 50 cents in the Pacific States and in New England, while in the South Atlantic and Gulf States the figure is around 25 cents.

These figures are based on reports from the United States Department of Commerce. The factors contributing to the advancing wages of common labor are briefly touched on as follows:

> The restrictions on immigration not only have worked to lessen the supply of common labor by barring it from coming



Copyrighted by Ralph F. Couch, Washington, D. C.

to this country, but it has caused many laborers already here to return to their native lands because their families could not gain entrance to the United States.

Along with this the demand for common labor has increased. The record-building operations call for unskilled as well as the most highly skilled labor. Road-building also has gone forward at a record pace, and this activity calls for men to do heavy work.

THE THRIFT HABIT

JUST because Edward W. Bok picked up and took home a stray potato, and because a friend didn't bother to save the strings from opened parcels, Mr. Bok is now successful, famous and well off financially, and the friend is only a clerk in a department store. Of course, Mr. Bok, who tells the story in *Collier's*, does not mean that the potato and the string actually determined any one's future. But he does insist that the habit of thrift and economy in connection with the small affairs of early life is likely to lead on to fortune. He tells another anecdote in this connection:

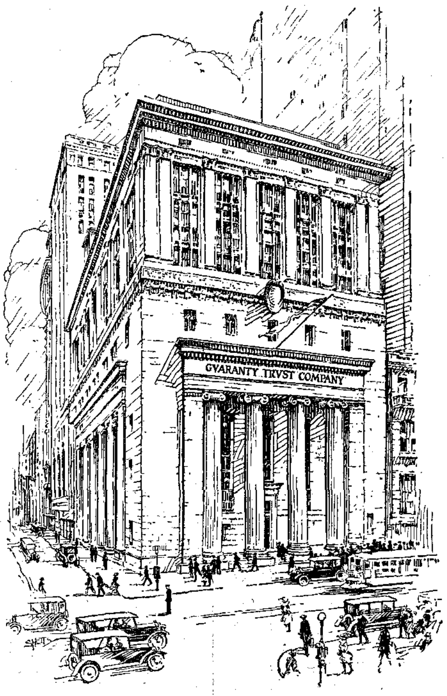
> An investment opportunity of the kind which comes only once in a lifetime was recently offered to a man whom I know very well. He went to a very close friend with whom things had not gone well, and said to him: "You take this chance. It will fix you and your family for the rest of your lives. I don't need it. I have saved. I am fixt."
>
> After a week the friend came back, and said he would have to let the chance pass him by. He would give no explanation, and he refused assistance. "No," he said. "It was coming to me. It is a life-lesson that I must accept."
>
> What was back of it? He had not sufficient liquid funds or securities for a loan, and the banks did not consider his account sufficient to justify the venture.

Thrift doesn't mean being penurious or close, says Mr. Bok; "but it does mean not to live up to an income, no matter how small that income may be." As the former editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal* again turns to reminiscence:

> When I earned fifty cents per week, I saved five cents of it. It was the principle that I respected: it was the habit that I formed. To-day I am just as careful to turn out an unnecessary electric light, even in a hotel, as I was in early days not to light the lamp a moment before it was actually necessary.

And besides the effect on one's own mentality, it is important to create an impression of thrift:

> A wife mentioned to her husband the care with which a certain young man, a friend of the son of the house, always turned off every light when he left his room, and how punctilious he was in the little things about his room and the bathroom. The husband said nothing. But when the boy was graduated from college he asked him to come into his business—in which he is now a partner.
>
> There are few acts of conduct so small that they go unnoticed. There are few so lowly and humble that the eyes of some one are not upon them.
>
> It is hard to believe this. But it is so.



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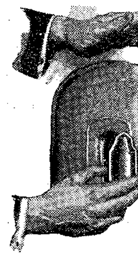

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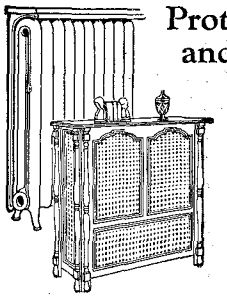

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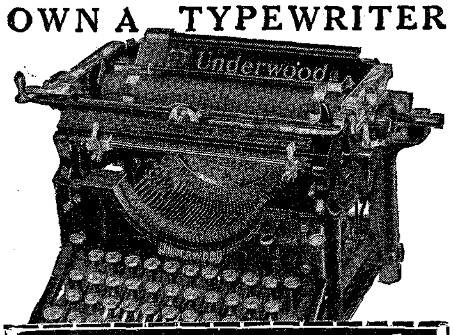

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

HOW TO GET OUT OF DEBT

THIS is a practical program outlined by a writer in *The Saturday Evening Post* for the benefit of those who have somehow run so far behind with their bills that they do not see how they can ever pay up. Many young married men get very deeply into debt to the butcher, the baker, and the candle-stick maker, "not through any gross extravagance, but simply because domestic life costs more than they anticipated, and because their imaginations have not been sufficiently fertile to foresee and provide for dozens of necessary expenditures that are beyond the ken of the average bachelor." And the unmarried are likely "to get into the toils because they have not developed the strength of character to say no to themselves and to put the brakes upon expenditures which they know are unwarranted." It is remarked that "debt-ridden young people, whether married or single, are likely to find their situation more trying than it need be because in their ignorance of how to treat their creditors, and how to reorganize their own affairs they become panic-stricken." Whereby certain general hints are offered to young people "who owe more than they can pay," but are honest and mindful of their obligations and "are willing to borrow off their backs and their bellies, as Benjamin Franklin put it, in order to work out of debt." This is the program that is suggested by *The Saturday Evening Post* writer:

1. Make a neat schedule of all your debts, indicating whom you owe and the amount. Put the most pressing items near the top of the list, but do not put the doctor's bill at the foot just because he is unlikely to sue you. You may get away with it, but it is not sporting. Follow the doctor's example and have a heart. Add up the total.

2. Make a careful and honest revision of the list already prepared, including all the items you have omitted because your memory was at fault, or, because you could not bear to see the already staggering total further swollen by a lot of half-outlawed bills. Again compute your total indebtedness. Keep repeating this process until you have turned out an absolutely complete and honest schedule. Remember that while getting credit by presenting a false statement of financial condition is often criminal, deceiving yourself by the same means is merely cowardly and childish. The preparation of these debt lists is a harrowing job; but as a moral daily dozen it is almost unequaled.

3. Make a careful estimate of your absolutely necessary expenses for the next year. Increase it by 10 or 15 per cent. to take care of emergencies and forgotten items. Ascertain the difference between income and outgo and determine how much you can devote each month or week to whittling down your debts. Figure out how long you must stick to your self-imposed retrenchments in order to get entirely free from debt.

4. Make a searching analysis of your expenditures for the past year and try to decide which of them were unwarranted and how much they total. Go over your fixt charges with particular care and see whether you have been operating on a well-balanced budget, or on one that is lopsided and ill-proportioned. In the case of a house, has your rent exceeded one-fifth of your income? If you live in a heated apartment, is the rent more than one-fourth of your income? Perhaps you have been spending too great a proportion of your earnings on food, clothing or amusements. It is impracticable to give a useful budget indicating the ideal distribution of income on a percentage basis, for the reason that the percentages vary with the size of the income and the number in the family. Remember that it is not the occasional minor extravagance that landed you where you are, but the constant recurrence of too high fixt charges occasioned by an over-generous scale of living. See if it is not possible to cut down some of these charges which have to be met every month, year in and year out, and thus squeeze out more for your creditors. Their gain will be your gain.

5. Map out a general program for paying your debts. Remember that if you have accumulated one hundred dollars for the benefit of those whom you owe, it will strengthen your position much more to divide it among eight or ten minor creditors who can be paid off in full, than it will to hand it to a merchant to whom you owe two or three hundred dollars. Small creditors are always the most troublesome, and they should be the first to be squared. The reason for this is that the ten-dollar man thinks that if he sues you and gets a judgment against you he stands some chance of collecting his bill. If the indebtedness is for a large amount your creditor will very likely reflect that tho it would be very easy to get a judgment, it would do him little good if you were unable to meet it.

6. After all this study of your own affairs you ought to be able to discuss them definitely and intelligently. Now is the time to take list in hand and make a personal visit to each of your creditors, one by one.

This is the crucial test of your nerve and courage. Your typical call is not likely to be a pleasant one. Embarrassing explanations must be entered into. Tentative promises must be made. Galling remarks and, perhaps, biting sarcasm may have to be endured in silence. This is one of the penalties of being heels over head in debt. And yet the interview is likely to end more pleasantly than it began; for the merchant or his credit-man who has just blown off steam feels decidedly better for it. He may even be a little ashamed of some of the cutting things he said. He knows in his heart that this welcome chance to air his indignation was entirely due to the fact that the young man on the anxious seat at his side walked into his office of his own free will and looked him squarely in the eye. This alone is prima facie evidence, that the delinquent is not a sneak, a welsher or a professional dead beat. Furthermore, a community of interest has been established. The merchant wants to be paid and the debtor wants to pay him. Reproaches will hinder settlement rather than hasten it. The more effective the teamwork between creditor and customer, the sooner the obligation will be wiped out.

If you are wise, you will make all your promises contingent upon the continued possession of your job and your health. You will promise rather less than you are reasonably sure you can perform. You will engage to make serial payments smaller in amount and at less frequent intervals than you privately believe you can manage. You will prefer to be considerably better than your word rather than not quite so good.

OUR WEAKNESS FOR RECORD-BREAKING

ONE American weakness which pervades business and financial circles as well as others, and which for some reason our foreign critics don't seem to say much about, is "our penchant for 'record-breaking.'" This reflection comes in one of the monthly letters of the American Exchange National Bank of New York. Dollar-chasing is not an exclusively American trait, we are told, nor is lavishness in spending, "but record-breaking never obtained such importance anywhere in the world as it has attained in this country." It may come from our love of sports or from our naturally competitive spirit, but it is at any rate evident to the writer for the New York bank that "we have carried the thing too far, and it is beginning to react upon us":

> Record-breaking tonnages, record-breaking earnings, record-breaking trade, record-breaking car-loadings, record-breaking bank-clearings and the thousand-and-one other new records that we have been making one year after another have led us to expect them to continue, and when they do not we begin to feel that something is wrong, and then we slow down or go into a funk. In the nature of things, it is impossible for this country to go on breaking records for ages—there is a limit somewhere, and the sooner we find it, the better off we shall be. The spirit which urges us on to accomplish things need not suffer because of our appreciation of the utter silliness of continuously striving for the satisfaction of setting up a new record. Satisfaction is about all we get out of it—the establishment of a new record long ago ceased to bring distinction in any field except that of sports—new records in other fields became too common.
>
> As a matter of probability we shall doubtless go on making new records in industry and trade for a long time to come—natural growth will attend to that—but the sooner we cease to attach undue importance to record-breaking, the better off we shall be.

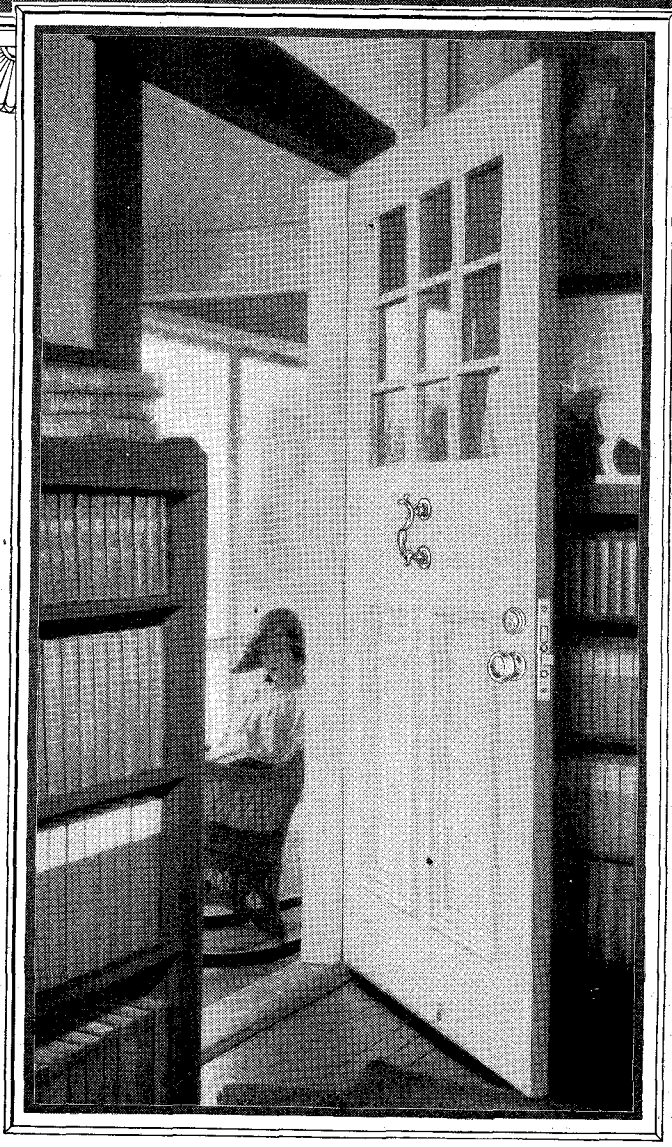
Autumn in Harness

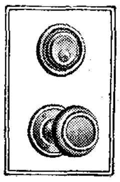
(Showing the difficulty of composition in an office, and advocating an appropriation for the construction of padded cells for all would-be poets.)

Brown leaves are gently falling.
  (No, Mr. Smith's not in.)
The autumn winds are calling.
  (Good heavens, what a din.)
Huge pumpkins gleaming yellow.
(There goes that phone again.)
Red Baldwins hanging mellow.
  (You say you'll call in when?)
Song birds are southward flying,
  (Just a dollar due, that's all.)
The summer flowers are dying.
  (The third door down the hall.)
The fields are growing brown and sere.
  (Who let that ink well drop?)
And autumn's gloomy days are here.
  (Ye gods, I'll have to stop!)

—*Chicago News.*

Build for tomorrow and use *Sargent Hardware*





RIGHT choosing, rather than lavish choice, often holds the secret of successful home-building.

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From Heart Disease—465 Every Day!

Tuberculosis *was* the chief scourge of humanity for centuries. But other diseases are surpassing it in fatality. The death-dealing leader in this country is now HEART DISEASE! Last year's U. S. Government report showed 170,033 deaths in one year from heart disease! 465 *every* day! Diabetes is growing more fatal, especially among the stout! Cancer and other malignant tumors swell the mortality reports! Malaria takes more and more lives annually! Deaths from influenza jumped in thirteen years from 14 per cent. to 133 per cent.!

One-third of our men examined in the second draft during the World War were found *physically unfit* for military service! *Sixty-three per cent.* of the applicants for life insurance in one company *had physical defects requiring medical, surgical, or dental attention!* In many cases—heart trouble, for instance—*we live constantly in the shadow of death* without knowing it!

Every One Should Know How to Keep Well and Fit

The man who has this consideration at heart will read and study

The Nation's Foremost Book of Health
Rewritten and Enlarged

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Eighteenth (1925) Edition Just Published

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The new 1925 edition of *How to Live* is the last word on Health and Hygiene. It embraces the most up-to-date information that Science has to offer on the care of one's body and mentality, whether individually or as a member of a community. It is written throughout in easily understood non-technical language. The sixteen rules of Hygiene are given, also forms of diet to insure proper nutrition, and advice on ventilation, housing, medication, exercises, etc.

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- Mental and Moral Traits
- High Blood Pressure
- Deep Breathing and Exercise
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- Treatment of Defectives
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- Tables of Food Values

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The State Boards of Health of Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Pennsylvania and New York endorse and recommend the book.

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Autointoxication
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Endurance
Eye Strain
Fat
Flat Foot
Headaches
Heredity
Hurrying
Infectious Diseases
Insomnia
Kidneys
Lockjaw
Love Marriages
Malaria
Melancholy
Mind Cures
Mineral Oils
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Mosquitoes
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Rickets
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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

September 30.—The Communist element in the British Labor party, meeting in Liverpool, is overwhelmingly defeated on its resolution, leveled at former Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, demanding that apologies be sent to the Russian Soviet Government for publication of the notorious Zinovieff letter.

French forces break through the Riff defenses and take Djebel Hayab and Kerkoun.

The Central Holy Year Committee in Rome issues a circular to the directors of pilgrimages notifying them that all women not conforming to the rules of proper garb will be ejected from the churches.

October 1.—President Arturo Alessandri of Chile resigns after appointing Luis Barros-Borgono as Minister of the Interior and Vice-President, and turning over the Presidential powers to him. The President's resignation followed a dispute with the Minister of War, and is the second time that he has left office since being elected in 1920.

October 2.—Ajdir, the capital of Abd-el-Krim, the Riff leader, is occupied by the Spanish forces, who also take possession of the heights dominating the town and the left bank of the Ghis River.

October 4.—On the eve of the security conference at Locarno, Switzerland, Chancellor Luther of Germany announces that "real peace can be attained only if the Germans negotiate on a footing of equality," and Foreign Minister Stresemann announces the conclusion of a Russo-German commerce agreement.

After eleven years of partial prohibition, Russia returns to vodka, the Government being prompted to this step by the need of revenue and the wholesale traffic in illicit spirits.

October 5.—The General Federation of Industry and the Confederation of Fascist Labor Unions in Italy, representing respectively the employers and workers, agree to recognize each other as the sole body with which to deal in all questions affecting wages, general labor and employment.

The Locarno security conference opens, with the Germans insisting on the bilateral, or two-sided, character of the proposed pact, whereby no exclusive privileges shall be permitted to any nation.

October 6.—The surrender of several more Druse tribes to the French in Syria is reported, and dispatches say that the end of the Druse revolution is believed to be in sight.

The MacMillan Arctic Expedition arrives in Sydney, Nova Scotia, en route to Wiscassett, Maine. Commander MacMillan reports airplanes were not a success in the Arctic.

DOMESTIC

September 30.—President Coolidge appoints H. G. Dalton, of Cleveland, as his personal representative to investigate the relations between the Shipping Board and the Fleet Corporation.

More than $5,000,000 in fines for violation of the Prohibition Law were

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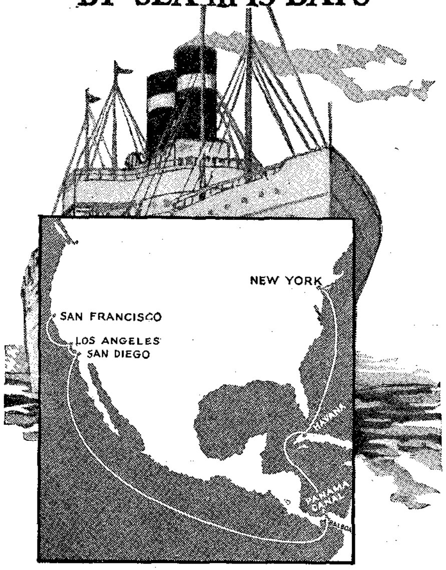
BY SEA in 15 DAYS



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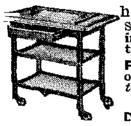

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collected from 29,620 cases in the last fiscal year, according to the report of the Solicitor of the Treasury Department, submitted to the Attorney-General.

Eighty-five thousand persons were killed accidentally in the United States last year, members of the National Safety Council, meeting in Cleveland, are informed.

October 1.—The Franco-American debt negotiations are broken off, and the American Commissioners propose to the French Commissioners a tentative agreement under which France shall make five annual payments of $40,000,000 each, to be considered interest on the debt.

Final proof that no survivors remain of the *S-51's* crew comes when divers find that the submarine is filled with water.

The United States Shipping Board votes to rescind the resolutions of last year under which Admiral Leigh C. Palmer, president of the Fleet Corporation, received wide powers and administrative functions.

October 2.—President William Green of the American Federation of Labor announces that an agreement has been reached in the jurisdictional dispute between the bricklayers' and plasterers' unions which has tied up $250,000,000 in construction.

October 3.—Frederic I. Thompson, Democratic member of the Shipping Board from the Gulf region, resigns, in order to free himself to fight any Congressional legislation designed to remove control over shipping from the Board.

Divers recover another body from the *S-51*, making five in all so far recovered.

October 6.—The United States Shipping Board ousts Rear-Admiral Leigh C. Palmer (retired) from the presidency of the Fleet Corporation and elects Capt. Elmer E. Crowley, of Boston and New York, in his place.

The Czecho-Slovakian Debt Commission begins its negotiations with the American Debt Commission for settlement of the debt to this country of more than $91,000,000 and accrued interest.

The naval relief force abandons the attempts to raise the *S-51*, and Admiral H. H. Christy, in charge of the work, recommends that the task be turned over to civilians.

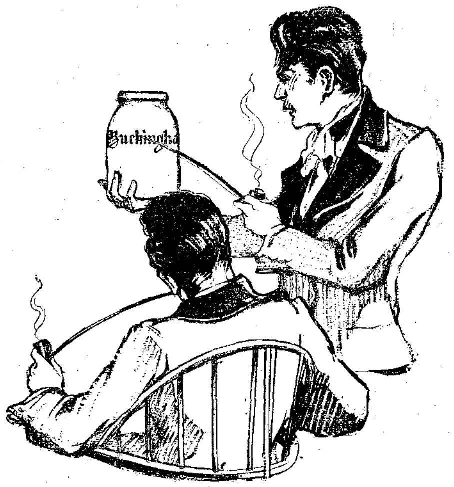
Final reports on income of 1923, according to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, show total personal income-tax payments of $663,651,505, and corporation income-taxes of $937,106,798, making a grand total of $1,600,758,303.

In an address before the American Legion Convention at Omaha, President Coolidge asks for religious tolerance, declares for a selective service act which will draft all the resources of the country, both persons and material, and favors international agreements for disarmament as against military competition.

Super-Arithmetic.—WIFE—"The price of the alarm clock was $1.50, but I got a discount, so it only cost me 98c."

HUSBAND—"Yes, but you know very well you could have got the same thing at Brown's for 75c."

WIFE—"That may be, but then Brown's wouldn't have taken anything off."—*Good Hardware.*



JOHN BAGLEY
won the *gratitude*
of many men

BUT one thing was lacking to keep the dove of peace enshrined in many a household in the good old pipe-smoking age—and John Bagley, Virginia's master tobacco blender, espied it. That was fragrant aroma. Here, on one hand, was man with a twin affection—his pipe and his wife. And on the other was his wife, devoted to him but hostile to his pipe and its acrid oders.

John Bagley rubbed his lamp of magic and developed a marvelous blend. BUCKINGHAM he called it—and never did masculine fingers tuck more fragrant tobacco into a scarred pipebowl. And the first whiff sent a cloud of perfume throughout the room as sweet as a June zephyr off Dixie's fields. Feminine opposition melted instantly. Women actually loved the pleasant aroma—often, by coy suggestion, kept clays and briars working overtime.

Like to try this bouquet-laden BUCKINGHAM? This mellow, sun-sweetened leaf so fragrant? Step into your tobacconist's today and buy a tin of it.

"Smoke a pipeful tonight—
in your wife's presence"

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BRIGHT CUT PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO

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15c in the tin

THE ▾ SPICE ▾ OF ▾ LIFE

Uplifting Thought.—While you were reading this, Henry Ford made ten dollars. —*Harvard Lampoon.*

In Dutch.—SECOND-STORY AL—"I broke into a lawyer's home last night."

STICK-UP BILL—"How much did you lose?"–*Life.*

Racket Unabated.—The report that several of our jazz orchestras are in Europe is surprizing. We thought they were all here. — *Dallas Morning News.*

Invigorating California.—Some of the passengers get off the trains carrying parlor cars when they stop at Second and M Streets.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Ready to Abdicate.—HE — "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

SHE—"Then suppose you rule the world for a while. I'm tired."—*Sea Bag (published on board U. S. S. Oklahoma).*

Queer Animal, Queer Offer.—LOST, strayed or stolen, male dash and fox hound, color white and black, lump back of foreleg, 2 miles south of Glade Mills, Butler Co., $5 reward for any one seen with him. Fairfax 2563.—*Ad in the Pittsburgh Press.*

No Tots or Roaches.—WANTED—Furnished kitchen, sink, hot and cold water, bedroom, private bath, extra room desirable, not essential: English couple; within 20 minutes' walk center. No children, roaches or other vermin. Full particulars, N. F. W., 124 Hurt Bldg.—*Atlanta Journal.*

The Traffic Problem Deepens.—A high-powered car coming from Charleston, whose driver was said to be a garage employee, came along at a high rate of speed in an intoxicated condition, and while dodging a Ford car, ran over Mrs. Copeland and her little son, altho they were on the extreme edge of the road, and on the off side.—*From a news item in the Savannah Morning News.*

Diffusive Concentration.—The enthusiastic girl was thrilled when she was introduced to the famous author at a dinner party. She lost no time in starting a conversation and letting him know that she was one of the keenest admirers of his latest book.

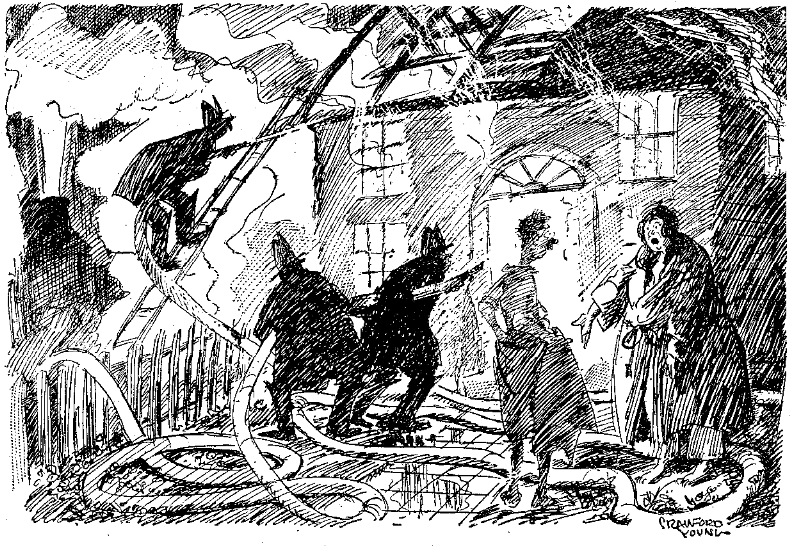
"You have no idea how very helpful I have found it, Mr. Brain!" she gushed.

"Indeed," replied the author. "In what way, may I ask?"

"Oh, it has taught me to concentrate."

"To concentrate? That's very nice. Now tell me, what are you concentrating on at the present time?" asked the author.

"Oh," replied the girl, "lots and lots of things!"—*Boston Globe.*



WIFE: "John! You'll have to speak to them about the *ridiculous* way they are treating these flower-beds!" —*Judge.*

A Leisurely Trip.—Jim Clardy came home from Wyoming Tuesday evening on the train, where he had been all summer.—*Eagle Valley (Col.) Enterprise.*

Long Enough for Him.—Lumberton, Miss., Sept. 18.—Dr. R. W. Thompson, who has been a leading physician in Lumberton for about thirty days, has announced that he has sold out here and is moving to Westwego, Texas, on the Rio Grande river.— *New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Cold or Hot?—

PLANS PREPARED
FOR OFF SETTING
DROUGHT LOSSES
Bankers in Session Here Adopt Resolutions.
WILL EXTEND AIR TO FARMER

—*Headlines in the Spartanburg (S. C.) Herald.*

They'll Be Rip Van Winkles Yet.—At 1:30 P. M. the jury, after having had the case thirteen years, filed in and stated to Judge Richardson that so far it had not been able to reach a verdict.

Judge Richardson told the jurors to retire and deliberate further in an effort to reach an agreement.—*Memphis Press.*

Cold Logic.—To Elbert H. Gary, the head of the United States Steel Corporation, is credited the most apt reply to a question of stock value.

"Do you think steel stocks will go up or down?" a woman once asked him.

"Yes," was the answer, "I think they will. They rarely stand still, and they can't go sidewise!"—*Watchman-Examiner.*

Consolation for the Simple.—A new story is told about Bishop Henry C. Potter. It seems that a lay reader had been complaining to the Bishop that he and his fellows were nowhere recognized in the Prayer Book. There were references to bishops, priests, and deacons, but never an allusion to lay readers. "Why, of course there is," said the Bishop. "Don't you remember that verse in the Benedicite, 'O all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord'?"—*The Churchman.*

A Good Rest.—Thank goodness! Twelve months to take things easy before another vacation arrives.—*Elm City Clarion.*

No Prize Beauty.—COOK—Must be good and plain, for small hotel. Joseph R. Brey, Carbon House, Lehighton, Pa.—*Allentown Morning Call.*

Now, Ladies!—The church accepts the responsibility of giving the whole gossip to the whole world.—*From a report of a sermon in The Albertan (Calgary).*

We Know the Tribe.—WANTED—LAZY man with strong wife or mother to buy rooming house. Address P. O. Box 584.—*Ad in Warren (Pa.) Tribune.*

A Wide Latitude.—A lady walked into a department store and said, "I want something in oil for the dining-room."

SALESMAN — "What will it be? A landscape or a can of sardines?"—*Boys' Life.*

A Georgia Miracle.—In the center of the table was an empty suit-case filled with flowers, which, during the course of the luncheon were replaced with a number of dainty gifts for the young honor guest.—*Society Page of the Atlanta Journal.*

No More Dumb-bells. — When all the world acquires an education, how are you going to pick a jury?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Turning the Tables.—"Three gallons of gas, please."

"Yes, sir. Want some cylinder oil, too?"

"No, just gas."

"Do you want some paint? Your car needs it, and we've got some dandy paint—heat-proof, dirt-proof, guaranteed to wear long."

"No, I want only gas to-day."

"Then you want your car washed?"

"I said that I wanted only gas."

"You want a tire, then. We've got some good non-skids. Only $40 apiece. Want one? Yours——"

"I tell you I want only gas to-day!"

"Yes, sir; but—say, your rear lights are all shot to pieces. You need new ones. We just got in some dandy new crack-proof celluloid lights. Shall I put some in?"

"No! I want only *gas*, do you understand?"

"Your magneto needs adjusting—didja hear that funny noise in the motor when you stopt? It needs adjusting. I'll fix it, what?"

"No! I want only *gas, gas!* Do you hear!!"

"Yes, sir!" And with the gas obtained, the exasperated motorist drove angrily away. But for once the garage man had got even with his barber.—*W. Peter Schramm in The New Yorker.*